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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An I[illegible] Weekly
Founded [illegible] Benj. Franklin

MARCH 27, 1920

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Hugh Wiley — Herschel S. Hall — Kenneth L. Roberts — Frederick Orin Bartlett
Lucia Chamberlain — Nina Wilcox Putnam — Will Irwin

Kuppenheimer good clothes for Easter have the character and quality which appeal to men of discrimination; those for whom true value is important

The HOUSE *of* KUPPENHEIMER

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From 1892 to 1920 The Evolution of the Ingersoll

The Story of the Ingersoll

An inexpensive alarm clock on a shelf in his room, suggested to Robert H. Ingersoll the idea of a low-priced watch.

And this was the message the alarm clock ticked to young Ingersoll: "Everyone wishes to know the time. The millions who crowd the cities, travel the highways, spread over the country districts, all wish repeatedly to know the time. Sometimes a clock is in sight, more often not. Owners of watches are few and far between—for good watches cost money and few people can afford them. Here I am," ticked the alarm clock, "a good time keeper and I am cheap. Simply make me smaller and you can put the time in everyone's pocket."

In 1892, after months of experiment and investigation, Robert Ingersoll placed his first watches on sale—more to test the market than for any other reason. True, the Ingersoll of the vintage of 1892 was bulky, and wound in the back like a clock. It was a far cry to the present line of fifteen models—one of them the thinnest 16-size watch made in America, but that first Ingersoll, like the Ingersoll of today, kept honest time. And it sold.

The next year came the World's Fair in Chicago, and the odd little mechanism with an appropriate design stamped upon its cover attracted some attention. Three hundred people bought Ingersolls that year.

Since then sixty million Ingersolls have been made and distributed. As improvements were made in the original Ingersoll, new models were developed. Eventually jeweled watches of handsome design were added to the line.

And finally, the Radiolites! Radium made it possible to develop a luminous coating which was applied to the hands and figures, and presto! the problem of telling time in complete darkness was mastered.

The Ingersoll has become the American watch for the American nation. Everybody uses it—bankers, lawyers, farmers, business men, mechanics, United States Senators. It is the boy's first watch. Edison developed the electric light by Ingersoll time. Mark Twain carried an Ingersoll. The Abruzzi Arctic Expedition used Ingersoll watches. So did the Stefansson Expedition, and so did the men in the Great War. An Ingersoll wrist watch was almost a part of the American soldier's uniform.

Perhaps you, yourself, carry an Ingersoll. If not, there's one particularly suited to your needs. Seven of the fifteen models are illustrated below. The Yankee at $2.25 (including tax) is the lowest priced Ingersoll. It takes less wheat or fewer hours of a working man's time to buy a Yankee now than it ever did.

Look for the stores that display Ingersolls—and see the 1920 line.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

New York Chicago San Francisco Montreal

COMMUNITY PLATE

The Service of Salads

"To make and to serve the salad, it is the art of arts." —Le Maitre Beauchamps.

It is in the matter of service that the charm of the *Community* Individual Salad Fork reveals itself as compared with the everyday fork. For its blade is broad so that one easily lifts the crisp *Lettuce, Endive, Romaine;* and even the elusive stalks of *Asparagus Vinaigrette* are readily managed.

And for *Salad Dressing*—how much more worthy of the occasion this *Community* Salad Dressing Ladle, with its generous bowl and graceful curving handle, than the teaspoon or dessert spoon used by people who have not given the *Art of Salads* the attention it deserves.

Oneida Community, *Ltd.*

Individual Salad Fork at each plate. Set of six, $8.00

The Ladle for serving Salad Dressings $2.25 each

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QUICK RETURNS

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Two Other Gals Come in That Made My Team Look Like They Was Dressed for a Sleigh Ride With Doc Cook

THIS is just a clipping from one of the New York papers; a little kidding piece that they had in about me last fall. It says:

HOOSIER CLEANS UP IN WALL STREET. Employees of the brokerage firm of H. L. Krasue & Co. are authority for the statement that a wealthy Indiana speculator made one of the biggest killings of the year in the Street yesterday afternoon. No very definite information was obtainable, as the Westerner's name was known to only one of the firm's employees, Francis Griffin, and he was unable to recall it last night.

You'd think I was a millionaire and that I'd made a sucker out of Morgan or something, but it's only a kid, see? If they'd of printed the true story they wouldn't of had no room left for that day's selections at Pimlico, and God knows that would of been fatal.

No, no, it's a long story.

All right, if you got time. But I'll have to go way back to the beginning, and if you get sick of it let me know.

II

WELL, the war wound up in the fall of 1918. The only member of my family that was killed in it was my wife's stepfather. He died of grief when it ended with him two hundred thousand dollars ahead. I immediately had a black bandage sewed round my left funny bone, but when they read us the will I felt all right again and tore it off. Our share was seventy-five thousand dollars. This was after we had paid for the inheritance tax and the amusement stamps on a horseless funeral.

My young sister-in-law, Katie, dragged down another seventy-five thousand dollars and the rest went to the old bird that had been foreman in papa's factory. This old geezer had been starving to death for twenty years on the wages my stepfather-in-law had give him, and the rest of us didn't make no holler when his name was read off for a small chunk, especially as he didn't have no teeth left to enjoy it with.

I could of had this old foreman's share, maybe, if I'd of took advantage of the offer "father" made me just before his daughter and I was married. I was over in Niles, Michigan, where they lived, and he insisted on me seeing his factory, which meant smelling it too. At that time I was knocking out about eighteen hundred dollars per annum selling cigars out of South Bend, and the old man said he would start me in with him at only about a fifty per cent cut, but we would also have the privilege of living with him and my wife's kid sister.

"They's a lot to be learnt about this business," he says, "but if you would put your mind on it you might work up to manager. Who knows?"

"My nose knows," I said, and that ended it.

The old man had lose some jack and went into debt a good many years ago, and for a long wile before the war begin about all as he was able to do was support himself and the two gals and pay off a part of what he owed. When the war broke loose and leather went up to hell and gone I and my wife thought he would get prosperous, but before this country went in his business went on about the same as usual.

"I don't know how they do it," he would say. "Other leather men is getting rich on contracts with the Allies, but I can't land a one."

I guess he was trying to sell razor strops to Russia.

Even after we got into it and he begin to clean up, with the factory running day and night, all as we knew was that he had contracts with the U. S. Government, but he never confided in us what special stuff he was turning out. For all as we knew, it may of been medals for the ground navy.

Anyway, he must of been hitting a fast clip when the armistice come and ended the war for everybody but Congress! It's a cinch he wasn't amongst those arrested for celebrating too loud on the night of November 11, a year ago. On the contrary they tell me that when the big news hit Niles the old bird had a stroke that he didn't never recover from, and though my wife and Katie hung round the bedside day after day in the hopes he would tell how much he was going to leave he was keeping his fiscal secrets for Oliver Lodge or somebody, and it wasn't till we seen the will that we knew we wouldn't have to work no more, which is pretty fair consolation even for the loss of a stepfather-in-law that ran a perfume mill.

"Just think," said my wife, "after all his financial troubles, papa died a rich man!"

"Yes," I said to myself, "and a patriot. His only regret was that he just had one year to sell leather to his country."

III

IF THE old codger had of only been half as fast a salesman as his two daughters this clipping would of been right when it called me a wealthy Hoosier. It wasn't two weeks after we seen the will when the gals had disposed of the odor factory and the old home in Niles, Michigan. Katie, it seemed, had to come over to South Bend and live with us. That was agreeable to me, as I figured that if two could live on eighteen hundred dollars a year three could struggle along some way on the income off one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Only for me, though, Ella and Sister Kate would of shot the whole wad into a checking account so as the bank could enjoy it wile it lasted. I argued and fought and finally persuaded them to keep five thousand apiece for pin money and stick the rest into bonds.

The next thing they done was run over to Chi and buy all the party dresses that was vacant. Then they come back to South Bend and wished somebody would give a party. But between you and I the people we'd always ran round with was birds that was ready for bed as soon as they got home from the first show, and even though it had been printed in the News-Times that we had fell heir to a lot of jack we didn't have to hire no extra clerical help to tend to invitations received from the demi-Monday.

Finally Ella said we would start something ourselves. So she got a lot of invitations printed and sent them to all our friends that could read and hired a cater and a three-piece orchestra and everything, and made me buy a dress suit.

Well, the big night arrived and everybody come that had somebody to leave their baby with. The hosts wore evening clothes and the rest of the merrymakers prepared for the occasion with a shine or a clean collar. At first the cat had everybody's tongue, but when we set down to eat some of the men folks begun to get comical. For instance, they would say to my wife or Katie, "Ain't you afraid you'll catch cold?" And they'd say to me, "I didn't know you was a waiter at the Oliver." Before the fish course everybody was in a fair way to get the giggles.

After supper the musicians come and hid behind a geranium and played a jazz. The entire party set out the first dance. The second was a solo between Kate and I, and I had the third with my wife. Then Kate and the Mrs. had one together, wile I tried holds with a lady named Mrs. Eckhart, who seemed to think that somebody had ast her to stand for a time exposure. The men folks had all drifted over behind the plant to watch the drummer, but after the stalemate between Mrs. Eckhart and I I grabbed her husband and took him out in the kitchen and showed him a bottle of bourbon that I'd been saving for myself, in the hopes it would loosen him up. I told him it was my last bottle, but he must of thought I said it was the last bottle in the world. Anyway, when he got through they was international prohibition.

We went back in the ballroom and sure enough he ast Katie to dance. But he hadn't no sooner than win one fall when his wife challenged him to take her home and that started the epidemic that emptied the house of everybody but the orchestra and us. The orchestra had been hired to stay till midnight, which was still two hours and a half distance, so I invited both the gals to dance with me at once, but it seems like they was surfeited with that sport and wanted to cry a little. Well, the musicians had ran out of blues, so I chased them home.

"Some party!" I said, and the two girls give me a dirty look like it was my fault or something.

So we all went to bed and the ladies beat me to it on account of being so near ready.

IV

WELL, they wasn't no return engagements even hinted at and the only other times all winter when the gals had a chance to dress up was when some secondhand company would come to town with a show and I'd have to buy a box. We couldn't ask nobody to go with us on account of not having no friends that you could depend on to not come in their stocking feet.

Finally it was summer and the Mrs. said she wanted to get out of town.

"We've got to be fair to Kate," she said.

"We don't know no young unmarried people in South Bend and it's no fun for a girl to run round with her sister and brother-in-law. Maybe if we'd go to some resort somewheres we might get acquainted with people that could show her a good time."

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"You Could of Went to Any Cut-Rate Drug Store and Wrapped Yourselves Up Just as Warm in Thirty-Two Cents' Worth of Adhesive Tape"

HOOVER AS AN EXECUTIVE

By WILL IRWIN

THE popularity of President Wilson in Europe has fluctuated like the barometer on an April day. During most of the note-writing period it almost knocked the bottom out of the bulb. When we declared war it began to rise. It was near the top when, on the eve of the Armistice, the Germans addressed their proposal to him, not to the commanders of the Allied armies. For two or three days thereafter it took a chilly drop. It rose again somewhat when he put the whole question up to Foch. During the period between the cessation of hostilities and the peace conference it went steadily upward. When he arrived in Europe he was easily the most popular man in the world. Then the mercury went down. A press mostly inspired by government agencies not in sympathy with Wilson plucked the feathers from his wings in gross and in detail. By the time he left Europe only the old-fashioned liberals were wholly for Wilson. The barometer rose a little when the Senate began its attack on the League of Nations.

All of which points up the position held in European thought by another citizen no less American than Wilson and scarcely less a factor in world affairs since 1914—Herbert Hoover. For five years this young man sat in on the European game, his hand growing stronger, his stake larger. No less than Wilson he went up against the selfishness of groups, the intrigues of governments; even more than Wilson he fought them blind. Fate and the movement of the times endowed him with the most unpopular kind of job a man could hold in the war. Food control, they used to say, brought out the worst features in human nature. In every European country a man accepted that job as a patriotic duty, quite understanding that it meant the death of personal ambition. But Hoover ——

To say that he is popular in Europe would be perhaps to choose the wrong word. He has worked rather quietly, with none of the trappings that surround one who calls himself a statesman. He has never been hoisted on a pedestal, a target for both bouquets and eggs. Of his personality Europe, outside of government circles, knows very little. What they do know is his work; and that is labeled with his name. It is now, next to President Wilson's, the best-known American name. The man they know not; unlike the ordinary politician he has not impressed his personality upon his work. And the exact word for his position in the popular mind of Europe is not "popularity" but "confidence." Peasant and laborer and small shopkeeper have the dim feeling that this American Hoover is some disinterested benevolent force, able to perform miracles of efficiency. A head waiter at Amiens leaned against my table the other morning and talked about conditions in his devastated home town. He was a kicker, that man. According to him nothing about reconstruction was going right.

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Leaving the White House After a Conference With the President

Prospecting in China

"AH, IF we could only get some American organization into this work!" he sighed. "If we could borrow your Monsieur Hoover!"

In a certain part of the official class the opinion is different but, rightly understood, just as flattering. Included in that class are gentlemen whom Hoover has fought tooth and nail. He has messed up their subtle intrigues to extend spheres of influence, ruined their shortsighted plots to starve a beaten enemy. They should hate him; and indeed the thought of him does irritate them a little. But their main emotion, as expressed to me, is admiration for his extraordinary powers of organization and negotiation, his long sight on economic questions.

Yet if to-night in Paris, London or Rome you threw upon a cinema screen uncaptioned pictures of Wilson and Pershing they would be more or less applauded according to locality; while if you showed an uncaptioned picture of Hoover there would be silence—simply because not two persons in the audience would know who it was. The man appears in European imagination without form or feature, an intellectual embodiment of benevolent efficiency. Still, in spite of this haziness about his personality, the feeling for him in certain quarters is almost emotional. A head man in one of the new nations was discussing the other day with an American his own chances for president of his republic.

"I'm very confident," he said. "I think the only man who could beat me with our people is your Hoover!"

The whole story of Hoover's work in Europe cannot be written so close to the event. Like the rest of the story of the war, it must await the revelation of time. As I sit down to sketch it now I have the feeling that it is essentially romantic. You would never call Hoover himself romantic should you meet him—this quiet, grave, thoughtful person with his talent for self-effacement and his genuine kindliness. But life is always playing such tricks, making kings out of born clerks, poets out of born stockbrokers. Round this man, educated in the exact sciences, a thinker and planner first, a man of action afterward, the war wove romance on a gigantic scale.

Every other figure made prominent by the war was known to the general public in 1914. But I doubt if, before Germany invaded Belgium, Herbert Hoover had even been interviewed for publication. That is another curiosity of his career; for he did not spring from obscurity at all. Since he was thirty years old Hoover had been a leading figure in his somewhat closed and exclusive profession of mining engineer. By 1914, in which year he reached the age of forty, he was a considerable factor in the business of the whole world.

Indeed when Hoover drifted into London at the age of twenty-nine or so he was not quite unknown to the great of his profession. He was scarcely two years out of Stanford University when he made his beginning in Australia as a fifth assistant mining engineer. Two years after that he branched out for himself. Australian engineers in London, looking back twenty years, remember that the mine he chose to organize for production, and for which he raised capital, is the only property in its region that is still paying; yet when he first put this proposition it was looked upon almost as a speculation. Within a year or so it was doing so well that Hoover acquired in this remote neck of the woods a fine reputation for judgment and technical ability. So he was sent to China in order that he might look over the undeveloped mineral resources of that unworked empire. The Boxer trouble broke in his face and wiped him out. When the Allies restored something like order he had nothing but certain concessions, valuable if they could be worked. He went to London, mining center for the world. The conservative grayheads of the city were skeptical. Oh, yes, the mineral was there, the labor was there—but what about political conditions? In dealing with China you were dealing with a very uncertain future. Here Hoover showed two of those qualities that have made him eminent—his farseeing, sound judgment and his quiet persuasiveness. "That smooth-faced boy," said one of his old associates in the city, "showed us that China could not go back. He knew the human values in the situation as well as he knew the ore bodies. Whenever we made an objection he had an answer which convinced us all." Hoover returned to China with a junior partnership in an old-established firm; and the stockholders never had reason to regret that venture.

A Life of Adventure

HOOVER'S next step was a certain piece of quixotic honesty. A trusted secretary, who was also a partner was suddenly discovered in a gigantic series of frauds. He had been issuing and selling to his own profit the stocks of this concern and of its subsidiaries. This is said to be one of the largest defalcations in the history of business.

Circumstances so fell that Hoover must decide for the company what to do. He was in no way bound by the law to make good; yet in the face of impending ruin he decided to do just that. In two or three years, during which crisis followed crisis, the firm paid back every cent and still pulled through. Firmly established now, he began to branch out. More and more the mining world began to know him as an unassuming person of an almost uncanny foresight.

I doubt if Hoover will ever talk enough about himself to give anyone the material for a complete biography; but here are some scattered facts: Before he was forty he had explored interior China for metals, penetrating to places that had never seen a white face before. He had been wrecked on the China coast. He had served a machine gun in the Siege of Tientsin. He had suppressed riots among Chinese coolie gangs; he had stood for a whole night between these same workmen and the wrath of a German strafing party. He had trekked the veldt of South Africa, ridden the bush of Australia, traveled by droshky over the steppes of Siberia. Indeed the Muscovite Empire absorbed most of his main energies for two or three years—a proposition of opening up some iron properties which afterward grew into managing a principality. In the course of that job he was witness to an extraordinary gang murder and found himself tangled among the tragedies and comedies of the abortive first revolution. He had investigated in Asia Minor the old jewel mines of the Pharaohs, in the Alps the old iron mines of the Roman emperors. He had lain for weeks delirious with malarial fever somewhere in Burma.

His life, however, was not all wandering in far places. The other capitals of the world were almost as familiar to him as London. He was a figure in Shanghai, in Berlin, in Melbourne, in New York, in San Francisco. He must have traveled a dozen times by P. & O. liner between London and Australia. On these long trips he always took a secretary and a trunkful of papers, working all the way, rapidly transacting business by cable when the vessel touched at Suez or one of the Indian ports.

By this time he had standardized his roving life, as he standardized the machinery of his companies. To judge from appearances, his acquaintances would say that he had worn that same double-breasted blue suit, the trousers

(Continued on Page 70)

JADE

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Chinatown ain't what she used to be before the fire.

—Monte Grifter Mahoney.

GRIFTER MAHONEY, the San Francisco guide, will show you a joss house in Chinatown where the priest, who is a duck merchant during the day, pays eight hundred dollars a year for his priestly privileges. Mahoney will then lead you through a dark alley where you have to stoop low to avoid hitting a real-estate sign. You come out at the entrance to the Chinese musician's cellar. The musician plays There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night on a flute, and it is rotten music, but you forget the music when he smiles.

Five minutes later Mahoney's chilblains begin to itch. "That's all there is to see," he says as he pockets your dollar. "Chinatown ain't what she used to be before the fire. Good night."

"He Ain't No Woman, He's a Man," Riley Broke In

Sun Kee was born in the Palace of the Six Lilies beside West Lake up from Hang-chau. Two hours after Sun Kee was born the prince of the palace died. The dissolution of the prince's household was accomplished through the years. When Sun Kee was ten years old he sensed the dust and decay about him. Carrying a white pigeon in its cage and a dwarfed pine tree of delightful curves, he fled down the Road of Dawning Spring past the Three Silver Pools. He skirted Willow Bay, where eagles are heard.

At the Bridge of Late Snow he stopped for a moment listening to the evening bell of South Mountain. Presently he and his pine tree and his white pigeon were in Hang-chau. He voyaged the canal to Shanghai, earning his rice at the sweeps of an obstinate houseboat whose reluctant hull came to rest near the goldsmith's shop beside the crooked bridge that leads to the Mandarin's Tea House. At the bird market he sold the white pigeon for twelve cents. He gorged heartily on rice, which he bought for half a cent, and upon the gratifying flesh of a pig, which cost him two cents.

For a little while he lived peacefully, enjoying the beauty of the curves of his pine tree, and then one day he found himself meshed in the net of demand which the labor boss from one of the steamers had cast into the China sea of human energy.

"Whither are we bound?" he asked a coolie beside him when the ship was at sea.

"Eastward," his companion replied, "to the continent from whence come missionaries."

That night Sun Kee gazed long at the curves of his dwarfed pine tree.

"I am but a fleck of froth on the face of the sea of life," he reflected. "I shall drift with the currents of the sea, nor offer resistance to the winds of chance, for I believe the scheme is good."

In San Francisco, along the lane where Grant Avenue is Chinatown, three or four top-heavy taxicabs will be moored at evening. Farther up the street two or three black touring cars with curtains down stand by the curb throughout the night. The one-horse cab which was formerly piloted by its owner and proprietor, Lingo Riley, is no more.

Riley's nickname is derived from the fact that he has lived in Chinatown many years and that he speaks English fluently in spite of the fact that he is Irish. He believes himself to be a widower, but he is not sure about this. He is right, however, in his assumption, as you shall presently see.

Sun Kee avoided the annoying business of talking to immigration inspectors at Angel Island by the simple expedient of trading clothes and names with a young Chinaman who longed to return to the land of his father's grave. In San Francisco for a little while he was a financial failure, eating irregularly on the strength of odd jobs thrown to him by his countrymen along Dupont Street. He discovered a mine of horned toads on the slope of Telegraph Hill one day and for a little while waxed rich in his traffic with the apothecary shops of Chinatown.

When he was twelve years old he settled in the regular business of supplying carp to Yip Gee, the fish merchant. These carp he caught in the stretches of Suisun Bay. He would float with the tide through Carquinez Strait, skirting San Pablo Point to Angel Island. At Angel Island it was necessary for him to begin rowing with all his strength to keep from being swept through the Golden Gate. A woman's hat blown overboard from an Oakland ferry changed the course of his life. He rescued the hat and sold it for six dollars to a Chinatown merchant, whose wife had western ideas and a streak of vanity.

On the window of a little store next to the jewelry shop owned by Hop Yee there one day blossomed a sign—"Sun Kee Man Hats Woman Hats Cheap." Two or three days each week Sun Kee voyaged diligently from Rincon Point to Goat Island and from Goat Island to the Oakland Mole. On days when the wind was blowing strongly the bottom of his skiff would be covered thick with rescued hats which would presently be dried out and added to the stock on the shelves of the little store adjoining the jewelry shop.

When Sun Kee was twenty years old he sold his hat shop for six thousand dollars. With half of this money he bought an interest in the jewelry shop next door to the hat store. All of these transactions required considerable scurrying about to offices where lawyers wrote tedious words on white paper and to great stone buildings where languid fat clerks consulted heavy books and smoked cigars. On these voyages into the sea of business Sun Kee employed his friend Lingo Riley, whose one-horse cab stood regularly in front of the jewelry shop.

After a year, in which the tourist trade in jade and carved soapstone and soft Chinese gold had been exceptionally good, Sun Kee's partner ate so much delicate pork that all the powdered beetles, roasted horned toads and all the dried spiders in three apothecary shops could do nothing for him. On the night of the Rice Moon his spirit left its grunting residence and winged its way upward to celestial skies through a fog almost as dense as the atmosphere of the closed room in which Sun Kee mourned for the associate whose death made him proprietor of the jewelry shop.

On the following day Sun Kee spoke with his friend Lingo Riley.

"You bring look-see woman here. Mebbe she buy gold. Mebbe she buy jade. She buy, I pay you."

"I got you," Lingo Riley replied.

Thereafter the tourist victims who elected to inspect Chinatown in Lingo Riley's one-horse hack were invariably advised to buy their jade and Chinese gold at the shop kept by Sun Kee.

In the fertile soil of mutual appreciation the deep exploring roots of friendship between Sun Kee and Lingo Riley extended with the lengthening years. To Sun Kee one day his friend confided that the flame of love for a woman burned strong within his Irish heart.

"I have eight thousand dollars in the bank and for the half of it I can get me a house against the hill all fitted up with chairs and china and all the junk a woman means when she says home."

"And the object of your love?" Sun Kee questioned. "Is she worthy of your illustrious attention?"

"The hands of me are not fit to touch the laces of her little shoes."

On the day that Lingo Riley was married Sun Kee brought to his friend's house five rich gifts of carved jade mounted in soft gold—two necklaces, two rings and a four-inch statue of Milo Fo set upon a pedestal of gold whose exquisite workmanship knew no equal east of the treasure room of the palace in the City of Heaven.

"These unworthy things," said Sun Kee to the bride, "are but poor expressions of my friendship for your illustrious husband and his house."

The red-headed bride smiled at him.

"Much obliged, Mr. Sun," she said. "Is that real gold? Set them on the table. I like opals better than jade."

"A fine way to thank my friend for his gifts," thought Lingo Riley, but he did not voice his sentiment.

Six weeks later he changed his mind about his fingers being fit for the business of tying the laces of his lady's shoes. Love's young dream having burned to a cinder

with a panful of biscuits, the young husband ventured to suggest that a little more attention to the contents of the oven might benefit all concerned. Mrs. Riley, shuffling about in a kimono and a pair of sloppy slippers, cast at her mate's head the first thing that came to her hand. It was her left shoe, the laces of which her husband had considered himself unfit to tie.

Sun Kee was quick to see his friend's unhappiness, and with the passage of the weeks he sensed the sorry tale of the losing domestic campaign in which his friend was engaged.

"I, too, am about to take unto myself a bride," he said. "Perhaps in one year, perhaps in two. Who can tell? She is in her father's house in China. Her father tells me that her beauty is one with the radiance of the skies."

Lingo Riley looked sideways at his friend. He spoke slowly.

"Take it easy," he said. "You never can tell about these things. Sometimes I think that a single man has the luck."

Sun Kee smiled quickly.

"Love is a lottery," he said, "in which the winner is bound to lose unless he draws first prize."

Lingo Riley left his friend and returned to his home, where he received a poorly cooked supper and a blast of language from his wife which left him scorched and squirming in the depths of his evening paper.

"Me driftin' round town lookin' like a last year's bird's nest without money enough to buy half the clothes I had when I was single and runnin' the switchboard at the hotel!"

Lingo Riley reached into his pocket.

"Here is fourteen dollars," he said. "We have one hundred and eighty dollars in the savings bank. Take the pass book to-morrow and get it all."

He dived back into the shelter of his newspaper.

In a room opening from his shop Sun Kee sat at a table. He clapped his hands and an instant later a servant appeared.

"Go down the street and say to the old man who writes letters that I wish him to come to this room."

A few minutes later the writer of letters was ushered into the room. Sun Kee greeted him.

"Be seated at this table," he said. "I regret that I should have to trouble you in the matter of my unworthy correspondence, but in my youth my education was in fields apart from books and writing."

The old man spread his paraphernalia upon the table top before him.

"I wish you to write to the father of the bride of my selection," Sun Kee said. "Say to him that the bearer of this letter is a trusted apprentice in my shop and that my instructions will be given verbally by the young man who carries this letter to him."

The old man finished with his brushes and his rows of writing and presently the letter was sealed.

"And now another one," Sun Kee directed. "This is to a lily-foot girl whose beauty is the light of a single star in the purple bowl of night. Say to her: 'Unbind your feet,'" he dictated. "'Walk with flat feet. Into the house of your father from me there comes an envoy. The laws of these cities will not permit a woman of your race to enter their forbidden walls. Preserve carefully the papers that are handed to you and the passports that permit a returning to this country. I know thee not, nor have I looked upon thy face, but in this empire you will be my equal instead of the dust beneath my feet as custom imposes in the country of my birth. Come unto me. My house awaits its mistress. Without the impulse of thy love my heart is stilled.'"

On a day in May Lingo Riley breakfasted hastily at his house. In a battle of words with his wife which followed breakfast he fought a poor second.

"What I need is to get away from this woman and rest up," he reflected.

He hitched up the one-horse hack soon after breakfast, much to the surprise of his four-legged associate, who had become accustomed to bankers' hours. He drove to Grant Avenue and after a little while he left the hack standing beside the curb in front of Sun Kee's jewelry shop. He walked down Grant Avenue to Geary Street, where he boarded a street car which carried him presently to Lincoln Park. He wandered through the park and flopped down in the lee of a sand dune which breaks down the slope from the sixteenth hole of the golf course. For an hour he lay with his hat over his eyes gazing at the heavy red cliffs against which beat the waters of the Golden Gate.

"You've been there a long time," he said half aloud to the solid brown hills which lay before him. "You'll be there a long time yet. Money nor women nor nothing don't worry you."

After a while from the hills about him and the wide waters which stretched away to the west there distilled in his heart the substantial essence of the tranquil earth. He dug his fingers deep into the sand beside him.

"Good old dirt," he said. "Mebbe it's my fault. Mebbe it's natural with women to be bughouse and queer."

His eyes roved seaward. In the sky to the west a cloud of gray smoke drifted from the funnels of a liner heading into the Gate.

"The China mail," Riley said. "That will be the Tenyo Maru—a day ahead of her schedule. Here's where I get considerable rustlin' round and considerable silver."

He got to his feet and hurried downtown. Sun Kee greeted him in front of the jewelry shop.

"Your horse has learned to eat dried fish. I found a boy feeding him sprats a little while ago."

Lingo Riley patted his horse's head and climbed to the driver's seat of the hack.

"He's the high-tonedest animal in town. It wouldn't surprise me to see him eating ham an' eggs before long."

He drove away. Hardly had he disappeared when word came to Sun Kee that the Tenyo Maru was entering the harbor.

"Go at once to the dock," he said to one of his assistants in his shop, "and tell my friend Lingo Riley, who drives the black carriage drawn by one horse, that I wish to see him at once."

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"They are the Opals. Black as the Siberian Night From Whence They Came. I Shall Set Them in Soft Gold and Link Them in This Chain"

THE CAT CLAUSE

By Herschel S. Hall

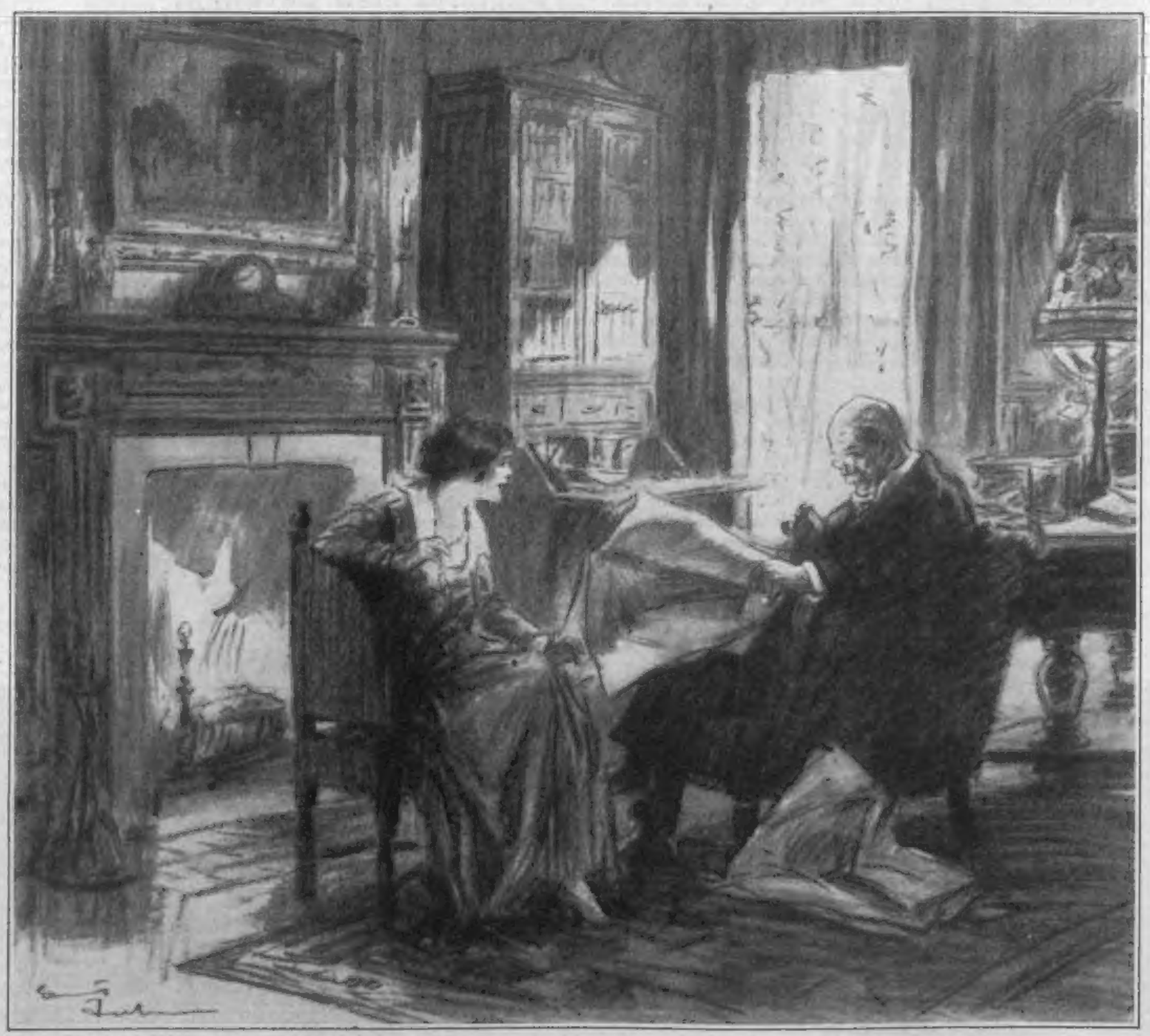
ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

MR. URIAH CLESBY, comfortable in smoking jacket and slippers, sat before an open grate fire of glowing anthracite and called for his pipe and morning paper. His daughter Mildred, dropping her work with her potted plants in the sun room, brought them to him.

"Thank you, my dear, thank you," murmured Mr. Clesby. He let an approving glance rest upon the pleasing figure of the young lady. "How nice you are looking this morning, Mildred! Is that a new gown you are wearing?"

"Oh, dear no, papa!" she replied, laughing. "It's one I worked over. Why, I've had it three or four years." And she went back to her potted plants.

Mr. Clesby lighted his pipe and picked up his paper. Without a glance at the front page, which was black with scare headlines and choked with cablegrams from the battle fronts in Europe, he opened the Times, not at the market page, not at the sporting page or at the editorial page, but at the double page that bore the heading Classified Advertisements.



"You Will Have to Wait for the Remainder of the Yarn, My Dear, Until I Have Looked Over My Mail"

His daughter, coming back to the room just at that moment to get her scissors that lay on the mantelpiece and seeing him folding the sheets back, smiled.

"Business as usual, I see, papa," she said gayly.

"Always, my dear, always!" returned Mr. Clesby with a chuckle. "Business first, business second, business third."

He searched for and found the column headed Houses And Lots For Sale, which he read through carefully, item by item. Next he read over the column titled Real Estate Wanted. Then he read Suburban Property For Sale. The column Wanted To Rent followed that. He glanced through Business Opportunities. His eyes ran hurriedly down Miscellaneous For Sale and came to Wanted Miscellaneous.

Mr. Uriah Clesby was a business man, a buyer and a seller. He was ever ready to purchase a piece of property, provided it was offered at an attractive figure. He was ever ready to sell a piece of property—at a profit. He wouldn't refuse to take on a little commercial enterprise if he could be reasonably certain that it could be turned over to advantage. He had houses to rent too—many of them. Mr. Clesby would buy or sell or swap or rent. A clever trafficker was Mr. Clesby.

Though he would rather that the figures of his deals did not run under a thousand dollars each, he was not averse to making a small trade; and though he preferred to trade in real estate, he wouldn't hesitate to buy or sell an automobile, a grandfather's clock, a diamond ring or a mule—if the profit was there. Money was money with Mr. Clesby. He was a business man.

And so when he would begin his business day by opening the Times at the pages of classified advertisements, as he invariably did, and reading there the offerings in houses and lots and business buildings and farms and stores and factories, he never failed to go over the Miscellaneous For Sale and the Wanted Miscellaneous columns. You never could tell, he would say to his daughter Mildred, when somebody would have something to sell at a sacrifice, and you never could tell when somebody would want to buy something at the owner's figure.

This morning he was halfway through the Wanted Miscellaneous column when his eye stopped at one item and remained fixed thereon. He read the item twice. He glanced through the remainder of the column and returned to the item that had attracted him. He read it through again. He puffed slowly on his pipe and mused. He scratched his chin, straightened his eyeglasses and read the item once more. Then he twisted about in his chair, looked toward the sun room and called to his daughter:

"Mildred, will you please step here a minute?"

The girl came hurrying in.

"What is it, papa?" she asked.

"Read this item here, will you? Read it out loud," he said. "It sounds so absurd to me, so utterly ridiculous, that I begin to doubt if I am really seeing the words I think I see."

She took the paper and began reading the item that was pointed out to her by a pudgy finger:

"WANTED TO BUY: A bobtailed black cat with a black tongue. Cat or kitten, male or female. Needed in executing a will. Call on or address R. S. R., 697 Wilmot Building."

"Well, that's just the way I read the thing, but I could hardly believe my eyes," said Mr. Clesby. "It's a queer one, isn't it?"

"Very strange indeed," replied Mildred. "I wonder what it is." She laid down the paper and stepped over to the window. "There's an auto stopping in front, papa. Why it's Fred Markley!" she exclaimed.

"Fred Markley!" repeated Mr. Clesby. "What's Fred Markley coming here for at this time of day? He spent all of last evening here, didn't he?"

"Yes, but I suppose he forgot something and is coming for that." And Mildred went to the door.

"Forgot my fountain pen," laughed Fred Markley, breezing into the room. "Good morning, Mr. Clesby. Fine winter morning, isn't it?"

"Umph!" Mr. Clesby grunted, taking up his paper again and now turning to the front page.

"I couldn't get through the day without that pen," went on young Markley. "It's the only pen I can write legibly with. Why, I'd lose my job if it wasn't for that pen! Joe Brownlee picked me up on his way downtown. Lucky for me, too, or I'd been late to work. Well, I must go. There's my pen on the table where I laid it last night."

"Look here, Markley," said Mr. Clesby, sitting up in his chair, throwing down his paper and frowning just a trifle. "Are you taking seriously the ultimatum I delivered to you a month ago or are you regarding it lightly? If the latter you are making a mistake. I meant every word I said. And I'm going to repeat to you what I then said, for I am convinced you have either forgotten my words or you are thinking I was joking with you. Now then, if you are not able to show me five thousand dollars in cash, your own money, by the first day in March, when the three-month period I allowed you ends, you must stop coming to this house and you must cease paying attention to my daughter. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir, I understand clearly," answered Markley. "And believe me, Mr. Clesby, I am giving my most serious consideration to your conditions."

"Well, a month has passed."

"Yes, I know that, but two months remain and almost anything could happen in two months, Mr. Clesby."

"Umph!"

"I might find it difficult—yes, absolutely impossible to meet conditions such as you have put up to me had they been given by someone more exacting than you are, but since you have agreed with me that everything is fair in love and war ——"

"And in business," interrupted Mr. Clesby. "Business is war."

"And in business," went on Markley, smiling. "I say, your allowing me to go into this—this contest in this way—everything fair in love and war and business, you know—why, my goal does not seem so impossible of attainment after all."

"Umph!"

"But I must be trotting along. Joe is waiting out there. Bank opens at nine. Good-by, Mr. Clesby."

"Umph!"

Mildred, who had left the room when her father began to speak, was at the door to open it for the caller. A sound of laughter and a murmur of voices came to Mr. Clesby.

"He's altogether too fresh to suit me!" he muttered. "A bank clerk! Getting a hundred a month and having the nerve to come horning in here wanting to marry my daughter, who will have a million some day!" He snorted his disgust and anger and returned to his paper.

It was eleven o'clock when he left the house. From the car that carried him downtown he went straight to Room 697 in the Wilmot Building. Chalked on the door in blue letters he read, Robert S. Rawlings, Attorney at Law. He opened the door and walked in.

A young man sat before a desk reading what appeared to be a voluminous legal document. On one side of the room stood a battered bookcase in which were a few sheep-bound volumes. There was a small stand on which stood a typewriter. There were two chairs, old and disreputable in looks. The floor was bare. It was a poorly furnished office. The young man looked up from his reading.

"Are you R. S. R., who had an advertisement in this morning's Times regarding a black cat?" Mr. Clesby inquired.

"Yes, sir. Exactly! I am Robert S. Rawlings—R. S. R. for short. I advertised for a bobtailed black cat with a black tongue. You don't, now, happen to have such an animal, do you?"

"Well, no—that is, not exactly. But I think I know where ——"

"What? You do? Well, by Jove, I never would have thought it! It was a chance in a million! What luck!" cried the young man, throwing down the document he had been reading and whirling his chair about. "Take a seat, take a seat, sir, and let us get down to brass buttons! Excuse the cyclonic appearance of things here—I have been located over in the Firestone Building and we had a fire there last week. Office next to mine. I got burned out—bad mess. Had to take up temporary quarters here. Now then."

"Of course I am not positively sure that I ——" began Mr. Clesby

"If you have no more than a hint about a bobtailed black cat with a black tongue it will be a start," said Attorney Rawlings, breaking in on Mr. Clesby's speech. "Is there—is there indeed such a thing under the what-d'ye-call-it as a bobtailed black-tongued cat? I never heard of one—by George, I never! Why, I never heard such a thing mentioned until this case came up!"

"Well, I believe I have heard of one—let me see—a year or two ago. Um—a year or two ago? No—that was something else. About six months ago—yes, that's it. Ah—your advertisement said something about a will, didn't it?"

"Yes, yes! I've got to find a bobtailed black cat with a black tongue before a legacy mentioned in a certain will of which I am named executor can be paid over to the legatee. A considerable—a very considerable sum of money is involved."

"Hm—in that case you ——"

"I'd be willing to pay liberally for the right kind of cat. The legatee and I have a complete understanding, you know. But let me give you the story, or a part of it, Mr. ——"

"Clesby, sir—Uriah Clesby."

"Oh, Mr. Clesby, eh? I have frequently heard of you in the business world. Very glad indeed to meet you, Mr. Clesby. Will you smoke? No? Then I'll light up. Now here's the case:

"Some years ago—not many—John Brewerby, a wealthy lumber merchant, residing in the northern part of this state, retired from business worth two or three millions and came down here to make his home with his niece, Miss Anne Brewerby, his brother's child. Miss Brewerby is a spinster of uncertain age and she has two hobbies—Foreign Missions and the Humane Society. Maybe you've heard of Miss Brewerby's activities in those lines. John Brewerby had a nephew here, too, the son of his deceased sister—Mortimer Coakley by name. The old gentleman didn't like young Coakley. His habits were a little too modern, I suppose, for an old-schooler like John Brewerby. But it was understood that the Brewerby millions were to be divided equally between Anne Brewerby and Mortimer Coakley.

"Well, six months ago old Mr. Brewerby died. He wrote his will himself and two of Miss Brewerby's servants witnessed it. I was named executor. You see, my father and John Brewerby were boys together. Well, sir, Mortimer Coakley was virtually cut off from any inheritance whatever by a crazy clause the old man had written into the will. I always refer to it as the cat clause.

"Before I speak further of this cat clause just let me go back ten months or so and tell you of an occurrence that happened then; which was the cause of young Coakley's misfortune.

"Miss Brewerby had a cat—a black cat—of which she was foolishly fond. The attention she would probably have lavished on her child had she been the mother of a child she lavished on that black cat. It was fierce—that is—well, you understand me, Mr. Clesby—extraordinary affection for a beast, and so forth. Now after John Brewerby had been living with his niece a while what did he do but go nuts on that cat too—that is, he became as much attached to the animal as was his niece—more so, I expect, judging from what Miss Brewerby has told me.

"One day Mortimer Coakley came to pay a visit to his cousin and his uncle. He hates cats—has a regular what-do-you-call-it for them—and his dislike for that particular cat was intense. He told me once—that was before this happened—that he'd give fifty berries—dollars, you know, Mr. Clesby—for a chance to land on that black cat. Well, sir, as he entered his cousin's house that day—nobody in the hall to meet him, you know—here came that cat purring about his legs. He seized the opportunity—he kicked that cat—kicked it so hard it went through a window. And the next day it died.

"Miss Brewerby almost lost her mind. Old Brewerby went insane with rage. Mort has told me often since that the ravings of his cousin and the raging of his uncle scared him limp. The old gentleman ordered him out of the house and told him never to appear in his presence again. It was a very unfortunate kick.

"Now as I have already told you, Mr. Brewerby died six months ago. When his will was read it was found that everything he possessed had been devised to his niece with the exception of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Mortimer Coakley was to receive this two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—a cool quarter of a million, you know, Mr. Clesby—if he fulfilled certain conditions laid

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Out From Beneath the House Came the Boy With a Squirming, Clawing, Yowling, Spitting Black Cat Held Firmly Under One Arm

SCHIEBER LAND

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

Berlin School Children

CERTAIN conditions are too frequently regarded as being typical of the land which produces them. There are many parts of Europe where country life in America is thought to consist of the pursuit of malevolent red Indians by tough hardy men in hairy pants and unbuttoned vests. Large numbers of people still think of Brazil as being chiefly made up of a large tropical river edged with Brazil-nut trees from whose branches the amusing monkey swings idly by his tail and throws nuts in a wanton manner at passing voyagers amid the vociferous applause of vast flocks of parrots and parrakeets. Borneo, by some, is supposed to be populated entirely by wild men, just like the one that had the cage between the bearded lady and the Circassian beauty.

Similarly, when a newspaper report from Luskalooloo, Ohio, announces that during a heavy rainstorm the rain drops were mixed up with small turtles, pollywogs and kippered herring, visitors to Luskalooloo expect to turn their ankles on a few turtles whenever they round a corner. They are usually somewhat surprised when they fail to encounter any.

Many travelers who entered Germany from Scandinavian countries, from Belgium and from Holland last winter came in with their arm sockets creaking and their knee joints buckling because of the large amount of food they carried. They had heard reports that Germany was starving. Food, they had been told, was as rare in Berlin as humming birds at the South Pole; and they were prepared to defend their provisions with their lives and seek nourishment from their boots when they had finished the food.

Little Victims of the Greedy Rich

JUST before Christmas of last winter, while talking with a government official in the Foreign Office on Wilhelmstrasse, a pile of magazines caught my eye. They were printed in English. Being far from home the English type thrilled me. I picked up one of the magazines and found that it was a publication printed in America for German-Americans, and in its pages there were frequent allusions to starving Germany. There was a harrowing picture of "a little victim of the hunger blockade," reproduced from an original photograph.

I might add that tales of starving Germany and of little victims of the hunger blockade are dinned into travelers' ears from all sides while they are in German territory. Traveling Americans seem to hear a trifle more of that sort of talk than any other people.

The true state of affairs, I believe, is this: In the industrial centers of Germany there are many children and grown people as well who are very badly nourished indeed. They are in bad physical shape because of a lack of fats and milk over a long period of time. They are not so badly off as they were immediately after the Armistice in November, 1918. This state of affairs could be greatly improved if Germany would adapt herself to conditions in the same way that England and France and America do. But she won't. She cheats. And she makes political capital out of her undernourished children. She uses them to gain sympathy and leniency in the outside world. Above all, she cheats.

The Germans have, since the war, applied a new name to an ancient type of person. Broadly speaking he is the man who makes money out of the misfortunes of his fellow men. He is called a *Schieber*. Literally a Schieber is one who shoves, the idea being that he gets something at a low price and shoves it along to someone else at a high price. Actually he is a man who cheats by dealing in goods in which he is not legitimately entitled to deal, such as flour and bread and sugar and meat. These goods are supposed to be under government control, so that everybody can have an equal amount. But the Schieber sells them at a high price to those who are unwilling to subsist on a government ration. The word has come to be applied to anyone who is making large and sudden profits. There are no other words in the German language which are heard quite so frequently nowadays, except "*Ja*," "*Nein*," and "*Bitte*." "*Kultur*" is heavily outclassed by "*Schieber*," as is "*Kolossal*"!

If the Schieber cheats by selling at a profit the foodstuffs he is not supposed to sell, then there are hundreds of thousands of people in Germany cheating by purchasing from the Schieber the food they are not supposed to eat. If the children of Germany are starving, as the Germans claim so loudly, then the people who buy the food the children ought to have are as bad as the Schiebers. Therefore I say that Germany is a land of Schiebers, who refuse to live up to the rules.

In England when there is a shortage of certain sorts of food the food is rationed. That is so in France and also in America. Everybody suffers during a shortage, unless he happens to have on hand a large stock of the food in which the shortage occurs.

In Germany there is no shortage so acute that all the people suffer. The poor suffer; but the rich continue to have everything. And they continue to howl and shriek about the little victims of the hunger blockade. They tell you, over their thick soups and their golden butter and their white bread and their rich wines, how the little ones are starving to death. They get terribly excited over it.

"There you sit," cried one Prussian woman to an American diplomat in Berlin—"there you sit with a hundred billion dollars in gold in your pockets, and won't buy our babies a can of milk!"

I do not say that there is not suffering in Berlin and in all the industrial regions of Germany, where large numbers of people are crowded together. There is. Large masses of the city children of Germany are most wretchedly nourished because of the lack of milk and fats. But I repeat and I insist that if Germany would live up to the rules there would be far less suffering than there now is. I repeat that Germany is using her poorly nourished children as political propaganda to create sympathy in the outside world. There is no such suffering or hunger or starvation in Germany as there is in Poland, the world's only barrier against the Bolshevik armies. I have heard Germans moaning about the pitiable conditions in Austria, conditions that unquestionably exist; but I have never heard a single German emitting the slightest semblance of a moan over the ghastly conditions in Poland, devastated by the passage of armies and stripped of her cattle and her wealth and her means of industrial livelihood by the Germans themselves. The Germans are making a most heartrending outcry against the peace terms to every American that comes along; but I was unable to detect any signs of sympathy on the part of any German for any suffering which other countries—with the exception of Austria—endured during the war and are now enduring.

After I had seen the magazine which is printed for America above all others, and for America alone, I expressed a desire to see some Berlin children in large numbers. The children I had seen on the street seemed no different to me, for the most part, from the children one might see on the streets of Sanford, Maine, Sandusky, Ohio, or San Francisco, except that their clothing was neater and they made less noise. That of course was no test.

So I was taken to a Christmas party given by a Berlin film company for 800 school children from one of the poor districts of the city. The amiable American-German woman who received me assured me that the 800 children came from eight different schools and that from each school only the poorest children had been selected.

Eight Hundred Well-Behaved Children

I LOOKED them over; and they didn't look particularly well. They ranged in age from eight to twelve years old, and the boys were so universally sallow and thin, and their hair was cropped so short, that they looked as though they had all been hacked out of the same piece of wood by the same machine. There were queer yellowish-pinkish circles under their eyes, and they seemed to have little or no energy. The girls looked better, but not much better. It was two days before Christmas, mind you, and every one of these 800 children was to receive a fat Christmas package and some money with which to buy himself something more. Yet they sat in that hall without a sound, except when they started to sing some song like Tannenbaum or Heilige Nacht, and sang it through from beginning to end without missing a word. In America any 800 children under similar circumstances would have been making such an uproar that even the loudest and most persistent thinker, such as the late Thomas Carlyle or the even later John L. Epictetus, would have been quite unable to hear himself evolve a thought.

My guide, however, was not satisfied with the appearance of the 800 children. She thought they looked too healthy, and she was afraid I would get the idea that the German children were too well off. She felt quite sure the woman was wrong when she said the 800 were the poorest children from eight schools; in fact she hinted broadly that they were probably the 800 richest children. I pointed out that the woman who was running the show probably knew what she was talking about, but my guide was still skeptical. She would like to show me the children in some hospitals. I assured her that I didn't care to pick my examples from hospitals, any more than I would want to judge the children of Boston from the inmates of the Children's Hospital in that city. So my guide suggested going to a school where she knew the children were really poor children.

We went there. A class had been assembled at my guide's request, for the Christmas holidays were in force. We saw a matter of thirty children about seven years of age. They were sallow, and they had circles under their eyes, and they were thin. They were dressed just about as well as average American school children of the same age. They looked very badly nourished and I was very deeply touched by them.

Some years ago I worked on a Boston newspaper which annually played Santa Claus to the poor children of the city, collecting money from its readers and distributing gifts to every child who wrote to the paper expressing a wish for one. The paper's reporters worked day and night overseeing the distribution of the gifts. It was soon found that the reporters were so affected by the poverty and suffering they encountered that they would not only give away all their money to the sufferers but also obtain advances on their salaries and give much more than they could afford. I speak of this to show that unpleasant conditions exist even in the land whose people "sit with one hundred billion dollars in gold in their pockets, and won't buy German babies a can of milk."

Learning the Beefsteak Wink

I QUESTIONED the children who seemed to be the thinnest and sallowest. One was the child of a railroad engineer, one a policeman's son, one a cab driver's child. For breakfast they had eaten bread and jam. Only five of them had had milk recently, and they had had it because they were ill and the doctor had sold them a prescription for it. Their families lived on the rations which government bread and meat and potato and cereal cards permitted them to buy at a cheap price. They didn't cheat. Therefore the children were not getting enough of the proper sort of food.

But remember this—the children I saw were admittedly the poorest children from the poorest sections of Berlin. There are many others not nearly so badly off. And in the country the children have whatever they want to eat. At any rate, all the Germans say they do. And all the Germans agree that conditions during the past winter were far better than they were in the winter following the armistice.

Now on the same day that I saw the 800 poor school children, with their sallow faces and their thin bodies and their hollow eyes, I started out with an American who is in Berlin on official business, to see whether all the Berliners are suffering alike.

I will say at this juncture that they are not all suffering alike. I will furthermore remark that the energy and even violence with which they are not suffering alike is probably unequaled to-day in any part of the world. In Berlin there is more wanton spending and more license and more debauchery and more vice than I have encountered in any of the many cities I have visited since that summer day in 1914 when the German Army started the world on its wild career of blood and devastation and misery.

We started in the largest restaurant in the city. It is an awe-inspiring mass of red plush and gold, and in the exact center there is a large fountain with tiny streams spraying inward from the outer edge, so that it looks like a large needle bath and is very imposing. We got there at eight o'clock, which is a trifle early for dinner in Berlin. The proper hour is half past eight. Anybody who enters a large restaurant before that hour usually has to sit all alone, surrounded by nothing but vast distances and slightly offended German waiters. A German waiter is a very superior person, and is easily offended by any infringement on the conventions. When he is offended he shows it by not being there when you want him, and by always being there when you don't want him. It is no uncommon thing for an offended German waiter to take two hours to serve a frugal repast. Some time ago the German waiters struck to have ten per cent added to all bills, so that their self-respect would no longer be damaged by taking tips. The extra ten per cent is divided proportionally among the waiters. But in spite of this extra charge the waiters frequently become quite offended if an additional tip is not given.

We sat alone for a time, offending the waiters by our presence. We ordered a thick soup and goose breast and vegetables and butter and champagne and dessert and coffee and milk. We would have preferred beer rather than champagne, but none of the good Berlin restaurants allow beer to be served. They don't allow it because if they did undesirables would come in and hang round and spend hours sucking up a single glass of beer. We had goose breast because neither of us had at that time learned the proper manner in which to wink at a waiter in order to get a beefsteak instead of a goose breast. The regulation foods in Berlin restaurants are goose breast, goose liver, hare and venison, all of which foods can be had without meat cards. They get very tiresome after a while; and when they become tiresome one learns how to wink at a waiter. After one has learned one says to a waiter: "Bring some of that goose breast, Gus." Then one winks pregnantly. The waiter bows and goes away, and in half an hour or so he returns with a tender piece of beefsteak.

By half past eight the restaurant was filled with well-fed-looking individuals and handsomely gowned women, all of whom knew how to wink at the waiter. We seemed to be the only people who weren't eating meat—meat which the poor can get only on meat cards if they are unable to pay more than the government-regulated price. Everyone in the restaurant was drinking some sort of wine—usually champagne; and there were probably 250 people there. I should say that nobody consumed less than 100 marks worth of food and drink—especially drink. Champagne cost sixty marks a quart; and though sixty marks represented only $1.20 to an American during my visit to Berlin, it represented a considerable slice of the week's wages to the average German. Everybody in the restaurant sopped up champagne like a sponge; but nobody got likkered up, as the saying goes. I don't know whether it was the fault of the champagne or of the depressing Berlin weather or of the German temperament or of the general atmosphere of gloom which pervaded Germany; but the more the Germans drank the more morose they became over their good times. A crowd of Germans having a jolly session in a restaurant or a cabaret was about as jovial and spontaneous as a coroner's inquest.

After dinner we moved over to Berlin's largest dance hall, though to call it a dance hall is rather an injustice. It is a huge and gorgeous place, with enough tables to accommodate upward of 600 people. The dancing floor, which is not overlarge, is circled with tables; and at one end is a large hall, raised a few steps from the dancing floor, in which the bulk of the people sit and thrust their noses into their champagne. Nothing but wine is permitted in this superdance hall. Anybody who insisted on having beer would, I suspect, be severely hated by all the waiters. The place was crammed. Whenever the band struck up the inevitable American dance—and the Berlin bands play nothing but American tunes—the dancing floor became a solid mass of people, jamming their elbows into each other, pushing their hands into other people's faces, and treading solidly on each other's feet. It was a gay, abandoned performance, and the Germans went at it very seriously. There was a look of grim determination on the face of every dancer. He was going to have a good time if it killed him. He never applauded a dance, and the band never played an encore. He saw his duty and he did it. Whenever the band played he danced; and when the band stopped playing he went back to his table and took another shot of champagne.

This Poster, Purporting to Come From the "American Children's Relief," Was Displayed Without Previous Knowledge of Americans. Translation: "We're Hungry! America Helps If You Help Also"

Stolid Revelers

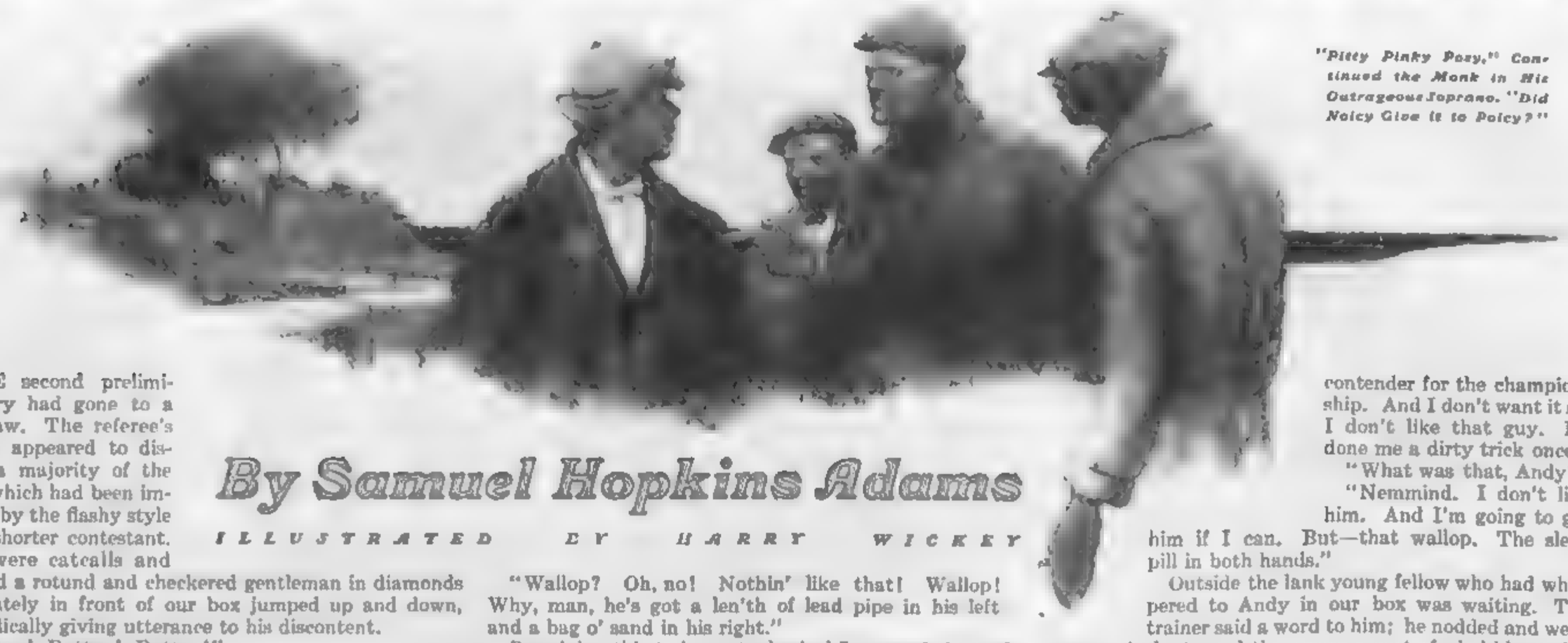
PROMPTLY at half past eleven the lights began to go out and the people began to file into the street. The coal shortage, you see, required early closing. And did the people go home? Not so that it could be noticed by the casual passer-by. They went rolling off down the street to various all-night cafés. All that one needed to do was to follow a crowd. He would come to a dark doorway with a glum-looking bandit in front of it. As he approached, the bandit would open the door with a mysterious air, and he would find himself in a regulation restaurant with all lights blazing, an orchestra going at top speed and everybody drinking the same old saccharin-sweetened champagne. Here he could sit and eat and drink until two or three or four o'clock in the morning if he desired, and watch the Germans devote all their energies to enjoying themselves. Occasionally as the night wore on he would see a pair of them rise and one-step heavily up and down the narrow space between the tables, bumping into several of the revelers, knocking over a chair or two, and upsetting a vase of flowers or a dish of near, or ersatz, caviar from one of the tables. I don't know where the Germans get their ersatz caviar, but I suspect they make it out of sand that has been dipped in fish glue. At any rate, that's how it tastes.

In Berlin alone there are approximately 200 of these all-night restaurants, gayly using countless electric lights during coal shortages. Night after night they are filled with revelers, reveling in their own stolid fashion, and eating vast quantities of forbidden food while the rest of the nation converses glibly of starving children.

In the cafés of the good Berlin hotels during the winter candles were

(Continued on Page 97)

PINK ROSES AND THE WALLOP



"Pitty Pinky Posy," Continued the Monk in His Outrageous Soprano. "Did Nolcy Give It to Polcy?"

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

THE second preliminary had gone to a draw. The referee's decision appeared to displease a majority of the house, which had been impressed by the flashy style of the shorter contestant. There were catcalls and yells and a rotund and checkered gentleman in diamonds immediately in front of our box jumped up and down, spasmodically giving utterance to his discontent.

"Rotten! Rotten! Rotten!"

"Siddown," grunted my companion after enduring the spectacle with disdainful patience during several repetitions.

The dissenter whirled. "What the ——" he began, breaking off at the instance of an imperative elbow which a neighbor in his box jammed into his midriff.

"Say, d'yeh know who that is?" queried the neighbor.

"Nah."

"That's Andy Dunne."

"Cheest!" said the diamond-fronted one in awe.

"That's the old boy," proceeded the informant. "The wisest heimer in the whole Wischeimer family."

Heads within several yards' radius of the windy whisper turned to regard my companion. He wore his honors indifferently. Royalty becomes accustomed to the calm acceptance of homage. And in the fight world my friend Andy Dunne—I make the claim with humility and pride—is more than royal; he is sage. Were it not a highbrow term, and, as such, repudiated by Fistiana, he would doubtless be addressed by the super-regal title of "Maitre."

"Anybody," said Andy Dunne, ostensibly addressing me but in reality giving forth of his wisdom for the better behoof of the crowd, "that ain't satisfied with one of Bud Lewis' decisions don't know the game. He don't know the game, that's all. Bud's the straightest referee in the ring. I'm tellin' yah!"

A respectful murmur indicated assent. The checkered vociferator appeared to have shrunk quite small. I basked serenely in a reflected splendor.

"Anythin' doin' to-night, Andy?"

So close behind me was the murmur that I could feel the breath of it on my neck. It startled me. The third chair in Andy's box, unoccupied upon our entry, now held a tall and rangy young man whose advent had been quite silent. A glance at the newcomer explained the unobtrusive character of his arrival. On his feet were a heavy pair of arctics. Further, his body was incased in a long ulster. Though the thermometer could not have been much below eighty in the crowded building the stranger's pallish face showed no bead of moisture. I judged him to be in good condition.

To his query Andy Dunne responded only, "Nope."

The young man moved his chair back into the corner of the box and fixed his eyes on the ring.

"He's a waiter," Andy explained to me. "No, don't go and order nothin'," he added with a grin. "He ain't that kind of a waiter."

"What other kind is there?" I asked, foreseeing one of Andy's peculiar and refreshing technicalities.

"Tell yah later. He'll keep. He ain't the show; not to-night. Monk Gormley is. Never saw the Monk, did yah?"

"No."

"Yah got a treat comin'."

"Is he so good?"

"Any two-hundred-pound guy with a knockout in each mitt," pronounced the past master, "is good unless he's paralyzed."

"Then Gormley has got the wallop, has he?" I said, modestly essaying the phraseology appropriate to the subject.

"Wallop? Oh, no! Nothin' like that! Wallop! Why, man, he's got a len'th of lead pipe in his left and a bag o' sand in his right."

Perceiving this to be metaphorical I pursued the topic. "Is he clever?"

"Well, I dunno's I'd call the Monk clever. But he knows a thing or two. And he's the greatest goat-getter since Joe Walcott. He's got 'em licked before they put their hands up."

"How does he do it?"

"On his mug. Scares 'em to death. Rough Stuff is his middle name. Prob'ly he'll pull somethin' to-night. Wait till you see him."

To see Monk Gormley was to appreciate at once the fitness of his fighting name. As he settled into his corner, turning the hirsute barrel of his chest toward us, I thought of jungles and Mr. Darwin and the late Pithecanthropus erectus. His nutlike head was set into a pillar of a neck. His jaw, massive and stubbly, worked with a bestial eagerness. In his heavily fortified eyes was a kind of sparkling ferocity. His arms, disproportionately long, but beautifully muscled, terminated in a pair of ridged hams. There was enough sturdiness to his legs to carry his weight. It was a freak build, but a fighting build. The crowd rose to him.

"Popular apparently," I remarked.

"He's got the wallop," returned Andy Dunne, in a tone implying that the possessor of that blessing was the beneficiary of all the fairy gifts inclusive.

Andy proceeded to impart a bit of history: "When Gormley first began fightin' he got pinched in Central Park for doin' his trainin' without enough clothes to keep a policeman from being shocked. They brought him up before a near-sighted old judge. The old boy looked at him, took off his glasses, put 'em on again, and stared. 'Which tree were you livin' in when they caught yah?' says he. Gormley mumbled somethin'. 'Discharged,' says His Honor. 'But if you come back here again I'll give you a year in the Zoo.' That's how they came to call him the Monk. He's proud of it. Stuck on himself, he is. I don't like that guy. Watch him now," he added with a sudden intensity.

The other heavyweight, as bulky, but not so formidable as Gormley, had entered the ring. At once the Monk crossed over to the other's corner. Bud Lewis, fairest and most careful of referees, quickly followed. So did one of the Monk's seconds, anxiety evident in his face.

"No tricks now," I heard Lewis say in sharp warning, "or I'll throw you out of the ring."

"There's nothing too dirty for him to do," said Andy Dunne, "if he ain't watched. I don't like that guy. He's a disgrace to the profession. But," he added as in fairness bound, "he sure has got the wallop."

Gormley's antagonist stretched out a hand, affecting the formal but not unfriendly greeting of professional rivalry. The Monk struck it aside, leaned over, and growled some bristling threat into his face, then stalked back to his chair. Chagrin and a sort of doubt overspread the other fighter's face.

"Licked," said Andy Dunne. "Licked before he stops a punch. Gormley's got his goat."

So it proved. From the outset the man was cowed. Every time he came into a clinch the Monk bespattered him with foul abuse and derision. In the fourth round the valuable wallop landed and he was knocked out.

"Unless somethin' stops him pretty quick," remarked Andy Dunne discontentedly, "that guy's goin' to be a contender for the championship. And I don't want it so. I don't like that guy. He done me a dirty trick once."

"What was that, Andy?"

"Nemmind. I don't like him. And I'm going to get him if I can. But—that wallop. The sleep pill in both hands."

Outside the lank young fellow who had whispered to Andy in our box was waiting. The trainer said a word to him; he nodded and went away. As he turned the corner a gust of wind blew aside his long unseasonable coat, revealing the bare column of a leg.

"Why, he's in fighting rig!" I exclaimed.

Andy nodded. "He's a waiter."

"So you told me. What's the idea?"

"He's waitin' for his chance."

"I don't get it yet."

"A little soft in the bean this evenin'?" inquired Andy solicitously. "I tote him round to the fights, all rigged and primed, in case some heavy drops out at the last minute. Then in he goes. With instructions."

Perceiving what was expected of me I played up to the expert.

"His instructions," Andy replied to my question, "are to stay through and get experience."

"Suppose he isn't good enough?"

"He's good enough—for that."

"Then why not put him through the usual routine, and match him up regularly before some of the clubs?"

"There's reasons. For one, he ain't got any reputation."

"With your backing ——"

"Besides, he's high-strung. Nervous."

"I see. By putting him into the ring as a substitute on a moment's notice, you count on ——"

"Besides, his name is Percy. Percy Harwell."

Tyro though I am in matters relative to the fight game I still know enough to appreciate the incongruity—nay, the impossibility of a prize fighter named Percy.

"Change it," said I.

"Goin' to," retorted Andy Dunne. "Got any suggestions? Yahr a litt'ry guy."

Young, Battling, Kid, Knockout—these be the cognomens de convenance for neophytes of the ring. On this ground I should be safe, if inglorious. But I chose rather to strive for originality.

"I don't know his style," I ventured. "But why not call him The Borer?"

"He ain't a borer," retorted Andy. "Did yah ever see a guy of his build that was?"

"Well, then," said I, still groping, "how would Shifty Smith do?"

For a moment Andy looked startled. "What do you know about his shift?" he demanded.

"Nothing, naturally. I never saw him in action."

"One of these days you will. Shifty Smith, eh? Shifty Smith? That might do."

With gratification I envisaged the hope of yet making my impress, though a faint one, upon fistic history.

"Hasn't he got anything but a shift?" I asked.

"He's got a pair of legs," replied Andy Dunne mysteriously. And less mysteriously: "He's got me."

Palpably something special was intended for young Mr. Percy Harwell.

"Where did you find him, Andy?"

"Picked him up at an amatoor show." Andy occasionally wanders in far and strange bypaths. "He was rotten."

"Then why ——"

"Liked his footwork. And he was such a blank-lookin' simp."

"Is that a recommendation?"

"Maybe. He'll take orders and he won't get oaty," said the trainer, whose range of expression extends even into the racing world. "I got a use for him."

"What particular use have you got for Shifty Smith?" I asked with purposeful emphasis on the title.

My friend Andy accepted the hint. "Well, seein' yah gimme the name for him—this is under yahr shirt, though. On the dead low-down."

"Understood."

"Well ——" A pause. Then quite offhandedly: "Monk Gormley."

"What!" I stopped short in my astonishment. "Why, he'll eat your poor little Percy."

"Will he? Wait a year."

"After I've waited a year, what then?"

"Why, then Shifty Smith, a young heavy that's beginnin' to be talked about by the wise ones—but not too much talked about—will be weighin' in at about one-eighty-seven. And there won't anybody eat him. Not without indigestion."

"To the Monk's two hundred?" I reminded Andy.

"At least I figure he'll be givin' the Monk about fifteen pounds. And he'll be practically an unknown. All the worse for Gormley to be knocked out by him."

"If!"

"Come on! Yahr blockin' the traffic," urged Andy. "Yes; there's ifs in every game. Here's one of 'em: If Perc—Shifty Smith don't stop him in the next year Monk Gormley'll be the logical challenger for the championship. Therefore Shifty's got to turn the trick."

And my friend again expressed his emphatic detestation of the Monk with special reference to that gentleman's digestive tract.

Twice in the next six months I saw the sobriquet which owed its origin to me, in the sporting columns. Andy's waiter had found opportunities. Furthermore, he had taken them apparently in strict accordance with his trainer's order to stay through. Both results were draws. One was against a good man. The newspapers commented with mild approval and some surprise on the sound defense of the substitute. But a sound defense never yet knocked out a fighter of Gormley's caliber. So much I ventured to remark to Andy Dunne when I ran across him at a Kreisler concert—Andy, like most high-caliber experts, is a warm admirer of virtuosity in other lines than his own.

To which he responded briefly: "Under a pull."

"Am I to infer that he could have knocked out Grice?"

Andy's reply was generous in the latitude it afforded for my inferring what I chose.

"His orders," he added, "was to stay through. If he put the other guy away before the limit how could he stay through? I ask yah."

"Is he coming along according to expectations?"

The connoisseur rubbed a horny jaw with an iron hand. "He's gettin' all that I can teach him," he replied, "and maybe a bit that I can't. Comin' down this spring? He'll be there."

Every May Andy Dunne in his rôle of physical mentor and friend invites me to his country quarters on the Jersey coast, where for a fortnight he gives me a vigorous course in road work and such other exercises as are suitable to prevent advancing middle age from becoming premature decay. All the other pupils are knights of the padded glove, of various classes, but advanced degree. Among these I am as a lamb amidst lions, protected only by the implicit discipline which the master exercises over all and sundry. His method of presenting me to his flock is unvarying.

"My friend here's a litt'ry writer," he says in deprecatory tones. "But," he adds, brightening, "he ain't so rotten in a handball court. He'll give yah a sweat."

Proud indeed is the privilege of giving a sweat to genius of the high order which frequents Andy Dunne's stable. But it has its drawbacks in that one's victory in this, the fighter's special game, is invariably followed by a challenge to put on the mitts, the intention of the defeated being that of knightly chivalry; namely, to wipe out the stigma in blood. Fortunately my game was seldom quite good enough to win, except against Percy Harwell, alias Shifty Smith; and, fortunately again, that gentleman was not of the knightly spirit. We played regularly, and each time I was moved to wonder whether the all-wise Andy had not for once mistaken his man. It seemed impossible that so unresourceful a contestant could ever make a fighter. He hit the ball, no matter from where or with which hand, hard, high on the wall and with unvarying pace. Later I discovered that Andy Dunne had given him strict orders to do this very thing and no other thing. He was a paragon of obedience.

In practice bouts he showed chiefly a natural and ingenious rather than a sound defense, and surprising agility for so big a man. Thanks to those pillared legs of his he moved like a ballet dancer. In a spirit of friendly criticism I remarked as much to Andy Dunne.

"Yep. He'll dance all right," said the master. "He'll dance Mr. Gormley dizzy."

"But will that win a fight?" I inquired.

"It'll help."

"Perhaps you're training him to kick Gormley out of the ring," I suggested.

Andy accepted my flippancy, unmoved and indulgent. "He's got a kick, all right. And it ain't all in his legs."

Alone of Andy's stable the young heavyweight worked out with the master invariably in private. All that Andy vouchsafed to me in the way of explanation was that Percy's was an "individual style and I ain't takin' chances on showin' it in advance of the season." However, to my great gratification I was invited to be present, as lone spectator, on the great occasion when Kid Mack, cleverest of middleweights, having run over from his training quarters at Newark to pay his respects to Andy Dunne, graciously offered to give the new heavy a tryout. Andy was pleased. He was also serious. He took his pupil to one side for final instructions.

"This guy Mack is clever," said he.

"Awright," assented Shifty Smith equably.

"He's light on his feet and lightnin' with his hands."

"Awright."

"He'll cut yah up."

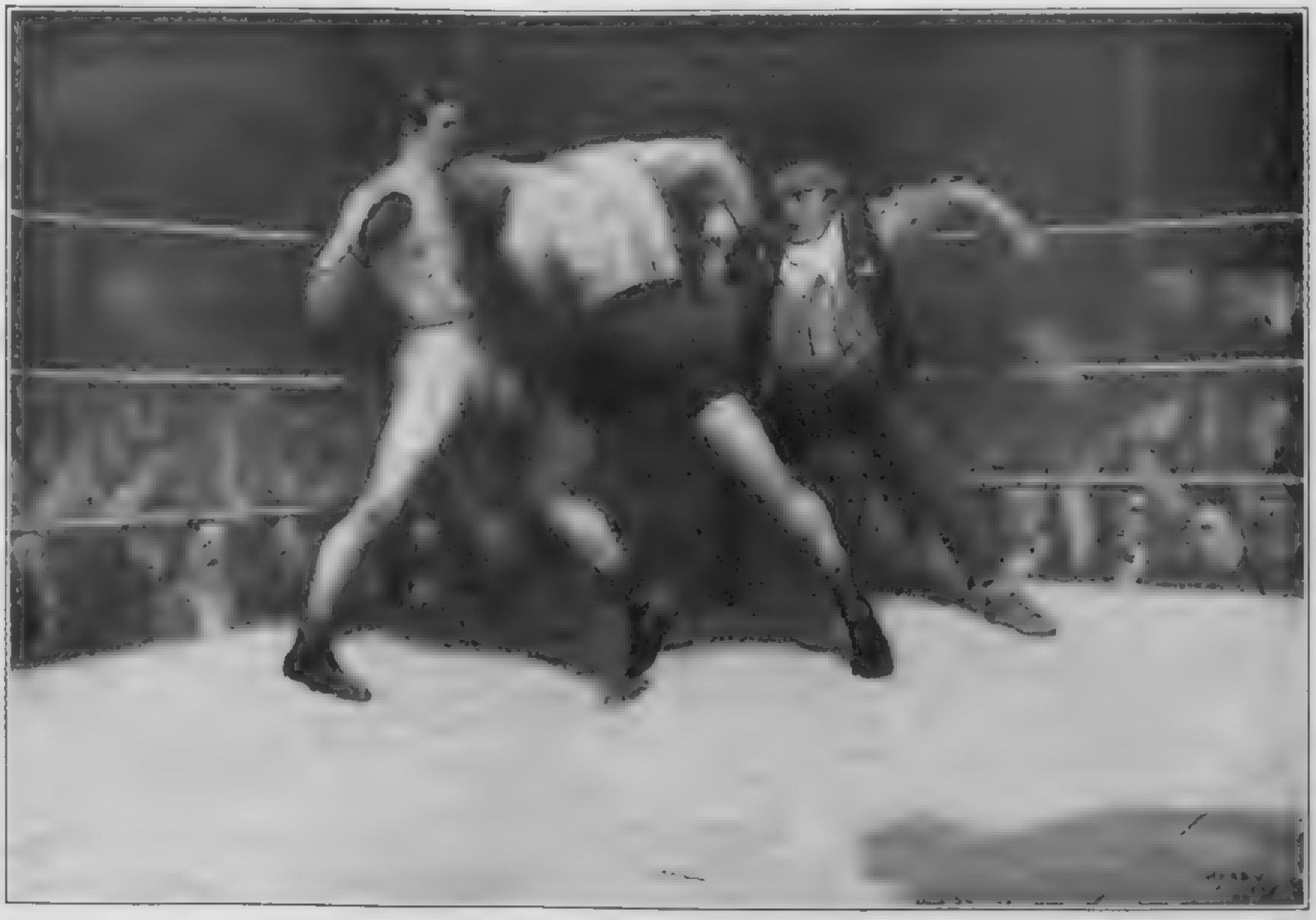
"Awright," said the tyro, accepting any program of his mentor's as infallible.

"Keep away the best yah can. Poke him off with yahr left. About the seventh round, watch me for the signal."

"Awright, boss."

When the pair entered the ring for the ten-round tryout Shifty Smith's hands were seen to be incased in what resembled miniature pillows. His gloves must have weighed a pound apiece.

(Continued on Page 120)



Gormley Chased Him to a Corner, Hemmed Him There, Prepared to Finish Him

THE SOUL CHILD

Making a Book Into a Movie—By Emerson Hough

TOWARD evening of a beautiful autumn day there might have been seen a solitary horseman wending his way through the forest glades now lighted up by the golden rays of the declining sun. About him on every hand rose the majestic peaks of a precipitous mountain range, their declivities softened by the velvet shadows of the departing day. The faint woodland trail over which his good steed thus far had brought him wound hither and yon by the side of a mountain stream of crystal clearness.

All Nature seemed about to sink to rest. Weariness sat upon the brow of the tall stranger, who now pushed forward his lagging steed. A troubled look came over his dark and regular features. His brows were drawn close. His gleaming eye, alight with resolution, took on an added brilliance as, shifting in his richly caparisoned saddle, he looked back over his shoulder. The mountain glades rang with the echo of his vibrant voice. Few were his words, but none could doubt their import. Sir Wilfred Stanhope—for readers of our earlier volumes will discern that it was none other than he—called out in clear, bell-like tones: "Say, where do we eat?"

As though in half a hundred echoes came an answering cry: "Oh, boy, where do we eat?"

Presently there came into view a singular cavalcade—eight motor cars, as many trucks loaded down with a multitude of varying objects, a horseman or two, a buckboard, several wagons. Reclining gracefully in these there might have been seen a goodly company of fifty-odd individuals, composed of actors, actresses, extras, teamsters, carpenters, soldiers, villagers and others. You have guessed it. Sir Wilfred Stanhope and these others made up a movie company on location. They had traveled far and they were hungry. It happened that we needed some mountains, some semidesert, some running water, a few rocks with sand, a trifle of foliage now and then. The inside stuff already had largely been done in the studio downtown. Now we were shooting the open stuff.

I presume that we may name this production The Soul Child, since that is not anything like its name. It was my first experience in watching the shooting of a soul child, and I am sure that the assassination held many new things for me. Perhaps some of them may be new also to the reader.

Every author knows all about producers. Most of them want outright sale for a lump sum—the said lump sum in no case or by any possibility to be in excess of $8.65. At first they offered me only $7.28, but by being firm I got them up to $8.65.

Practical Pointers From a Scenario Writer

NOW $8.65 is a great deal of money, but at the same time if you be constructed with a cantankerous and stubborn disposition you don't like to have the other fellow tell you that $8.65 is all that any soul child is worth, all that any fellow is going to pay you or anybody else, and all that you ever are going to get. A great many authors fell for that $8.65 stunt. There are some of the best-known authors in America whose lists of books are shot to pieces because they took low prices for the outright sale for the film rights of their work. When the producer who took on The Soul Child felt round among American authors for his lists he found that several of the best authors did not have much left to sell. So much for a stubborn disposition. At least, at last, I was sitting on the rear seat of a shiny car with a real producer, with a real contract in my pocket, which said nothing about an outright sale, but let me in on a royalty basis. I was in on the gamble with all these others and with him. With all of them I could join in a chorus, "Where do we eat?" Of course it is not yet certain that we eat at all. That is what a royalty basis does to you.

We were discarding precedent to a very large extent and entering into a new field which carried even more risk than the average adventure in the movie world. For one thing, my producer was a man of such nerve that he had insisted that the author should supervise the production of the film. I liked this clause in the author's side of The Soul Child contract. Such things make an author think he is a regular fellow. Later on a close analysis of the word "supervise" will lead an author to realize that it is made of two Latin words which mean "to overlook." When an author is supervising his own movie it means that he has got to overlook a lot of things. But he feels better.

When I got off the train at Los Angeles I was quite tall, some eight feet linear. At the station I met my producer,

wearing just plain, everyday, ordinary clothes—no diamonds—but offering a kindly smile.

"How are you, poor worm?" he said to me. "Deflate, and come with me."

That night we sat up late looking over the scenario, or continuity, of The Soul Child. He said it was made up of my novel, but of course in the confusion of the office they may have switched in some other soul child not in the least of the same parentage or complexion. Whatever may be the crimes of The Soul Child I swear I am innocent. The scenario was completed by the time I reached Los Angeles. Without batting an eye the boss admitted that he did it himself, that his accomplices were the director and the head scenario man of the organization, and that it had taken them nine weeks of hard work to perpetrate the crime. Those three are the real criminals. All I did was to furnish the name. After we got the picture finished we changed the name. I say these things so that the overlooking part of the supervision may be more readily understood by other authors.

Not that I have any doubt whatever of the wisdom of our producer in attempting to let the author in on the overlooking. As a matter of fact the boss was so good as to tell me two or three times that he thought I earned my board on the job. I made several kicks, perhaps half a dozen strong ones in all, which we made stick, because they had good reason under them. As to the vanity of authorship, I never carried any of that anyhow, so we had no trouble. We all quickly shook down into one business organization, each fellow trying to find his own place in the picture, and all of us working only for the good of the picture.

I don't know what troubles other authors may have or may make, but in the case of The Soul Child the author's relation was pleasant. I think that if a writer has good horse sense he quickly will begin to see that he is translating from one medium into another medium, with which he has not been familiar. The methods are different, the values are different. It is said that few authors are able to make scenarios out of their own work. I think myself that this point is very well taken, because the two arts are entirely independent. I talked over this matter with our head scenario writer, who has done many successful films.

"An author could learn to write a scenario if he would take time and if that were his business," said this specialist. "There is no sacred mystery about building a continuity. You have got to remember that you are working with the eye of a camera. Now suppose you stand at a corner of a park—you can see the whole park, clear to the farther edge. You could take five or six pages in a book and describe that park, and in that case your public could get an idea of the farther edge of the park. But if you should set up a camera and make a photograph, the width of your field would make every object in it small and indistinct. The public wants to know about the pair of lovers on the park bench. You have to translate that through the angle of a camera lens. So you move your camera up close to the lovers on the bench. Now you see their features, their motions, but you do not see the rest of the park.

"Now that is all there is to scenario writing. It means more camera sets. You have got to have the big fundamental human emotions. The rest is simply setting up your camera at different distances. The continuity is simply description of a lot of camera sets, each of which has got to be understood at once by the audience. Sixteen pictures to the second means motion. Sometimes you have your figures large, sometimes smaller. Once in a while you show only the faces. Sometimes you have practically a still picture, a face showing a certain emotion. You use a little color on a landscape, maybe, now and then. You do what you can to interest and please and soothe an audience. When the shifting of your camera sets does not carry the story unmistakably you fall back on your subtitles or your cut-backs.

"Now the difference between the scenario writer and the author is that the latter stands at a corner of the park and the former near the end of a park bench. The author can go back and describe the thing over again, the scenario man can't. The author can take time, the scenario writer can't. You can't repeat in the film, and each point must be unmistakable.

"So, you see, there you have two entirely different arts. I don't think they coincide very readily. If you make a scenario writer out of an author, so that after that he begins to talk in camera sets and to paint a lot of scenes one after the other, all the time thinking of the action—why, then he's doing studio stuff and not literature. The two are distinctly different. If you pick up a novel written jerkily, the first thing your highbrow critic says is, 'Written for the movies!' Quite often that's true. I don't think any really great novel ever could be written by any author who was thinking of the film production.

"At the same time an author is dealing with the standard human emotions. That's his trade. If he has got a set of big situations, it's our business to take them out of the book and translate them and correlate them. We may have to take some scenes from the back of the book and put them in the front of the film, so that the story will carry to the film audience. It is hard for an author to see his book except just as he has written it—it has become crystallized in his mind."

Taking a Chance in a Risky Experiment

FOR any author who has good sense and can reason a little these words should have much value. At any rate they had everything to do with my own presence on the seat of the motor car that evening. My producer had resolved upon a risky experiment. He had felt the growing demand of the public for better pictures and had realized the tremendous purchasing power of the film public, their right to the very best that can be produced for them. The old slapstick stuff, the vamp stuff, sex stuff, Wild West stuff and all the rest rightly now begin to pall on the public. Even the vague demand for dress-suit stuff on the part of ghetto audiences is a good indication—the film audience is beginning to demand its share of human emotions set out in good ordinary human conditions. My producer was of the bold belief that the intelligence of the film public long has been insulted.

"The average scenario turned out takes the studio man from three to six days," said he. "If he can't write a continuity a week he can't hold a job. It took three of us more than two months to write this continuity. We've got six hundred and fifty scenes in it, instead of the usual one hundred and fifty scenes. We'll shoot thirty thousand feet of film and will keep six thousand feet. We'll spend a hundred thousand dollars to get the last bit of juice out of this continuity. What I believe is demanded by the public is ideas and excellence. I am going to win on that or go broke on it—I am sure I don't know which.

"You'll want to know about the people in your cast," he went on. "We've not a bad actor in the bunch—every one of them is competent, and not one of them cheap. But as to the planetary stars, we haven't got them—our company is all-star. They all can act, and that's what I want. The old star system has many absurdities in it. The pulling power of a few film stars is beyond question in America, but how many of them have made fortunes for authors as well as for themselves? I want to split the money a little farther down the line. That's the way to get a look at new ideas. New ideas any producer has got to have who wants to make big pictures, and big pictures are what the public wants. The best never has been too good for America—but we haven't had any best.

"The film world has got to do better than it has been doing. There is a tremendous public, a tremendous amount of purchasing power. The best kind of best is not too good for the American public.

"The star system," he went on, "is simply one of the developments of the industry, which is still young. There will always be stars, always will be sudden and accidental hits. But the proposition on which I am going to win or fail is this—the idea is bigger than the actor. If an actor understands his profession he can fit himself to a big part. That is more logical than trying to fit a part to an actor. With me it is just a question of the cart and the horse. In the star system they both are there—but quite often you will see the cart ahead of the horse.'

All the Cards on the Table

"SO NOW, my son, you can see a few of the things you are up against. As to what I'm up against, the Lord only knows. This is the greatest jazz business in the world. I would not pretend to predict a thing about it. We have made two or three good killings already on these lines, and we're going to make another with The Soul Child or I'm going to lose a lot of money. That's all I know. It's a great life. Home back East was never like this."

I cast a reminiscent glance back over my own life history.

"Partner," said I, "you couldn't guarantee that my royalties on The Soul Child will amount to more than $8.65, could you?"

"I won't guarantee you a cent," said he. "What I will guarantee is that you are in on all the plays, that you will get a square deal and can see all the cards on the table any time you want to. If you come out here to see life, pray consider that the ponies here are just the same as they are anywhere else. Bet them the way it will give you the most fun."

Wherefore it may be seen that I was by way of learning several things about the film industry. I may say that I was with the company for a month, and saw eighty-five thousand, cold cash, spent on The Soul Child before I left, the picture not being completed at that time. It is of no consequence whether or not you shall ever identify our production—I trust you will not, else I could not write this story at all. It is not the story of a picture, but the story of an industry. I think that that industry by now ought to begin to be taken not as a joke, but as a business, and a big business at that.

Nothing has changed more rapidly than the motion-picture business in the last few years, and no business in the world has more misapprehension hanging to it. A great many people, for instance, are eager to attach reputations of light morals to the picture-making profession. I don't believe that this is in the least just. The motion-picture actor or actress is one of the hardest-working business persons in the world. They are all human beings, most of them good, some of them not so good. They have a curious code of morality all their own on the lot, as the phrase goes. We knew of one or two couples living together, not in wedlock, yet received by their fellow players. Their life histories were known, and their reasons were weighed and passed on in the peculiar standards of this strange make-believe world. There were others, more prominent, who had become ostracized on account of their private lives, and tolerated neither by actors nor employers. Any charges of promiscuity in life on the lot is a grotesque injustice. The gayety of the profession is there, yes, and all its comradeship, but you must learn the laws of these people, and they are strict. For our own little family—and we were all so strangely free from jealousy and professional bickerings that we were indeed a little family—I have got to say that they were as fine a band of human beings as I ever met, loyal and faithful to the limit, and as clean in their personal lives as the attendance of a New England sabbath school.

These people work at a business and want to make good. They want to be hired over again. They have time to laugh, but have no time for foolishness. Sometimes the hours are very long—on location they cover every minute of the sunlight fit for shooting. In the studio I have known the entire cast to work all day and until three o'clock the next morning. I never heard a complaint from one of the company, never saw better morale anywhere.

There is a curious intellectual keenness too in a company of this sort. It is not alone the money of a producer or the brain of a director that makes a great picture—whatever the director would be glad to have you think about that. In the last analysis it comes down to the intellect and the heart, the sensibilities of the individual playing each part. Without reservation I can say that if it were possible for me to rewrite The Soul Child, seeing it as I do now, plus the ideas of all these others, it would be a vastly better book. Time and again I saw these people discover emotional possibilities in a character or a scene which I myself never had seen before. If the thing shall prove to be a success it is not attributable to the author, but to these others. I only hope for every other author as good luck as we had in this phase of our gamble.'

It is not to be supposed for a moment that all the traditions and the conventions of the profession were cast aside by the iconoclast on the same seat with the author. Both the producer and the director take care of all that sort of thing, especially the director. None of us had any desire to lose any money just to prove a point. It was my earnest wish to make more than the $8.65 out of my share of The Soul Child, and as this picture would require somewhere between four and six months of hard work by the organization it is plain that neither producer nor director intended to take any unnecessary chances. There are many strange peculiarities of the theatrical profession, which is the riskiest in the world. Almost any manager will produce a play by any man who has made a success by any other play. Breaking in is the hardest part. If one manager makes a success all the others flock in after him, trying to do the same thing before it gets too late. A theatrical manager will risk a fortune without batting an eye, and yet he will not take chances that would seem of no consequence to a player in a ten-cent-ante game. The theatrical world is full of shadows, and managers go among them shivering and shuddering, risking every dollar they have in the world that their judgment is right, and scared to death for fear they are wrong.

Too Much Glory for the Dog

TO ILLUSTRATE managerial faithfulness to precedent I may say that we had a trained dog drawing a salary of fifty dollars a week—such dogs sometimes draw double that salary. I hate this trained dog with all the bitterness of my soul, because in the advertising matter put out for The Soul Child this trained dog is featured with the author, the picture of the dog being larger than that of the author. In going over the continuity of the picture with the director I found that every time I had a really big situation, such as killing the hero or pulling off a clinch between the hero and the heroine or drowning somebody, without fail here would come in this trained dog to wag its tail or look up into the face of the heroine at the time she was being kissed or of the hero while he was being drowned.

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On Location — The Lunch Hour

POLICEMAN X

By Lucia Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

POLICEMAN X covered a beat of some seven blocks on the upper East Side in what is known as the residence section. He came on duty at four o'clock in the afternoon. Any evening at six found him leaning back against the railing of one of the old-fashioned, red-brick corner houses, his stalwart body relaxed at ease, his bluff blond face gazing straight before him at the shrubbery of the parkway. His expression was as if consciously assumed, a public expression like that of an actor taking part in a tableau, holding himself there, a symbolic figure before an audience. At times he moved to the crescent of pavement which ended each block of shrubbery, and stood looking down the street, where nothing ever seemed to necessitate his interference. At other times he walked slowly, deliberately, processionally up the thoroughfare beneath the awnings of new, stupendous apartment houses, through scattering groups of children, who suspended their clamberings after strayed balls until his official glance was removed from them; past hurrying tradesmen, acknowledging their salutations with a movement of the hand; then, solemnly rounding the corner, paced up the cross street toward the waving green trees of the park itself.

The postman making his collection greeted him, and he nodded impersonally. Gentlemen getting out of limousines nodded to him, and he saluted, stiff with deference, as aloof from those as he was from tradesmen, postmen and children. The light skirts and parasols of women coming home from tea momentarily distracted his eyes, but immediately, as if self-conscious, he fastened his attention all the more impersonally upon the gray façades of the houses, quiet, dignified, reserved, their doorways recessed under carved hoods of stone, their windows tightly curtained with immobile, stony-looking falls of lace—not a stir of life suggested behind them, not a flash of color anywhere except perhaps a window box of spring flowers; then, having reached the middle of the block, he reversed his direction, retreated upon his own footsteps across the parkway, and penetrated for half a block into quite another region, where garages interspersed apartment houses, and odors were in the air, more people in the streets, more children, and an ever-swelling clangor of noise; remarched, turning south down the parkway for a block, then westward, then eastward again, weaving like the shuttle of watchful Destiny.

As evening advanced it was to be observed that the uniformed figure took on more importance in the public eye. Pedestrians never failed to take note of him. "Ah, there he is," they appeared to say. "It's all right, then." Certain matrons, deserted by bold modern daughters for the delights of the roof garden, recognized the measured click of his footfall beneath their windows, and taking comfort refrained from looking under the bed. He was the law protecting and controlling. There was reassurance in the backward fling of his shoulders, the lift of his chin, the muscular hand whirling the swagger stick; more than all in his look, which suggested somehow profound experience. Who, if not he, had seen behind the doorways of crime? Policeman X strolling serene and alert would glance up into the spaces between the houses as if to make sure that no illicit shadow were lurking there; or pausing would try the security of a locked door. Regularly at intervals of two hours he telephoned from the box on the lamp-post, and anyone overhearing his communication would have learned that everything in that district was quiet.

Policeman X Made Out the Top of a Head With Short Blond Hair That Tossed as the Head Jerked in a Frantic Effort to Raise Itself

On the last block of his beat he sometimes stopped—it would be then about nine in the evening—to lean over the grille of a brownstone front and chat with a girl in an apron who happened to be lingering there; and these conversations revealed that Policeman X, whatever his official nature, as mere man conversing with woman was an amiable and rather diffident person.

Their acquaintance had begun on an evening in April, shortly after Policeman X had been transferred. She had appeared in the sheltered areaway and offered him a cup of coffee with the remark that he must be cold. He was, in fact, and accepted the offer gratefully, a little awkwardly, perhaps, for he was afraid of girls. They had a way of looking at you as though they expected something; you couldn't be sure what. And then they giggled suddenly at nothing, or called out things at you, smart things you couldn't think of answers to.

But this one was different. She merely made an intelligent observation upon the weather, and then about the procession that had marched up the avenue that afternoon, passing quite naturally to the gallant display made by the force. All this was very agreeable, and the next time Policeman X saw her he nodded not at all officially, but quite humanly and shyly. On a succeeding occasion he gathered enough courage to say "Good evening." And gradually, through some influence he did not fully understand, the monosyllables developed into conversations.

They discussed the armistice, the sugar shortage, the neighborhood gossip. Annie knew a surprising lot about the people, indicating with a motion of the head, tossing off histories in a sentence.

"That's Feeny Talbot, that kid. Ain't twenty-one yet. Brought down five German airplanes, and got two decorations." Or: "Look, there's Mrs. Fane—no, the stout one getting into the limousine with that little feller. He's a clavoyant. Notice anything queer about his eyes? Well, he gets her money all right. She's always out with him; the whole house just goin' to pieces; and her kid, Mary, runnin' loose round the streets, a regular Broadway vamp. That other woman with the purple hat is Kitty Maris, Major Douglas' secretary, that was watched for a spy." Or: "Did you hear about old lady Besson? Katy told me. She's locked herself into her rooms going on two weeks now, and nobody can get to see her, and only talk to her through the door; even her lawyer."

And Policeman X, with eyebrows raised to his hair and lips shaped to a grin of skepticism, would protest, "Aw, come, how do you know?"

"How do I know?" With one of the unexpected turns of mind that made her interesting she asked, "Where were you born?"

"In Ireland."

"I thought so. And I was born two blocks from Tammany Hall. And that's how I know."

He felt that she was laughing at him, but her black eyes had a kind expression. Annie's eyes were really very fine, he decided.

Their friendship progressed to the point of a walk in the park, and almost perished under the oppressive ceremony; recovered itself in the dark and stifling atmosphere of the movies, where they sat, shoulders touching, and within sound of each other's breathing, mutually thrilled. And on one unforgetable Sunday they went down to Coney Island together. Policeman X, who believed in doing things handsomely—even when you had never done them before—bought her a bunch of violets. They danced together in the hot hall to the metallic shouting of the phonograph.

He did not reflect that such harmless and friendly attentions might stir wild hopes in the bosom of a lonely, unflattered woman. He thought of her as a nice girl; quiet, almost as quiet as the delightful beings who passed him at five o'clock in the afternoon with a flutter of parasol fringes; but there the resemblance ended. They had mystery. They disappeared into carved doorways and mounted into glass-inclosed vehicles; and their beautiful impersonal eyes, oblivious of everything upon the common earth, were always absorbed, fixed in some preoccupation far more extraordinary, no doubt, finer and rarer than any that had ever concerned Policeman X. An exotic atmosphere like a perfume seemed to breathe from their hair, their skin, from the temples down to the rosy tips of their fingers; even from their extraordinary narrow little feet glittering in bronze or gold tissue. There was no exotic quality about the girl. Her face was dark and forceful, and—like her shoes—utilitarian in contour. She was just Annie, and Policeman X never had the impulse to look back at her.

He would continue his promenade to the red-brick corner and come to his accustomed halt, lounging against the railings.

This was the hour when the East Side pours itself into the park. All the nations of the world, fermenting in one nation, streamed past, all conditions of living: The demure maiden, snowy white from hat to heels, with her young man, a clerk or perhaps a college fellow, City of New York; and these were college women certainly—sport hats, low-heeled shoes, long stride, low voices. Policeman X knew their type, and secretly despised their ideas of settlements. Improving the condition of the poor indeed! With these the even more prosperous couples from Third Avenue, and the less prosperous men carrying their coats, but with the conservatism of their class disdaining to discard hats; broad slow-moving women, the tails of their blouses worn outside for greater coolness, their reddened hands pushing baby carriages; wrecks that had been human beings, with formless garments hanging upon them, shuffling along in grotesque colossal shoes; hoarse-voiced youths, dandies of Second Avenue, roughs with shirts open down breasts gleaming with sweat. And the girls, thin figures in white, the grime of the power machines still on their hands. They were everywhere, gathering in mothlike groups under the electric lights, moving in intertwined phalanxes, and with a singular uniformity of look—the look of youth itself. Their eyes seemed to be staring past the stoicism of the elder faces, searching for sensations and emotions. When a gang of young men charged down the middle of the street with cries, a perceptible flutter passed through this feminine throng. They appeared to shrink back and then be drawn forward in the wake of the masculine current.

Gradually the whole congested procession dwindled and ceased. The streets became very quiet. Traffic was scant.

Then the two night watchmen in the great half-built apartment house, cater-cornered from Policeman X's stand, would emerge, lounge across to the lamp-post, and bracing themselves begin a discussion of the situation in Europe. Presently Policeman X would drift over and enter into this discussion. They would argue about the partition of Germany and the policy of the United States until, at ten-thirty, came the washers of the streets, enveloped Laocoönlike in glistening serpentine coils, but

With One of the Unexpected Turns of Mind That Made Her Interesting She Asked, "Where Were You Born?"

"In Ireland." "I Thought So. And I Was Born Two Blocks From Tammany Hall. That's How I Know"

unlike that hero with cigarettes tightly in their mouths, and in a few moments the air would be filled with white waterspouts turning all the asphalt black, glistening and liquid. The region seemed to wake into an interval of heavenly coolness. A moist smell of green leaves steamed up from the parkway; and like flowers after rain appeared the dinner people going home or on to other gayeties. Couples passed, the women's pale-colored frocks showing under their long capes; the men, panamas in hand, cigarettes fuming. Limousines flashed round the corner, accorded a glimpse of vivid creatures inside, and were gone. On the heels of these the joy-riders flinging garlands of yells behind them; a little later the stragglers from the park. At half past twelve the last group of baby carriages went past; then the empty open barouches, the horses' hoof beats sounding strangely little and light in the silence of the streets; and last Policeman Y, to take up the position in front of the red-brick house, while Policeman X made his report at the station house, and loosening his tunic walked home across the park.

Sometimes on his way between the Eighty-sixth Street exit and the apartment on Ninetieth he dropped in at Leffert's. There was always a uniform or two in the selected gatherings round the table in the back room, and between discussions of Battling Vic's left-handers or the possible outcome of the game next Saturday, interesting tales unrolled themselves. Political farce was the more frequent theme; but there were also sidelights on old unprintable scandals; anecdotes of murderers; above all, that never-to-be-solved sphinx's riddle, the female criminal, her motives, her hysterical revelations, her obstinate impenetrable silences. Apart from her they discussed woman of the uncriminal variety. Upon this subject their convictions seemed to be clearer and their experience unbounded. It was amazing, the adventures that certain strikingly unattractive gentlemen had had.

Policeman X, his serious blue eyes fastened upon the speaker's face, his stein of beer neglected in front of him, never related an adventure nor offered an opinion; seldom commented. His face expressed, however, profound attention.

The others liked him, thought him a good kid, a little slow perhaps, but deep. What he didn't know about women! Well, they rather guessed if he'd wanted to talk! His mother looked upon him as her dear boy who weeded her vegetable garden and carried up her coal and would some day be police commissioner, but would never marry, for the reason that no girl living was half good enough for him.

They none of them knew him. With the instinctive secrecy of sensitive persons he concealed the underlying fact of his life, which worked in all his thoughts and insensibly colored his attitude toward the world. On the beat that Policeman X patrolled nothing ever happened.

As far as the life outside that beat was concerned, what could be expected to happen to a man who went off duty at one o'clock, to bed at two, rose at nine, weeded a vegetable garden, exercised in a gymnasium, and studied books rather than the peculiarities of municipal politics? But his beat, the active field of his profession, including as well whatever slight social intercourse he had with the world—something better might have been expected of that. And yet it was upon his beat that he became aware most keenly of the uneventfulness of his existence—no matter where he walked! He had paced other quarters of the city. He had been stationed in traffic centers where the complexities of chance were enormous; had stood in his fixed attitude, with his unchanging, assumed expression, confronting the mass of human beings that pressed forward, while automobiles laden with a distinguished foreign commission shot up the avenue, secret-service men clinging thick about them, the atmosphere tingling with the suggestion of catastrophe. Once, for a month, he had been detailed to that section where the Cherry Hill Gang operated; and during that time the most exciting event had been a mild and easy-going runaway.

Impeccably sober, alert, devoted, it was not because he failed in readiness. It was because—well, just because, when Dick the Rat killed Charlie Gorden in their celebrated fight with knives, the fracas was just too far off to be audible. A block nearer, and he must have heard it. If Renaud, trying to slip out of the city at three o'clock in the morning with a certain collection of Liberty Bonds, had turned north on Third Avenue instead of Second it might have been Policeman X instead of Policeman N who recognized the much-advertised car. And then there had been that bitter occasion—he had never forgiven himself—he had been sick with the flu, not able to lift his head—when the summons had come from headquarters, extra men wanted. It had been the raid on the Hekkert boys' pool room; a wonderful affair, with the escape of the younger Hekkert, spectacular, above the heads of the crowd, and the equally amazing capture of him; together with other striking and exciting incidents. One member of the force as obscure as himself had been promoted for distinguished services.

Policeman X would not have minded promotion. Being human he naturally would have found it pleasant. Yet it was not this hope which specially influenced his longings. What he wanted chiefly was what all men want who have been trained to follow certain professions—the engineer, bridges to build; the soldier, battles; the actor, parts. Policeman X, as it appeared to be his business in the interests of the peace to discourage vice, would have liked some experience in that direction. And there was still another instinct, very subtle, of which he was only dimly conscious. Had you alluded to it he would have wondered what you were talking about. It was the love of adventure for its own sake. And Opportunity, whimsical creature, opening all sorts of doors to men who looked upon them only as a means to boots and tobacco, had left him outside.

He did not reflect that Opportunity, far from being a goddess, is frequently worked by wires. He did not formulate his situation. He merely considered vaguely that he had no luck; and as the relaxing tide of midsummer flowed over the city he drifted into an unwonted moodiness. Everything seemed dead. The houses upon the side streets

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Those Lifted Arms With Their Circling Gestures, the Head Thrown Back Showing the Length and Fullness of the Throat, Sent Old Stories Reviving in His Head

THE FATE MAKERS

"Tyrant!" Shouted Schwartzer. "You Come Here to Bully Us, Like as Usual. Ain't You No Got No Sense of Justice?"

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I WISH to tell this story because it is true—perhaps the poorest excuse a writer can offer. In extenuation let me say that I am not a professional writer but a unit of the Department of Justice.

When it was over and done with I realized the interest of the Felde case lay not with him but with Benson, and I began to wonder if anybody besides myself would be interested in his experience. To me he is a sort of symbol of Americanism, and this story, which I have pieced together from my notebook, is simply what I know about him, and what I have been able to infer safely from that knowledge, together with its connection with the Felde case. He unconsciously gave me something to believe in under the strange unrest which is upon the country. I will try to offer to you that thing which he gave me.

But it would be hard to tell the story of John Israel Benson without going back of the early morning when he made his protesting entrance into the world; in fact I find that as soon as I have written his name I see it in triplicate, and hesitate, not knowing where to begin, for my particular John Israel Benson was the third of his name, and the others swayed his decisions to the last. He liked to think their precedents important, and it is a curious thing, and noteworthy, that those who believe in their ancestors' excellence are apt to feel it incumbent upon themselves to act in kind. For which reason it would in this case seem important to describe them.

Then on the other hand there does not seem much connection between the labor troubles of old John Israel Benson the first and the killing of a Bolshevist in his shipyards some sixty years later. And yet there is a connection, because it was something in the original owner's blood that later made the difference between talker and worker, between the labor problem and the Bolshevik problem, and made that difference real—is making it real to-day.

So with your permission I am going to wander off to old Philadelphia, or rather to its neighbor across the river, which for the sake of a name we will call Walltown, and present to you the terrible problem which the first John Israel Benson, coming home from an excellent Sunday dinner of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding at his sister Mary's, found waiting him in the hallway of the Benson mansion.

John Israel was in a fine mood to cope with difficulties because at the moment he was fortified by several manifestations of the comfortable circumstances surrounding a magnate of his importance. His dinner had been served with a proper sense of the solemnity of the occasion by a respectful maiden sister, who catered to him in a way long since forgotten by ensuing generations. His wife, the glowing and beautiful Juanita, had accompanied him, as had also their dark-eyed son, John Israel Benson the second; and these held him in a like esteem, though it cannot be said that anything save her brother's position as head of the family could have made Mary accept Juanita, the Spaniard, and therefore the dubious.

Preceding the dinner the sermon had been sound and sensible with the text of "Servants, obey your masters," and Doctor Murdock had dwelt upon the duties and responsibilities of those who were in service, and of their masters to them. A perceptive man, this Murdock, and orthodox. The day itself was perfect with clear sweet spring sunshine after rain, so that the feather-brick pavements were dry but the hyacinths and tulips in the neat gardens along High Street prosperously moist and filling the air with promise of golden days ahead.

To walk home along such a street on such a day after such a dinner was a pleasant thing. And if one wore breeches of the finest nankeen in town, and one's wife a cashmere shawl that was the envy of all women, and one's son was so fine a lad, and all the world turned out so that it might see, admire and bestow its just envy—so much the better! A man gains strength from these things. A sense of competence lies in a full belly, and at forty-eight Benson, sole proprietor of Benson's Shipyards, was at a point where he absorbed his vitality from these quiet real pleasantries of existence.

Nor was it a shock to find Jonathan Aigne, his manager and right-hand man, awaiting in the cool dimness of the white-paneled hallway. For Aigne, an Englishman and a splendid shipwright himself, graduated from the ways through his own efforts and tempted from overseas by the superior wages of the American trade, was a man on whom Benson had come to place as great a reliance as he was capable of turning into power for any subordinate, and frequently of a Sabbath the man found his way to the mansion for the discussion of some matter that would come to immediate attention on the morrow.

But this was no common visit. That could be seen at a glance. Aigne was at all times keenly conscious of the importance of his connection with this, the biggest shipbuilding concern in America—perhaps in the world. And to-day the weight of it was upon him as well.

"Mr. Benson, sir," said he, turning over his worn beaver hat between his lean thrifty fingers—"Mr. Benson, sir, there's trouble in the yards!"

"Eh? Not a fire?" said John Israel sharply.

"No, sir. It's the men. They are holding a meeting in the sail loft."

Benson drew his heavy brows together. "Impossible!" said he. "What on earth could they want to do such a thing for?"

He turned to Juanita, to whom he showed an unfailing elaborate courtesy, founded on his conception of her native traditions no less than in his devotion.

"My dear," said he, "an unprecedented event has occurred at the yards. You will pardon us? I will join you at tea."

"Yes, Mr. Benson," said Juanita, and took herself and her too silent, dark-eyed son down the length of the shadowy white hall to the glass veranda at the back, there to read the Testament aloud, as was the way of Sunday afternoons. And Aigne followed the shipbuilder into the handsome library, which usually served as the setting for these conferences.

"Well, Aigne, explain yourself!" Benson commanded when the door was closed behind them. "To begin with, who gave permission for the use of the sail loft? That is the company's property!"

"I don't know, sir!" replied Aigne excitedly, "but if you'll excuse me, sir, I think no one did. It's all that damn German, the carpenter Ludwig, or I miss my guess. He's a trouble maker, and that's a fact."

"But what the devil are they meeting about?" exclaimed Benson. "If they have a complaint why didn't they come to me with it? Have I ever failed to listen to a delegation?"

"No indeed, sir!" replied Aigne. "But that confounded foreigner is a-telling them as how that's not the way to do. He was saying that they ought to get together and demand their rights, not ask for them. I think he is forming a guild of some kind, sir."

"But for what?" shouted Benson. "Here these fellows are getting a dollar and fifty cents a day and living on the fat of the land! I pay the highest wages in the country as it is."

"I think money is only a part of it," said Aigne. "They seemed to think the day's work ought to be fixed at certain hours. It was Muldoon, the mastwright foreman, who said that."

"But they don't come to work now until six o'clock!" John Israel expostulated. "When I was a lad working for my father we started in at five during the summer, and kept at it while there was light in the sheds."

"I came upon them by accident," continued Aigne. "Having stopped in for the books on my way back from church and hearing the German talking I took a look up abovestairs. And you could have knocked me down with a feather."

"Hell!" said Benson grimly.

And so John Israel Benson the first took stick and hat, and with no other bodyguard than the cringing Aigne stormed to his yards—the famous Benson yards, whose clippers were beating the world trade for America—and strode into the heart of the first organized dissension that his people had seen.

There was uproar in the second sail loft before he opened the door. Benson listened, his hand on the knob. Ludwig Schwartzer was speaking, interrupted by cries of assent and questioning.

"And I tells you it is a *verdammte* shame!" the man was shouting. "How can we live on it? *Ja*, the wages is goned up to one dollar fifty, but ain't eggs fifteen cents? Ain't meat fifteen and eighteen cents? Where can you get food for a family of three on any less than sixty, seventy cents a day? We give our lives to slavery at such a price! You say you ain't worried—you got good wages, steady work! Well, I say you better be discontented—while that fat pig Benson sits in a fine house and eats the bread out of your mouths!"

A little burst of cheering followed, and then Benson opened the door, Aigne crouching behind him. The big owner, red of face, fiery of eye, strode into the midst of a sudden silence.

"Well?" said John Israel, and waited.

"Sure, it's a meeting we are havin'!" said Muldoon. "And what harm can that do?"

"This is not a public place!" replied Benson shortly. "You will hold your meetings elsewhere, and this one is now ended."

"Tyrant!" shouted Schwartzer, springing up and shaking a fist in Benson's direction. "You came here to bully us, like as usual. Ain't you no got no sense of justice?"

"Have you?" roared Benson suddenly. "You dirty foreigner! You are not even a citizen of the country that is supporting you. Nor are you!" he added, turning on Muldoon. "You men get out of here, and do it now! This is my place, built first by the sweat of my brow, and now by the sweat of my brain. And I'm running it. If there are among you men with grievances that can't be told to my face, those men have no place in my employ. Any group of decent Americans that comes to me with a decent straightforward complaint will get both a hearing and action on it. Any body of men that steals up and tries to stab me in the back will be treated like the criminals they are. Why, you damn fools!" he cried, exasperated. "Can't you see that open dealing is the life of trade? What in hell did you come to America for except fair play? Well, you must give it, as well as get it!"

"That's right, sir!" cried a voice from a corner, and Wicks, one of the carpenters, came to his feet. "A fair wage for fair work! But just how are we to know that it is, sir?"

"God knows!" replied Benson sternly. "That's a question that I have pondered deeply and sincerely. When you have an idea on the subject come to me like a man and we will talk it over. For it's a certainty there'll soon be no wages—no, nor no work, either, any other way."

The meeting broke up rather silently, and all the walk back to the mansion and the security of its wide quietude, John Israel Benson shook his head and muttered, more bewildered and angry than troubled.

"It's these damned foreigners!" he offered himself in explanation. "No respect for themselves nor for anybody else. No decent standards. Take the French, now. Bah! And these Germans, like Schwartzer. Run out of his own country, no doubt. And Muldoon; lazy, full of talk—But this is a free country. Must give everybody a chance. Only fair thing to do."

But, confound them, they didn't want a chance—they wanted the whole hog! When men refused to go to work before seven o'clock of a morning and couldn't get along on a dollar and fifty cents a day God alone knew where the industry would end

"But we will work it out," he told himself, "if I have to knock their damned heads off to make them see straight!"

On the glass-inclosed porch at the rear of the house Juanita was closing the Bible in Picture and Story upon the tale of the infant Samuel, when her husband returned. The silent child at her side watched with adoring eyes the splendid father who always looked over his dark little head, as Benson took a seat beside the mother. Juanita laid the book away carefully, and tucking her hoop up she spread the stiff folds of her lilac brocade deliberately in a dignified way she had cultivated as pleasing to her lord and master, folding her hands upon her basque and speaking gravely.

"Husband," she began, "I fear it will be necessary to send over to Philadelphia in the morning to the girls' home or the orphanage. We must have more maids. Somehow it seems impossible to keep them satisfied. It will mean an increase in the household budget, for they are demanding two dollars a week now, and I cannot manage as it is, with the cost of things constantly rising. The last two bales of calico came to six cents a yard, and even though Elmira the cook has cut down the poor baskets very cleverly we cannot go on without an increase. I try to be a real American wife to you, John, but the gracious Lord knows I cannot stretch a dollar beyond its limits, and this is a large house. And we have so many dependents in the parish. And while I remember—Timothy says the barouche must be repainted, and that an extra horse is needed for market work."

John Israel Benson groaned inwardly. The unrest of the sail loft seemed suddenly to have invaded the fortress of his home. Would civilization never become complete? Were we to have no fixed standards? But, of course, he said

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"If They Have a Complaint Why Didn't They Come to Me With It? Have I Ever Failed to Listen to a Delegation?"

IN THE TOWER OF SILENCE

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

WHEN you sail into New York Harbor, straining your eyes for a sight of home, the mass of skyscrapers shoots up before you from the mists of Manhattan, a phantasy of brick and mortar, steel and glass, to which this world offers no parallel. As the vessel drifts all too slowly past the Goddess of comparative Liberty the foreigner gasps and the American glows. For at that distance the city bears the semblance of an enormous palace, million windowed, great and splendid beyond human imagination. Still more does it seem one and indivisible when in the late dusk of a winter night you cross from the New Jersey shore by ferry. Darkness has blotted out the clefted streets, the roofs, the cornices, the tall sheer bulks. You see only windows, rising by innumerable gleaming tiers up into the heavens. I have often imagined a primitive and ignorant soul, faced unexpectedly by this vision, falling on his knees in the ecstatic belief that he was sailing into the Celestial City, the floorless palaces of the Eternal King.

As you actually enter the financial district the vision fades, of course. They become separate buildings, tall and great beyond any others conceived by man, but still separate—each divided into floors and suites and rooms, the distinct hives of intellectual industry. This for the second impression. But finally, when you have known Wall Street and its environs for a long time, your thought swings full circle and you realize that your first impression was symbolic. That downtown financial district, housed in the gigantic conception of a Michelangelo, has a peculiar spiritual unity. Governing, regulating, manipulating much of the life of these United States, it is still divided by an invisible line from the life of these United States. For all its fierce burning rivalries it has also a queer coheaiveness. Not only vast and intricate sheaves of electric wires connect massive building with massive building, but across the hazy air from wall to wall of this immense city cañon run electric currents of thought binding man to man, enterprise to enterprise. And finally one day the character and meaning of this enormous palace burst upon you. It is a tower of silence.

Silence; or at least silence upon the things essential to its existence—that, to the outsider prying here and there into the transactions behind its close-shut, polished-mahogany doors, seems the governing law. A movement in railroads or industrials is afoot. All the fringe of Wall Street suspects, wants to know, for such knowledge is not only power but money. When the thing is consummated you discover that a dozen men knew it all, and a hundred a part of it; and yet none spoke. When the outsider comes knocking at the door he undergoes a quiet scrutiny. Is he right? Above all, will he keep his mouth shut? Satisfied, the warders of the tower of silence let him in. Not once in a blue moon does anyone passed through the portal yield to the temptation of the wagging tongue. Silence is the condition for admittance, silence the great rule of the game.

There are massive pillars of the tower of silence, there are great supporting beams; there are also links and bolts. As small, as unapparent as any of these was Miss Meeker, Miss Alice Meeker, librarian and custodian of documents for Bruce & Son. A little slim person, this Miss Meeker, with a lingering girlishness of figure which contrasted somewhat with a face just fading from severely piquant to plain. She dressed with none of the chicness that marks the younger Wall Street stenographers; yet she dressed smartly withal, and in a manner so businesslike, so appropriate to an office that she would have won entire approval from the author of Hints to Business Women. For ten years now she had been in the employ of Bruce & Son; for seven years—and after a scrutiny of which she never knew—she had taken sole charge of their documents, their most sacredly private letters, their contracts and agreements.

On the tap of the little bell at her elbow on her mahogany desk Miss Meeker would speed, swiftly and unobtrusively, to the private room of Bruce, majestic and portly; or Son, already showing at thirty-two the promise of portliness. Then on an impersonal command she would speed, still unobtrusively, to the great safe and return with a document. This she would deposit on the desk of Bruce or Son, ask "Anything else, sir?" and on a careless "No, thank you," speed back again to bury herself in a card index.

"I'd Like to Hear Some More About It—Some Other Time. Good Night"

Nothing in her manner or her very few audible remarks would have indicated that Miss Alice Meeker knew the contents of these documents. But she did know—better almost than Bruce she knew. It was her business. In her heart Miss Meeker believed that she was the custodian of secrets which, revealed, would have shaken Wall Street to its foundations. She did not understand—yet—that by the time a transaction gets to the document stage it is of little use as a business secret—that beyond her lay another and inner circle of silence—the transactions not yet put on paper, but locked in the bosoms of certain men like Bruce & Son. When such secrets escape from the inner ring to the outer ring the process is nearly always the same—remote insignificant fact is put in some shrewd mind beside another remote insignificant fact; and together they make one great significant fact.

A very silent young woman in all things, Miss Alice Meeker. No one but her understood that she was silent not because she hated speech nor yet because she was stupid, but solely because among her powers the gods had denied her the gift of expression. Born inarticulate she had long given up the struggle to express herself, and took it out, as inarticulate people do, in intense inner feelings.

Ten years had she worked for Bruce & Son; during which ten years no one among the inner powers had noticed her much more than a piece of office furniture. Automatically, at the recommendation of the manager, they had three times raised her pay. Automatically, on the week before Christmas, she always received a present of fifty dollars. But so did the rest; that did not constitute personal notice.

Then, one morning during that period when Europe was rushing us on toward war, when the market was booming, when the wheels of fortune, turning fast, spilled gold, Bruce & Son had need of a document from the safe. Miss Meeker, returning with this neat bit of folded paper, laid it unobtrusively on the desk of Bruce Senior, and as unobtrusively stepped aside, waiting for further orders. And the great Mr. Bruce, glancing up to dismiss her, noticed Miss Meeker as a person, not as a fixture. He felt dimly some difference about her; but when he tried idly to formulate it he found himself without basis of comparison, because he had never really seen Miss Meeker before.

Had he ever really seen her, and had he been observant of such things, he would have remarked that she was doing her hair in an entirely new way. Usually she bound it tightly about her little round head and confined it with an invisible net, thereby, like the perfect business woman she was, relieving herself from attention to her coiffure during the day. Now it was done in a loose mass, showing to advantage a round white forehead. She had a great deal of hair; and women expert in their immortal trade tell me that a man judges hair by quantity, not quality. However, now that she was giving it a chance it stood the woman's criterion also. Bound under the net, it had seemed a level monotonous brown. Now, loose to the light, it showed golden gleams.

Another difference: Whereas usually Miss Meeker wore the stiffest, starchiest, neatest, plainest of collars and cuffs, this morning her business suit was finished at the throat with lace—soft and plain, but fine. There was a difference less tangible in Miss Meeker's face. Though she stood at respectful unemotional attention, as always, it was illumined by a kind of inner light. Mr. Bruce, still regarding her impersonally, but with interest, too, saw that her face, though fading, was beautifully formed; noted that the light streaming in upon her sidewise from the office window made a transparent spot on the bridge of a straight fine-drawn nose. Indeed Bruce Senior looked at her so long and so straight that she dropped her eyes.

With a shade of confusion rare in a person so solid, certain and respectable Bruce Senior said, "That is all, Miss Meeker."

She wheeled lightly, left the office. Bruce turned to Son, who sat beside him at the desk, a younger replica of himself in solidity; quiet smooth-shaven respectability, flawless conventional dress. The eyes of Son were still on the door through which Miss Meeker had just vanished.

"Rather presentable girl," said Bruce, feeling that he should say something.

"I wonder," said Son, "why girls like that stay in an office? Ought to marry."

"Yes," said Bruce briefly. "Now about those B. & C. bonds ——" He dropped a heavy hand, well but not too well manicured, upon the document.

As Miss Meeker, stepping more quickly and buoyantly than usual, passed down the mahogany corridor to her own room another pair of eyes noted the difference in her; and those eyes, unlike Mr. Bruce's, had a basis of comparison. They shone rather dully from the grizzling countenance of Robert W. Neill, head bookkeeper and cashier. For three years the chief delight of those eyes had been this same Miss Meeker. They took on a puzzled, worried expression now, as they had earlier in the morning when he saw the transformed Alice Meeker enter the office. Seldom if ever before had Mr. Neill permitted himself the luxury of seeming to notice Miss Meeker in business hours. Discipline, he believed, must be maintained, and nothing disturbed discipline like personal relations and preferences among employees. He had pressed this meek, drab, hopeless suit of his by regular calls at Miss Meeker's boarding house; by taking her as often as she permitted to the theater. But in the office—this she understood as well as he—Mr. Neill had schooled his glances if not his heart.

Now, however, Mr. Neill broke all his self-imposed discipline. As if drawn by a power superior to his will he laid down his pen upon the rack, closed the book carefully over a blotter, and went in a perfectly impersonal way to the open door of Miss Meeker's room. Thinking hard for an excuse he intended upon crossing that threshold to ask Miss Meeker if she were sure, perfectly sure, that the reports from the uptown office were quite complete last month. But as he faced her she looked him full in the face. Now the light in the hazel eyes of Miss Meeker usually escaped observation of an observer less interested than Mr. Neill. It was rather a dull light, it smoldered sleepily. But as she looked up at him across her desk it was as though a breath had been blown across smoldering coals. The light no longer slumbered; it glowed. And Mr. Neill, dropping all subterfuge, came to the point.

"I was thinking," said Mr. Neill, "that perhaps you'd like to go to the theater this week."

As though the breath along the coals had stopped, the light in the eyes of Miss Meeker faded. Before it was entirely extinguished she dropped her glance to her table.

"Thank you very much," said Miss Meeker in her low voice, "but I think—I shall be busy evenings this week."

Standing Before the Glass She Arranged and Rearranged the Shawl

"Didn't know but you might want to go," said Mr. Neill.

"It was good of you to ask me," said Miss Meeker.

She looked at him again, full in the eye; the light had all gone now. And yet—these two inarticulate people understood each other, as inarticulate people will. The best proof of a sixth sense is the manner in which men and women unendowed with the gift of gab signal across the vacant spaces. Mr. Neill understood perfectly that this curious, long, quiet love suit of his had struck a snag; Miss Meeker understood that he understood.

It had gone this way, a love song without words, since first, three years ago, Mr. Neill asked her if he might call. He had sat out the evening with her in her boarding house; but after that he always took her to the theater or to a concert, just because sitting in the parlor with long stretches of silence between simple declaratives about business or the weather or politics or the health of Mr. Bruce grew embarrassing. But Miss Meeker understood why he was coming, and he understood that she understood.

His definite declaration of love—which occurred nearly a year before this Miss Meeker's strange metamorphosis—comprised three volumes of feeling expressed in a few dozen words of speech. It happened thus: On the last Columbus Day, the same being a legal holiday, he had taken her to a matinée performance of The Installment Plan, a light but pleasing comedy dealing with the adventures of a newly married couple in furnishing a house. Miss Meeker, who always laughed and wept a great deal more freely than she talked, had enjoyed it immoderately. As they came out from the matinée crowds on the side streets to the holiday solitudes of Fifth Avenue Mr. Neill after a series of convulsive movements along his facial and vocal muscles said: "I wouldn't need to buy installment furniture to fit out a flat."

"No?" said Miss Meeker in an even balanced tone.

"I could more than furnish it cash down," said Mr. Neill.

"Could you?" inquired Miss Meeker, changing her tone not one whit.

Miss Meeker looked straight ahead; nevertheless she was fully aware of a tension about Mr. Neill before he said, "I'd like to be furnishing an apartment for the right girl."

"I don't think I shall ever marry," replied Miss Meeker flatly.

They said no more until he left her at the door of her boarding house in Madison Avenue. Then, when as usual she thanked him formally for the pleasure he had given her, she said with a great deal more expression in her voice: "I wonder if it's fair to you going to the theater with you again?"

"Anything you give me is more than fair," said he.

"Good afternoon. I'll see you tomorrow in the office, of course," said she.

Six months later he had proposed again, and again been rejected, just as finally and hopelessly. This time they had witnessed a romantic drama full of fire, love and longing. His ears still ringing with the vibrant tone of the heroine as she yielded herself, he paused a little longer than usual at her front door; and as she gave him her hand to say good night he retained it a fraction of a minute overtime. And his eyes traveled past hers to the door which was about to hide her from him.

"I wish ——" said he softly.

"No—I'm sorry," said she. She withdrew her hand and was gone.

Anyone can see therefore that this little passage when, against all his self-imposed rules, he spoke to her of personal things during office hours was a whole act in the drama of Mr. Neill's love.

"Something serious the matter!" he was saying to himself as he walked with his calm, businesslike step back to his own desk.

II

THIS wordless understanding between the inarticulate goes only so far, after all. In the consciousness of Alice Meeker were heights and depths which Mr. Neill had never sounded or even suspected. All these heights and depths might have been apparent to him could he have visited her room in the select boarding house on Madison Avenue, where she had lived during the three years of their acquaintance.

Another had already done that—just a week before the metamorphosis of Miss Meeker. One morning, half an

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Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

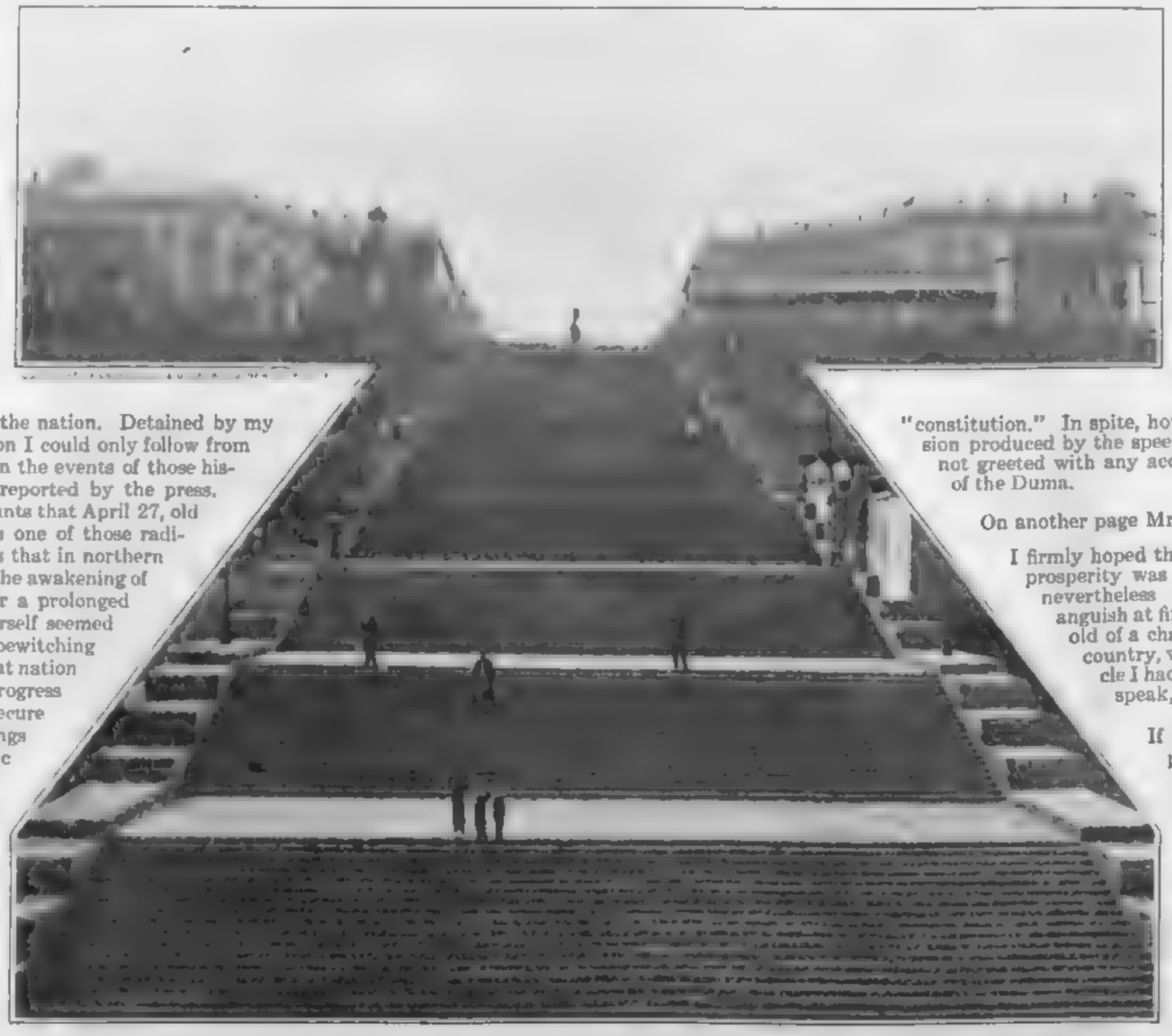
XXVII

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

THE day had dawned at last, the great day that was to mark the entry of Russia into a new phase of her historic development, the day that was to see the realization of the noblest dreams of the flower of the youth of Russia's aristocracy, who, in December, 1825, had laid down their lives and sacrificed their liberty in the cause of the freedom of the people and of what they thought would assure the welfare and greatness of their country. Whether friend or foe of the constitutional reform, there could not be a thinking being who could be unmoved by the momentous import of the event which was, for good or for evil, to decide the fate of the nation. Detained by my official duties at Washington I could only follow from afar with profound emotion the events of those historic days as they were reported by the press.

It appears from all accounts that April 27, old style—May 10—1906, was one of those radiantly beautiful spring days that in northern latitudes sometimes mark the awakening of Nature to a new life after a prolonged winter's sleep. Nature herself seemed to greet with her most bewitching smile the new birth of a great nation to a glorious future of progress in ordered liberty and secure prosperity under the blessings of external and domestic peace. Or was it nothing but a beautiful dream, too good to be true? Ominous rumblings of a yet far-distant storm were not wanting. But of that anon.



The Great Staircase, Odessa

As reported by the press the ceremony of the opening of the first Russian Parliament went off without a hitch. The management of the impressive ceremony in the Winter Palace, where the Emperor delivered his speech from the throne, was perfect. The Emperor and Empress had arrived from Peterhof, where they were in residence for the summer, on board their yacht, which anchored in the river in front of the Winter Palace. Their Majesties landed at once and proceeded to their apartments in the palace, where they awaited the announcement that the Council of the Empire and the Lower House of Parliament were assembled in the Throne Room. Preceded by the bearers of the insignia of empire—the Banner, the Sword of State, the Globe, the Scepter and the Crown—the Emperor, between the Empress Mother and the reigning Empress, followed by the grand dukes and grand duchesses and a numerous and gorgeous court, moved solemnly through the endless suite of magnificent halls and salons to St. George's Hall. Received by the clergy the Emperor kissed the Holy Cross and listened to the Te Deum sung by the court choir.

The religious ceremony over, His Majesty, who bore himself with great dignity, walked slowly to the raised dais and seated himself on the throne. Having taken from the hands of an attendant the paper containing the text of his speech the Emperor rose and delivered his address to the representatives of the nation in a firm and steady voice, which was heard distinctly in every corner of the hall, emphasizing every word. The admirable and even cordial tone of the sovereign in renewing his pledges and asking the coöperation of Parliament for the regeneration of the country failed, however, to evoke from the Lower House any response whatever.

The enthusiastic cheering which broke out after the Emperor had finished speaking was confined to the members of the Council of the Empire, the court and the representatives of the higher bureaucracy, the Duma members remaining ominously silent.

One of the press cablegrams mentioned Count Witte "who—a pathetic figure—before the ceremony was seen pacing the corridor entirely alone. Later he entered the throne room. Clad in the gold-and-black uniform of a secretary of state, one of the highest dignities of the court which still remained to him, and with the broad ribbon of the Alexander Nevsky order across his breast, he took his place in the ranks of the old bureaucracy. Ex-minister of the Interior Durnovo was there, too, chatting with his companions, but Witte seemed to find a cold welcome from everyone. Finally he wandered away and stood apart until the imperial procession approached."

Such was, if this report is to be believed, at this historical moment the attitude of the court and the high bureaucracy toward the great statesman and patriot who had secured for the country the momentous reform which alone if followed up in the spirit it was intended by its originator could have averted from the dynasty as well as from the nation the catastrophe, the approach of which could be felt in the air by anyone whose senses were not dulled by inveterate prejudice and purblind obstinacy. That it failed to do so was a fatality for which impartial history will never lay the responsibility at Witte's door.

Mr. Iswolsky, who had that very morning arrived from Copenhagen just in time to witness the ceremony as a dignitary of the court—his appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs not yet having been gazetted—records his impressions in his reminiscences printed in the Revue des Deux Mondes of June 1, 1919, as follows:

> The Emperor's speech was listened to in the deepest silence; it produced visibly a good impression on the deputies. In previous utterances of the Emperor, as well as in public acts recently promulgated by the government, every allusion to a constitution or to any limitation of the rights of the sovereign had been carefully avoided; it might have been apprehended lest the Emperor might seize this opportunity to proclaim once more the autocratic character of his power; the members of the Duma were therefore agreeably surprised when they listened to this passage of the Emperor's speech:
>
> "As for me, I will unalterably maintain the institutions I have granted, for I am firmly convinced that you will with all your forces devotedly serve the fatherland in order to satisfy the needs of the peasantry so dear to my heart, of the enlightenment of the people and of the development of its prosperity, mindful that for its veritable prosperity a state needs not only liberty but also order founded on the principles of the constitution."
>
> The discreet warning implied in the last words, particularly emphasized by the Emperor, did not prevent the deputies' appreciating the fact that for the first time they had heard from the lips of the sovereign the word "constitution." In spite, however, of the good impression produced by the speech from the throne, it was not greeted with any acclamation by the members of the Duma.

On another page Mr. Iswolsky observes:

> I firmly hoped that an era of greatness and prosperity was opening before Russia. I nevertheless experienced a feeling of anguish at finding myself on the threshold of a change in the destinies of my country, which, thanks to the spectacle I had witnessed, had taken, so to speak, a living and tangible form.

If these were the feelings, partly of hope, partly of anxiety, evoked in the heart of a truly enlightened Russian statesman and patriot by the historic scene enacted before his eyes, it would, I think, interest the reader to learn of the impression produced on the mind of a judiciously observant, impartial and not unfriendly foreign witness of the same spectacle. This is what Mr. George v. L. Meyer, American Ambassador to Russia—I quote from Mr. Meyer's biography by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, pages 279, 280 and 281—has to say on the subject in his diary under date of May 10, 1906:

> The entire left side of the hall was occupied by the members of the Duma, and they were peasants, shopkeepers, priests, merchants, lawyers, even a dentist and a Catholic bishop. Perhaps a third were in dress suits, half a dozen in uniform, and many in simple peasant costume and rough clothes. All this made a strange contrast with the officers in their silver or gold lace uniforms, members of the council and members of the court. On one side were the representatives of the people and on the other those of the bureaucracy past and present. Those on the right had shown themselves unequal to the task of satisfactorily governing the nation. Would the left be equal to the occasion? Judging simply from appearances it was not encouraging. . . .
>
> In watching the deputies I was surprised to note that many of them did not even return the bows of His Majesty, some giving an awkward nod, others staring him coldly in the face, showing no enthusiasm and even sullen indifference. As he rose again from the throne there was an absolute stillness. He then proceeded in a firm voice to read his address. When he finished there was a tremendous outburst of applause, but limited almost entirely to the right side of the hall, the deputies remaining quiet. As he descended from the throne the applause and shouting on the right continued and increased, but the marked silence on the left was ever noticeable.
>
> The Emperor carried himself with dignity under the trying ordeal and should receive credit for what he said in his address to the members of the Duma. Judging merely from appearances it was difficult to recognize any marked ability or distinguishing trait among the members of the Duma which would specially fit them for the great task that is before them; but the contrast between those on the left and those on the right was the greatest that one could possibly imagine, one being a real representation of different classes of this great empire and the others of what the autocracy and bureaucracy have been.

In a private letter to President Roosevelt on the same subject—Pages 286, 287 and 288 of the biography—the Ambassador summarizes his impressions in the following weighty words:

Russia is entering upon a great experiment, ill prepared and uneducated. ; . . I cannot help but take a pessimistic view as to the future, when I see evidences everywhere of a communistic spirit among the workers and peasants. . . . From the above I do not mean to imply that a crash is coming at once, but that sooner or later a struggle between the crown and the Duma, unless all signs fail, is more than probable. To-day the government is in possession of funds and the army, but within three years the entire army will have been recruited and with the new ideas and doctrines that are permeating the minds of the people, who can tell if the government can then rely upon the troops to obey the officers and quell disturbances?

Nothing could have been more judicious than the view taken of the situation by this level-headed and clear-sighted statesman. On the other hand, nothing could have been more injudicious, recklessly injudicious, one might say, than the attitude taken up by the Constitutional Democratic or so-called Cadet Party under the leadership of Professor Milyukoff. That party, though its leader for some formal reason could not be elected a member, wielded a commanding influence in the Duma, mainly owing to the fact that besides being the only really well-organized party it numbered in its membership the strongest intellectual forces of the country. From the very first sittings of the Duma this party took a stand violently hostile to the government. On its initiative an address to the sovereign in response to the speech from the throne was unanimously voted by the Duma, wherein entirely inadmissible demands were put forward, inadmissible inasmuch as they amounted to a demand for a fundamental revision of the constitution granted by the sovereign on the basis of his October manifesto. They included: The abolition of the Council of the Empire—that is to say, the Upper House of Parliament; a Ministry responsible to the Duma; forcible expropriation and distribution among the peasants of the lands of estate owners, and so on; and, lastly, absolute amnesty for all political crimes.

Some of the leading orators of the Cadet Party indulged in excessively violent attacks on the government on account of the severity of the measures adopted for the repression of the revolutionary movement, and clamored for the immediate liberation of all prisoners held on account of participation in revolutionary activities. One of the few members of the moderate liberal party, the so-called Octobrist Party, offered an amendment severely condemning the countless and incessant murders of officials of every grade in the service from governors down to policemen, but this amendment was voted down by the Cadet Party and their radical allies. In short, the Duma began from the start to assume the part of something like a constituent assembly, an attitude that was bound to lead to a rupture with the government.

The Emperor declined to receive the delegation which was to have presented the address and the Duma was directed to forward its address to the Minister of the Household, through whom it was to be submitted to His Majesty. The friction caused by the refusal of the sovereign to receive the Duma's address had somehow been smoothed over when the government, or rather the Prime Minister, Goremykin, against the advice of the only two really able members of the cabinet, Stolypin and Iswolsky, undertook to reply to the address by a declaration couched in haughty terms, explaining the inadmissibility of the Duma's demands, with the result that after a heated debate a vote of censure on the government was passed by a crushing majority, coupled with a demand for the resignation of the ministry.

But the great and final stumblingblock proved to be the agrarian question. The labor group—a small group of extreme radicals or, rather, camouflaged socialists who passed as representatives of labor—brought in a bill to expropriate all land and allow only small holdings. The Cadet Party, instead of frankly opposing this wild scheme, based their own bill on hardly dissimilar principles, including forcible expropriation of the lands of estate owners, though not entirely without compensation, one of their orators, a Mr. Hertzenstein—who subsequently was murdered by agents of the Black Hundred—having in one of his fiery diatribes alluded to the numberless cases of burnings of country mansions as "illuminations" and a proper warning to the country gentry.

A very large land committee was constituted and the Duma proposed to organize its own local committees to collect materials—in other words, to carry on an agrarian agitation on a large scale all over the country. The government responded by publishing an official communication openly and at length combating the propositions introduced in the Duma. Thereupon the Duma by a majority vote adopted an address to the people in reply to the government communication, following it up by a new demand for the dismissal of the ministry.

The long-expected crisis had come. On the morning of the twenty-first of July, new style, an imperial manifesto was published dissolving the Duma, appointing new elections and summoning a new Duma for the fifth of March of the following year. At the same time Goremykin resigned and Stolypin was appointed Prime Minister, retaining his post as Minister of the Interior.

Thus the first attempt at working parliamentary institutions ended in failure, furnishing fresh arms to the reactionary enemies of constitutional reforms, from the introduction of which they predicted nothing but disaster.

Before trying to give on these pages a reasoned analysis of the apparent as well as the deeper-lying causes of the lamentable failure to place the new institutions from the beginning on a working basis, I cannot help referring again to the views which Ambassador Meyer knew so well how to express with such terse lucidity. This is what he wrote in his diary—I am quoting from M. A. De Wolfe Howe's Biography of George v. L. Meyer, Page 298—on the eighteenth of July, three days before the dissolution of the Duma:

It looks to-day as though the Cadets and the crown were drifting farther apart again and that the present cabinet would be compelled to stay in. This would be unfortunate from my point of view. I believe the Czar would do well to take a cabinet from the Constitutional Democratic—Cadet Party, put them in power, and make them responsible. It is the only way to make them conservative, and for the crown to get support in the Duma while they are still loyal and in a majority.

The Austrian Ambassador, who has been quite pessimistic, to-day felt more encouraged. He looks at it from a different point of view. Does not believe in recognizing the Constitutional Democrats, thinks the Duma should be dissolved and have the struggle now, which he believes would be short-lived, as the majority of the troops are now loyal. This, as I think, would not solve the problem before the country, and would mean a greater and worse strife later on.

(Continued on Page 110)

A Wooded Avenue in the Peterhof Palace Grounds

THE NEST BUILDER

III

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

MISS MAYNARD! Oh, Miss Maynard!" Jones was rushing up the hill with the lifted face of despair, his long arms clutching at heaven for help, his single-track mind utterly filled with disaster. Joanna went to the veranda railing to hear, but she did not look alarmed. Her father's olive-gray eyes were almost suspiciously grave under her mother's broad and lovely brow.

"What's the matter, Jones?" she asked.

"Miss Maynard—the beans!" He was dangerously short of breath. "I have ruined them! I've planted every blamed one upside down!"

"But how could you?" she demanded. "What do you mean? Are they up?"

He motioned her to come and see.

"There is no imbecile thing I couldn't do. You ought not to trust me with anything." He was striding ahead of her. "I was not down here yesterday or the day before because of the rain; and now look!"

He stood over the neat oblong of cultivated ground that had been the pride of their hearts, a vegetable garden laid out according to book and catalogue, rows ruled meticulously straight with taut string. Through the soaked earth the bright-green lines were pushing, and, sure enough, every little inch-high bean stalk carried on its head the burst seed of its origin. Joanna studied them amazedly.

"They do seem to have gone into reverse," she admitted.

"How could I know they must be aimed right?" Jones was outraged. "The package only said, 'Four times the depth of the seed' or something like that. I would take them all up and put them in properly if I thought it would be any use." They bent down to try it, but the result was not encouraging. Neither end of the bean seemed fitted to face the world. "It is too late to put in a new crop." Jones gave the earth an unhappy kick. "You are so angelically patient about everything ——"

"Jonesy!" She only called him that when she had a real inspiration. "You could not have got them all in wrong. Some would just naturally have fallen right."

"Not with me," he muttered, but there was a dark gleam of hope.

"They couldn't have helped it. I will bet that is the way they always come up!"

She was triumphant, ready to laugh now; and the distress was magically gone from the boyish face, the clenched hands relaxed.

"Silly way to grow," he observed. "We can ask the Messengers' gardener about it when he comes down this evening."

Joanna straightened up from the beans with a frown. "Is McCurdy here every night?"

"Oh, well, they go to the movies." Jones was not going to talk about that. "Do you think our corn looks right?"

"They said to plant it in hills." Joanna studied dubiously the long neat ridges they had built up for the corn. "If those are not hills, what are?"

"They don't look convincing, someway."

"Ask McCurdy," she advised. "We ought not to have tied up the lettuces with that old ribbon, I'm afraid. The rain has made it run all over the outside leaves. Jones—they look rather awful!"

The lettuces did look queer. Joanna had bought good-sized plants, and dreaming of crisp white centers had tied them tightly round the middle with some discarded yellow ribbon. The effect had been charming before the long storm; now the outside leaves were streaked with yellow and looked strangely dead. She felt one with inquiring hand; it collapsed, an empty shell, and from the place of the cherished heart came an indescribable slime.

"Curious!" muttered Joanna.

Jones tested the next with his foot, and then the next. All down the row the result was the same; weeks of salad lay in ruins. They had to draw back from the released foulness.

"It looks like the evil eye," said Jones.

"Perhaps they have turned out skunk cabbage; I have heard of that," Joanna offered.

He took up the spade and gave the more than dead lettuces decent burial.

"I'm afraid it was the ribbons and the rain. Don't you suppose that—tied up so tight—the rain ran in and couldn't get out?"

"But tying up lettuce was the one gardening fact that I knew!" She was indignant. "I never heard anything about drainage for them. Lettuce is some ninety per cent water, anyway; I don't see why they minded it." She turned away from her lost salad with a sigh. "I never knew vegetables were so temperamental. Do you think the onions ought to perch on top of the earth like that?"

Jones had their guide in his pocket. They sat on the bank together and read absorbedly. Their questions would have made the author roll on the ground, but their intense interest, their abject faith in his word must have flattered. Summer buzzed and twittered an accompaniment to the enchanting pursuit. The two took their happiness in very much the same way—as children do, or as Adam and Eve might have. And Jones could be exquisitely happy when he was not swamped in passionate woe. Their horticultural plans grew before them. They saw visions of grape arbors, trellises of roses. Jones had an inspiration for buying secondhand windows and making them into cold frames.

"Then we could have vegetables twice as early next year," he said, gloating over a violent display of early tomatoes.

"It Is a Good Book. It Ought to Sell. Did You See This Picture of Curtis Webb?"

Joanna looked up from the book, startled, troubled. "But next year you won't be working for your board. You are hardly lame at all now. You will be going back to your career."

Any mention of the world outside the sheltered garden put out the sun for Jones. His head dropped between his hands. Joanna's kind heart had always hurried her away from the topic, but lately instinct had been telling her that the truth was very near the surface. She waited a long moment, then helped him with a question.

"You have never told me what your work is. You are writing now, of course. Anyone could see that. What did you do before?"

"Newspaper work; dramatic criticism, review of the season's books—that sort of thing."

"Why didn't you go back to it?"

"I didn't want to see people I knew. I didn't want to have to talk."

"Are you ready to tell me why?"

She asked it sensibly, with no visible emotion, and the tense body beside her visibly relaxed.

"Yes; I must. You have been so heavenly good to me: it's healing, just being near you. These hours are so precious—I've hated even to think of ugly things when I was with you. What have you thought—that I was a criminal in hiding?"

"No."

The tranquil word slipped into his heart like the key into the door of Bluebeard's closet. His fists came down vehemently on his knees.

"Suppose you had done well by your country—well! And they said you had done ill, and disgraced you for it?"

Her imagination went the whole way to the depths of such an experience before she answered.

"Oh, I should lie down and die of it! But, after all, to have done well—that is the big thing."

His hand, feverish, shaken, closed about hers. "They didn't believe me, Joanna. They said I lied. I told them God's truth, and they said I lied."

"And then what did you do?"

"Do? What could I do? Nothing. And before I had a chance to make them see—ram it down their throats—do again just what I said I had done, I made a bad landing, smashed my machine and my leg. And they said I did that on purpose."

"No! Oh, no!" She could not quite bear it.

"Oh, they didn't say it to me. They looked it and kept still. Some of it was my fault. I got in wrong with the flight commander at the very first. But you can't discipline airmen as you can ground fighters! It's a different thing, Joanna. He wanted to be a martinet—cheap little cock he was. And I told him what I thought of him."

"Ah, my child!"

"I know! But listen! We were out flying in formation when I saw a boche plane, and I went after it. Weren't we over there to go after them? He could have disciplined me for leaving the patrol, put me on the ground for several days. That's bad enough. But what he did was to say there wasn't any boche plane—that I had lost my nerve and sneaked home. I couldn't prove it, but I let him have a few home truths, and after that he hated me and discredited me every chance he got."

"I didn't know men were like that," said Joanna.

"Everybody's like that—except you." His hand tightened on hers. "We had several other rows. I was insubordinate—I grant that. But I was not a coward or a liar! And then I was out alone one day, and a Fokker came down on my tail, and two others joined in the fun, and I got all three—blind luck, my dear! The first man's machine gun jammed, so I got him, and the other two smashed into each other and went down together. I flew back drunk with joy to report; and that fish smiled under his little mustache and warned me not to say too much

about it until it had been verified. He sent a man out, and the report came back that there were no three wrecked planes anywhere in the sector."

Joanna was breathing as though she had been running. "What had happened?"

"I had made a mistake in the place; I was new at reading my map. I went out the next day to find them, but engine trouble drove me back, and I was so sick and mad that I made a bad landing—that, you see, was to get out of being court-martialed. As soon as I could sit up I tried to get an investigation, but the fellow had been killed and the squadron broken up and scattered, and no charges had been made. I couldn't do anything but lie there in a plaster cast and curse life. And I never got back into the air. They put me on ground work. My chance was gone."

"Couldn't anyone help, there at the hospital?" Joanna was angry at the nurses and doctors and all who had let the sick soul go unhealed.

"I don't know. I never spoke to anyone, there or afterward. I had almost forgotten what human speech was when you came down like an angel out of heaven. Do I seem to you like a liar?"

Her wrath burst out. "Only a fool could call you a liar!"

"Well, it got into the papers, and my sister wrote for my version. She said she was sure I hadn't done anything worse than exaggerate. And she has known me all my life." He was showing her the inmost hurt, the thing that till now could not have been spoken. "She is all the family I have. I didn't answer. I have never sent her a line since."

Joanna could have laid violent hands on that sister.

"Why, you are almost too true—you tell the truth the way little boys do, when one wishes they wouldn't. You never pretend anything. That is one reason you got into trouble. If you don't like or admire anyone you show it in every line of your body. It's a bad thing, Jonesy, to be as true as you are. I adore it, but the world doesn't understand."

"I wish there was a world with only you and me in it," he began impetuously, then broke off, drawing away from her with an impatient mutter. Up the path from the village came first a caroling voice, then a blithe presence in shining white.

"'And the little cap was—on—his—head!'" Mrs. Roberts was singing with arch and delicate drama. "Oh, hello, people!"

She brought her purchases to show them. Hurt and shaken, they were called on to admire a ducky piece of pink-and-white organdie and a bargain in silk stockings, as well as an adorable little enameled saucepan for the house. Joanna did her best, but Jones rose and strode away.

"Mr. Jones is a moody person, don't you think?" Mrs. Roberts observed. "I don't believe in being moody, do you? I think everyone ought to be cheerful."

"It is a great gift," said Joanna politely.

"It is not always a gift!" Mrs. Roberts settled down on the bank beside her. "Sometimes you have to hold on to it like grim death. Off alone like this, working often fourteen hours a day, when you once had everything and didn't so much as run the ribbons into your own undies—anyone would feel it, don't you think?"

"When have you worked fourteen hours a day?" Joanna was trying hard not to hate her.

A trill of laughter answered:

"Oh, Miss Maynard! You have no conception of all there is to do in that house!"

"But isn't that partly because you leave it all until the day I come?" Joanna had been longing for weeks to say that, but could never before achieve the right tone—reasonable, detached, pleasant. "If you did a certain amount every day you wouldn't have to work fourteen hours on Thursday."

Mrs. Roberts had a wide fixed smile. "Nothing I do really suits you, does it? I try and try, but, of course, I always know that I am not pleasing you."

And so Joanna had to placate and reassure. All that day she had to cheer the housekeeper and praise her works. Mrs. Roberts accepted comfort with chilly politeness and worked obviously, touchingly hard.

After dinner she came apologetically to say: "Do you mind very much if I go to the movies with a friend? If there is anything more you want done I can do it when I come back. It takes me out of myself, don't you know? Makes me forget."

"Oh, certainly—do go," Joanna urged.

A few moments later a light step passed under the window, accompanied by a heavy tread, and a broad beautiful peace descended on Joanna's house. It was lovely throughout. She wandered from room to room in the summer dusk, taking back to her heart the home that had been alienated all day. When she came to the veranda she found Jones waiting for her, and welcomed him as part of the pleasantness. They had not been alone together since the revelations in the vegetable garden, and the memory was in their meeting eyes, but Joanna was not going to talk of sad things.

"Oh, Jonesy, if only the house would clean itself and feed us how amazingly beautiful life could be!" she sighed, sinking down in a deep chair.

Jones hooked himself over the railing and gave the matter sober thought.

"Well, I could feed us," he said. "I can cook."

"Dishes," said Joanna.

"Wooden plates, paper doilies; you could burn up most of them."

She thought that over. "It would mean taking food the way the animals do, as a bodily necessity, not a social event. That is the trouble now, of course; we make it a party. We deck it out. We dress for it."

"And do you enjoy it?" Jones asked.

"My meals? With Mrs. Roberts?" Joanna's voice had risen to a cry. "A tramp's sandwich under a hedge would feel happier. I don't care about formal meals, the kind you have to give a man. The recipes in the magazines fill me with horror—three hours' preparation for ten minutes' worth of gratification. Who was it said that a woman's ideal meal was a poached egg on a chair?"

"I don't have to have large male meals," Jones suggested. "And with what you pay a housekeeper ——"

"And what she spends in the village ——" Joanna put in.

"You could buy whatever you wanted."

"The steaks of our childhood, half a foot thick. Weren't they good? Jones! Let's talk about this seriously."

"I'm serious," he assured her.

"Suppose luncheon were sandwiches and milk and fruit and cheese and things, no cooking and no dishes," she tried it out. "Breakfast isn't anything—cereal in a fireless cooker, and coffee. Meat and vegetables once a day, but no social event about it, no table setting—take your plateful and get more if you want it. Nothing horrid or messy, but not one frill. The pleasures of the table gone—but, O Lord, the servant problem gone! Would that one meal be a great burden?"

Jones had an inspiration. "Build a stone fireplace down by the brook, broil chops and steaks and bacon there, roast corn. Wasn't that fun, the night we did it? And easy?"

Joanna straightened up. "Oh, let us go down and build it right away!" she cried. Then a fresh difficulty dropped her back again. "Cleaning," she said.

"There isn't much dirt out here in the country." Jones offered that dubiously, knowing it inadequate.

"No; very little. But the house must be sweet and clean from top to bottom. That isn't a social frill, a party;

(Continued on Page 143)

"We Ought Not to Have Tied Up the Lettuces With That Old Ribbon, I'm Afraid. Jones—They Look Rather Awful!"

THE BOOK OF SUSAN

By Lee Wilson Dodd

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

XXIV

JIMMY KANE took the hint or obeyed the open request in Susan's letter and went down to New York for the week-end; and on the following Monday Miss Goucher wrote her first considerable letter to me. It was a long letter for her, written—recopied, I fancy—in precise script, though it would have been a mere note for Susan.

My dear Mr. Hunt: I promised to let you know from time to time the exact truth about our experiment. It is already a success financially. Susan is now earning from sixty to seventy dollars a week, with every prospect of earning substantially more in the near future. Her satirical paragraphs and verses in Whim are quoted and copied everywhere. They do not seem to me quite the Susan I love, but then, I am not a clever person; and it is undeniable that "Who is Dax?" is being asked now on every hand. If this interest continues I am assured it can only mean fame and fortune. I am very proud of Susan.

But, Mr. Hunt, there is another side to my picture. In alluding to it I feel a sense of guilt toward Susan; I know she would not wish me to do so. Yet I feel that I must. If I may say so to you, Susan has quickened in me many starved affections, and they all center in her. In this may I not feel without offense that we are of one mind?

If I had Susan's pen I could tell you more clearly why I am troubled. I lack her gift, which is also yours, of expressing what I feel is going on secretly in another's mind. Mr. Phar and Mr. Young, a writer, have been giving Susan some cause for annoyance lately; but that is not it. Mr. Hunt, she is deeply unhappy. She would deny it, even to you or me; but it is true.

My mind is too commonplace for this task. If my attempt to explain sounds crude, please forgive it and supply what is beyond me.

I can only say now that when I once told you Susan could stand alone I was mistaken. In a sense she can. If her health does not give way, life will never beat her down. But—there are the needs of women, older than art. They tear at us, Mr Hunt; at least while we are young. I could not say this to you, but I must manage somehow to write it. I do not refer to passion, taken by itself. I am old enough to be shocked, Mr. Hunt, to find that many brilliant women to-day have advanced beyond certain boundaries so long established. You will understand.

A woman's need is greater than passion, greater even than motherhood. It is so hard for me to express it. But she can only find rest when these things are not lived separately; when, with many other elements, they build up a living whole—what we call a home. How badly I put it, for I feel so much more than the conventional sentiments. Will you understand me at all if I say that Susan is homesick for a home she has never known and may never be privileged to know? With all her insight, I think she doesn't realize this yet; but I once suffered acutely in this way, and it perhaps gives me the right to speak. Of course I may be quite wrong. I am more often wrong than right.

I venture to inclose a copy of some lines, rescued last week from our scrap basket. I'm not a critic, but am I wrong in thinking it would have been a pity to burn them? As they are not in free verse, which I do not appreciate as I should, they affected me very much; and I feel they will tell you, far more than my letter, why I am a little worried about Susan.

Young Mr. Kane informed me, when he was here on Sunday, that you and Professor Farmer are well. He seems a nice boy, though still a little crude perhaps; nothing offensive. I am confined to the room to-day by a slight cold of no consequence; I hope I may not pass it on to Susan. Kindly give my love to Sonia, if you should see her, and to little Ivan. I trust the new housekeeper I obtained for you is reasonably efficient, and that Tumps is not proving too great a burden. I am,

Respectfully yours,
MALVINA GOUCHER.

The inclosed "copy of some lines" affected me quite as much as they had Miss Goucher, and it was inconceivable to me that Susan, having written them, could have tossed them away. As a matter of fact, she had not. Like Calais in the queen's heart, they were engraven in her own. They were too deeply hers; she had meant merely to hide them from the world; and it is even now with a curious reluctance that I give them to you here. The lines bore no title, but I have ventured, with Susan's consent, to call them

MENDICANTS

We who are poets beg the gods
Shamelessly for immortal bliss,
While the derisive years with rods
Flay us; nor silvery Artemis
Hearkens, nor Cypris benus, nor she,
The grave Athena with gray eyes
Were they not heartless would they be
Deaf to the hunger of our cries?

We are the starving ones of clay,
Famished for deathless love, no less.

Oh, but the gods are far and fey,
Shut in their azure palaces!

Oh, but the gods are far and fey,
Blind to the rage of our distress!

At Precisely Seven Minutes to Three She Quietly Opened Her Eyes

We pine on crumbs they flick away;
Brief beauty, and much weariness.

And the night I read these lines a telegram came to me from New York, signed "Lucette Arthur," announcing that Gertrude was suddenly dead.

XXV

I AM an essayist, if anything, trying to tell Susan's story, and telling it badly, I fear, for lack of narrative skill. So it is with no desire to prolong cheaply a possible point of suspense that I must double back now before I can go forward. My personal interest centers so entirely in Susan herself, in the special qualities of her mind and heart, that I have failed to bring in certain stiff facts—essential, alas, to all further progress. A practiced novelist, handling this purely biographic material—such a man as Clifton Young—would quietly have "planted" these facts in their due order, thus escaping my present embarrassment. But indeed I am approaching a cruel crisis in Susan's life and in the lives of those dearest to her; a period of sheer circumstantial fatality; one of those incursions of mad coincidence, of crass melodrama, which—with a brutal, ironic improbability, as if stage-managed by an anarchistic fiend of the pit—bursts through some fine-spun geometrical web of days, leaving chaos behind; and I am ill-equipped to deal with this chance destruction, this haphazard wantonness.

Even could I merely have observed it from the outside, with æsthetic detachment, it would baffle me now; I should find it too crude for art, too arbitrary. It is not in my line. But God knows the victim of what seems an insane break in Nature is in no mood for art; he can do little more than cry out or foolishly rail!

Jimmy returned from his excursion to New York on the Sunday evening preceding Miss Goucher's letter. She must have been at work on it the next evening when Phil brought him to dine with me. It was our deliberate purpose to draw him out, track his shy impressions of Susan and of her new life in her new world. But it was hard going at first; for ten minutes or so we bagged little but the ordinary Jimmyesque *clichés*. He had had a great time.

Matters improved with the roast. It then appeared that he had lightly explored with Susan the two-thirds of Gaul omitted from her letter. He had called with her on Heywood Sampson, and fathomed Susan's allusion to the shy bluebird. Mr. Sampson, he assured us, was a fine old boy—strong for Susan too. He'd read a lot of her poems and things and was going to bring out the poems for her right away. But the bluebird in the bush had to do with a pet scheme of his for a weekly critical review of a different stamp from Hadow Bury's Whim. Solider, Jimmy imagined; safe and sane—the real thing. If Mr. Sampson should decide to launch it—he was still hesitating over the business outlook—Susan was to find a place on his staff.

Mr. Sampson, Jimmy opined, had the right idea about things in general. He didn't like Susan's quick stuff in Whim; thought it would cheapen her if she kept at it too long. And Mr. Sampson didn't approve of Susan's remaining third of Gaul, either—her Greenwich Village friends. Not much wonder, Jimmy added; Susan had trotted him round two or three studios and places, and they were a funny job lot. Too many foreigners among

them for him; they talked too much; and they pawed. But some nice young people too. Most of them were young—and not stuck up. Friendly. Sort of alive—interested in everything—except, maybe, being respectable. Their jokes, come to think of it, were all about being respectable—kidding everyday people who weren't up to the latest ideas. There was a lot of jabber one place about the Œdipus Complex, for example, but he didn't connect at all. He had his own idea—not of the latest—that a lot of the villagers might feel differently when they began to make good and started their bank accounts. But Susan was onto them, anyway, far more than they were onto her. She liked them though—in spite of Mr. Sampson; didn't fall for their craziest ways or notions of course, but was keen about their happy-go-lucky side—their pep. Besides, they weren't all alike, naturally. Take the pick of them, the ones that did things instead of posing round and dressing the part, and Jimmy could see they might be there. At least, they were on their way—like Susan.

This was all very well, so far as it went; but we had felt, Phil and I, a dumb undercurrent struggling to press upward into speech, and after dinner before the fire, we did our best to help Jimmy free its course. Gradually it became apparent; it rather trickled than gushed forth. Jimmy was bothered, more than bothered; there was something, perhaps several things, on his mind. We did not press him, using subtler methods, biding our time; and little by little Jimmy oozed toward the full revelation of an uneasy spirit.

"Did you see Mr. Phar?" Phil asked.

"No," said Jimmy, his forehead knotting darkly; "I guess it's a good thing I didn't too!"

"Why?"

"Well, that letter I had from Susan—the one I showed you, Mr. Hunt—mentioned some unpleasantness with Mr. Phar, and all Saturday afternoon while she was trotting me round I could see she'd been worrying to herself a good deal."

"Worrying?"

"Yes. Whenever she thought I wasn't paying attention her face would go—sort of dead tired and sad—all used up. I can't describe it. And one or two remarks she dropped didn't sound as happy as she meant them to. Then Sunday morning she had to get some work done, so I took Miss Goucher to church. I'm supposed to be a Catholic, you know; but I guess I'm not much of anything. I'd just as soon go to one kind of church as another if the music's good. Anyway, it was a nice morning and Miss Goucher thought I'd like to see the Fifth Avenue parade, so we walked up to some silk-stocking church above Thirty-fourth Street, where they have a dandy choir; and back again afterwards. I stayed at a hotel down near them, you know; and Miss Goucher certainly is a peach. We got along fine. And I found out from her how Mr. Phar's been acting. He's a bad actor, all right. I'm just as glad I didn't run into him. I might have done something foolish."

"What, for instance?" I suggested.

"Well," muttered Jimmy, "there's some things I can't stand for. I might have punched his head."

Phil whistled softly.

"He's not what I call a white man," explained Jimmy, dogged and slow, as if to justify his vision of assault.

"He's a painted pup."

"Oh, come, Jimmy!" Phil commanded. "Out with it! Hunt and I know he's been annoying Susan, but that's all we know. I supposed he might have been pressing his attentions too publicly. If it's more than that ——"

"There Was a Queer Vacant Look About Her—That's What the Maid Says"

There was an unusual sternness in Phil's eye. Jimmy appealed from it to mine, but in vain.

"Look here, Mr. Hunt," he blurted, "Susan's all right of course—and so's Miss Goucher! They've got their eyes open. And maybe it's not up to me to say anything. But if I was in your place I'd feel like giving two or three people down there a piece of my mind! Susan wouldn't thank me for saying so, I guess; she's modern—she likes to be let alone. Why, she laughed at me more than once for getting sort of hot! And I know I've a bunch to learn yet. But all the same," he pounded on, "I do know this: It was a dirty trick of Mr. Phar's not to stand up for Susan!"

"Not stand up for her! What do you mean?" Phil almost barked.

"Jimmy means, Phil," I explained, "that some rather vague rumors began not long ago to spread through Maltby's crowd in regard to Susan—as to why she found it advisable to leave New Haven. Many of his friends know me, of course—or know Gertrude; know all about us, at any rate. It's not very remarkable, then, that Susan's appearance in New York—and so far as Maltby's May Flies know, in some sense under his wing—has set tongues wagging. I was afraid of it; but I know Maltby's set well enough to know that to-day's rumor, unless it's pretty sharply spiced, is soon forgotten. To-morrow's is so much fresher, you see. The best thing for innocent victims to do is to keep very still. And then, I confess, it seemed to me unlikely that Maltby would permit anything of the sort to go too far."

I saw that Jimmy was following my exposition with the most painful surprise. Phil grunted.

"I don't pretend to much knowledge of that world," he said deliberately, "but common sense tells me Maltby Phar might think it to his advantage to fan the flame instead of stamping it out. I may be unfair to him, but I'm even capable of supposing he touched it off in the first place."

"No, Phil," I objected, "he wouldn't have done that. But you seem to be right about his failing to stamp out the sparks. That's what you meant by his not standing up for Susan, isn't it, Jimmy?"

The boy's face was a study in unhappy perplexity. "I guess I'm like Professor Farmer!" he exclaimed. "I'm not onto people who act like that. But, Mr. Hunt, you're dead wrong—excuse me, sir!"

"Go on, Jimmy."

"Well, I mean—you spoke of vague rumors, didn't you? They're not vague. I guess Susan hasn't wanted to upset you. Miss Goucher told me all about it, and she wouldn't have done it, would she, if she hadn't hoped I'd bring it straight back to you? I guess she promised Susan not to tell you, so she told me. That's the only way I can figure it," concluded Jimmy.

Phil was grim now. "Give us your facts, Jimmy—all of them."

"Yes, sir. There's a Mr. Young; he writes things. He's clever. They're all clever down there. Well, Mr. Young's dead gone on Susan; but then, he's the kind that's always dead gone on somebody. It's women with him, you see, sir. Susan understands. It don't seem right she should, somehow; but—well, Susan's always been different from most girls. At least, I don't know many girls."

"Never mind that," prompted Phil.

"No, sir. Talking about things like this always rattles me. I can't help it. They kind of stick in my throat. Well, Mr. Young don't want to marry anybody, but he's been making love to Susan—trying to. He had the wrong idea about her, you see; and Susan saw that too—saw he thought she was playing him for a poor fish. So—her way—out she comes with it to him, flat. And he gets sore and comes back at her with what he'd heard."

Jimmy's handkerchief was pulled out at this point; he mopped his brow. "It don't feel right even to speak of lies like this about—any decent girl," he mumbled.

"No," Phil agreed, "it doesn't. But there's nothing for it now. Get it said and done with!"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Young told Susan he wasn't a fool;

(Continued on Page 81)

"She Was Either Dead or Fast Asleep!"

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 27, 1920

The Saturday Morning Disease

"I SEE nothing in the papers," said the manufacturer, "about the Saturday morning disease—the epidemic which is now sweeping this country. Why not, I don't know. It is a most threatening thing. If it keeps on it is likely to have fatal results.

"In company with a great share of the manufacturers of the United States within the past year or two I have put into effect the long-desired forty-four-hour week—eight hours a day for five days, and four hours on Saturday. I have also raised wages—let us say seventy-five per cent, to be well within the real figures. My plant was formerly on a fifty-four-hour week.

"It might perhaps have been predicted—and was in fact predicted by many learned authorities—that with the shortening of the day and the raising of the wages work would have been intensified and that the factory employees, relieved of overstrain and given the added stimulus of larger pay, would break into new high levels of production. This might perhaps have taken place in my plant but for the sudden and epidemic outbreak of the Saturday morning disease.

"Very soon after my installation of the new conditions this curious occupational disease broke out with terrible virulence in my factory. Employees, both men and women, apparently in the flush of perfect health on Friday night, were stricken down by it suddenly Saturday after Saturday. Its symptoms varied strangely from threatening pneumonia to incipient malignant hangnails. But no matter what they had been, upon Monday all traces of the mysterious malady were gone and the victim was back apparently in his former robust health again.

"Now if this Saturday morning disease were confined to Saturday morning only it would be a serious matter enough for a manufacturer. For me, for example, it would reduce hours and production by twenty-five per cent over former years, for which I would pay the employee forty per cent more than for his old working week. But the trouble is by no means held within such narrow boundaries as the last day of the week. It breaks out on every conceivable occasion, attacking employees on any day or hour, with the result from my standpoint that my shop is losing its working time continuously. I keep in fact a large force on my pay roll who are continually under the influence of this sickness.

"To them apparently it is a slight matter—a disease of pleasure or prosperity, like the early-afternoon fever of the baseball season or the Monday-morning collapse of the old building trades in the preprohibition period. And the pay involved in these prosperous times is not worth their considering.

"But from my viewpoint it is the most serious matter on the horizon. The whole country is sick with this disease, so far as I can see—in all its industries. Under its effect shorter hours and larger pay have become not an incentive to more production but to less and less. And when an individual or an industry or a country has got itself into a frame of mind like this it is obviously in a state of high fever—a delirium, I sometimes fear, preceding collapse.

"So the Saturday morning disease," said the observer, "I consider on the whole the most dangerous of the many dangerous disorders of the time. It is virulent, highly contagious and is spreading to a larger and larger proportion of our population and industries. All I can hope is that some specific may be found for it before it ends in any general industrial collapse."

The End of a World

THE Bolsheviki are the greatest long-distance logicians in recorded time; they have created a world in their own image, out of their own logic. They have now, according to the statement of the Premier of England, followed their own logic to the bitter end—of their own new world. They have finally been forced to apply the principle of conscription to labor.

The major premise of socialism and anarchy, which has given these two their greatest and most enduring popular attraction, is that labor—especially physical labor—is a curse; and the less there is of it in the world the better. This main doctrine they preach in and out of season. It is no novelty of belief indeed; it was held certainly as early as the composition of the Old Testament. And since that time, and probably before, it has never lacked the warm adherence of a great proportion of mankind. It is in fact by far the most popular of the two main conceptions of human society—which date no doubt from the foundation of human history.

One of these two—current in the United States fifty years ago—holds that physical effort is a natural and healthy condition of all life; that organized work is a necessity of civilized society; and on the whole the most educative and developing and disciplining process for the individual—in fact the first requisite of self-respect; and that that society is best fitted for survival whose members are most thoroughly equipped with the ancient virtues of industry and thrift. This is the hard-life theory, popular with the elders of New England some years ago and with all the pioneering American stock of earlier days. There were those of us who found it a hard doctrine in our youth. But it does tend to create a tough, enduring, self-reliant race. Its main motto was: Do it yourself!

The opposite, soft or socialistic concept of society—now very popular—is the one with the golden text: Let George do it—George representing x, the unknown factor, or human society in general, which as we all realize means anybody but yourself. This theory of society, by the use of that greatest of current indoor activities, social or parlor generalizing, now demonstrates to all how the working day will be reduced successfully from eight to six to two hours; finally how, being an almost unnecessary evil, human work will practically disappear in favor of the self-operating machine. Thus socialism, being born of the machine, naturally returns to it—and the circle of its logic is complete.

However, for us to assume that this theory is purely socialistic or anarchistic or Russian or Bolshevist would be a grievous error—especially at this time. Never, for instance, could a more perfect working example of this current popular theory put in practice be afforded than in the spectacle of America's greatest city, New York—tied up, helpless under the so-called blizzard of February.

Six million pairs of arms rested; six million pairs of legs tramped the slush; six million pairs of eyes filled with rage and pain; six million pairs of lungs cried aloud for George to do it—and all George could do was to find a few thousand slack-muscled slow-moving men feebly to push about a few spoonfuls of snow at the rate of about ten cents a spoonful, while upon the curbing an assembled multitude of able-bodied watchers who outnumbered them ten to one jeered and wondered at the sight of New Yorkers engaged in such a degrading task as the physical effort of shoveling snow.

In this way hundreds of thousands of dollars were wasted, tens of millions lost for lack of transportation and a fortnight of time expended by the premier city of the continent in feebly scratching itself out of a snowstorm which any self-respecting village accustomed to a northern winter and with inhabitants accustomed to physical work would have put in its place within twenty-four hours. And in the end it did but little good for the mayor of the place to issue wild appeals to the public, which in point of fact fell little short of a conscription of labor. The fact was that you saw here in America—not in Russia—a population that had been ridden and lifted and fed and warmed and lighted and almost put to bed by machinery till it was too soft mentally, morally and physically to stand up on its hind legs and dig itself out of a snowdrift. And on the whole it was proud of it!

On the other hand it is not for the rest of this country to sit and scoff and jeer at this mournful spectacle, or point a very long or scornful finger at the pampered metropolis or the effete civilization of Europe. The greatest single famine of America to-day—in this day of famine—is the lack of physical labor—the problem of all problems in America to-day—from the kitchen to the foundry.

Once the earlier arriving English stock in this country was able and glad to supply this; then the northern European came to do it in their place; and later the southern European, and later still the man of eastern Europe. Each second generation of the new stock as it arrived has decided promptly that it will no longer be a slave and furnish physical labor. So now our great industries, such as steel making, are already drawing upon Asia Minor for their supply of man power, and there are open whispers abroad in the land now concerning the necessity of crossing the line into the last continent—to procure a supply of physical labor from Asia. Some human beings must be found somewhere who are willing to demean themselves to the coarse drudgery of physical work, if we must scratch under the equator and the aurora borealis to discover them.

The fact is that the Bolsheviki are not a strange isolated phenomenon; they are a symptom of the times—the chief exponent of a spirit of which we are all to some extent inheritors. We are all gone soft together; we are all too much the creatures of a machine-made civilization; all touched in our turn apparently by the current doctrine of doing as little as possible—and letting George do more and more, a doctrine grown more and more popular.

So the Bolsheviki are not to be singled out for their new but most logical move of obtaining labor by conscription. They should rather be warmly praised for the frank and naïve manner in which, moving on ahead, they carry through their social reasoning to its *reductio ad absurdum*, and show to the remainder of us, a few steps behind them, the necessary end of the singular world which they and their followers, immediate or remote, have built out of their wits and are now inhabiting.

The end of this world, which we may expect under their guidance, is now, thanks to their efforts, revealed. It will be forced labor by conscription for us all, under the command of our Lenines and Trotzkys—the grand high workless workers of the unwilling workers of the world.

The Two Main Reservoirs

THE thing for the full-grown adult man in this country to do right now and for the next few months and years to come is to keep his eye on the two main reservoirs.

The first of these is the great seasonal reservoir of supplies—especially raw material—which mankind as a whole accumulates to carry it round the year. During the war it was all outgo and no income here. The pool was drawn down many times almost to bottom. But it is now gradually filling up—in this country at least.

There is still great lack in the world; Europe is in parts though in fewer parts and in less degree than a year ago—still in dire want There are also manufactured products—notably in the building and metals trades—which must still be had, and apparently can still be held, at famine prices. But in this country—especially in the greatest of all staples, food products—the level in the reservoir is clearly rising.

In Chicago, the great meat center, there is more meat; in New York, the great center of general food distribution, winter inventories showed almost twice as much butter and eggs in storage as in the previous winter; the Federal wheat director has gone out of his way to warn farmers and millers against the possibility of loss from the greatly increased supplies of flour and wheat which they hold. In Boston, the center of the wool trade, an inventory at the opening of the year showed almost twice as much wool on hand as in the year before. So you can count on this much in spite of varied and important exceptions our American reservoir of raw material is being filled up with most of the great main staples of food, and with at least one great staple of clothing.

The other reservoir which we all need to watch is on the other hand being to-day continuously drawn down. This is the reservoir of gold, which was filling up in this country while our reservoir of raw materials was being drawn upon by the European war—the two movements being, of course, reverse operations of the same process. Europe drew down our reservoir of raw materials, we drew back from her reservoir of gold; and now in the past months this gold is being drawn away from us again.

Now then, obviously, when the reservoir of raw material fills up sooner or later high prices may be confidently expected to fall unless some other most extraordinary influence intervenes.

Also, equally obviously, when the other reservoir, the supply of gold, is drawn down prices may be confidently expected to fall with it—because our money and credit, fortunately for us, are still established upon a gold basis. Every dollar in gold in fact is multiplied several times in the money and credit which are built upon it. And money and credit are no different from other articles involved in exchange: Becoming relatively scarce they command more shoes and hats and beefsteak than when they are plentiful.

So, then, in the next few months and years we shall all do well to keep our eyes fixed upon the levels in these two main commercial reservoirs. Either one acting alone would have its effect upon prices; acting together, as they have been doing, they may produce a very great and dangerous effect indeed, if not wisely handled.

At the present time the air is beginning to fill with protests against the continued double pressure they now exert The stock market has felt it—and given way

There may be always, as is so freely charged, in individual cases manipulation of the supply of money and credit for selfish and even sinister purposes. The Federal Reserve management, in practical charge of keeping us on a gold basis, may or may not act wisely in every case. But in the main these will modify very slightly the main governing forces. And the governing forces in this matter are inevitably exerted by the pressures from our two main reservoirs—which at the present writing at least are both operating in the same direction.

It is useless and dangerous to try to prophesy in a situation like the present; but any man can count on this much: If there is a continued rise in the supply of raw materials, as seems most likely, the time will be nearer and nearer when lower prices must come. If there is a further fall in the supply of gold, such as has been going on for almost a year, there will be, necessitated by this, a still greater decrease in money and a much greater calling of bank loans And through this process, in the end, lower prices too!

And if by any chance there are such persons in our population as men holding large supplies of raw material for personal speculative profit as is sometimes charged it is to be hoped that self-interest may dictate that they let portions of these supplies go soon and gradually, rather than attempt to wait and let them fall all together, when they may be compelled to. It would not only be a relief for most of us to see prices start down now, but a great additional advantage to have the recession gradual. For a suddenly arriving very low cost of living might prove as embarrassing to most of us as the somewhat overprolonged high cost of which we have so bitterly complained

Astrologers as Physicians

WELL-WISHERS of the President should be heartily thankful that he does not carry into private life the mental processes that have characterized some of his appointments to places in the Government.

As a matter of ascertained fact, we know that Mr. Wilson's medical advisers are physicians who, by long study, experience and personal aptitude, have raised themselves high in their profession; but if we had only precedent wherewith to square surmise, we should be quite justified in hazarding the guess that his medical man was some fair-spoken astrologer of literary tastes and his oculist some idealistic paper hanger. Most fortunately for the presidential health it is intrusted to men who have made a life-long study of the human body in health and in disease.

Our national well-being could scarcely be prejudiced by a consistent application of the same sound principle of appointing practical men with business training to important government jobs.

The Kindhearted Stranger

THE EVERLASTING HILLS

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

GET into a car—a secondhand flivver will do—and proceed in most any old direction from Columbus Circle, and in an amazing short while you are out of the city of New York. That is the moral of this yarn for New Yorkers. To avoid the implication that New Yorkers are the only people who need the moral we'll say that perhaps this also holds true elsewhere, starting from other metropolitan centers.

The Sun Was Beginning to Set When Hardington and His Wife Stepped Into the Greasy Tub Bill Called a Motor Boat

But before the middle of last August, Hardington himself would have been slow to admit that any other center was worth considering except for purposes of correspondence. He was born in New York, educated in New York, made his money in New York, married there and then redoubled his efforts to make more there until at odd moments he began to see queer little red spots before his eyes. It was at about this time that a haunting fear settled into a solid conviction, and he knew for a certainty that the world was going to the dogs. He had never in his life worked more fiercely to make the plant he had built up show a profit which would offset the increase in his own personal expenses, but with the Government on one side mulcting him in taxes and his employees on the other constantly more extravagant and autocratic in their demands he had as much as he could do to hold his own. He shuddered every time he picked up a morning paper. With all Europe in a turmoil, one strike following another, the two major political parties of this nation at odds in Washington; with Bolshevism showing its ugly head in one guise and another from coast to coast, business in New York trembled on the verge of panic like a spirited horse under the whip of a brutal stable hand. Scarcely a day passed when it did not seem possible that before night the whole structure of civilization might crumble like an undermined house. He could make no plans that within twenty-four hours were not put in jeopardy by some new and unexpected emergency rising from these unsettled conditions.

The situation was unnatural—abnormal. Economically everything should have been in his favor. With the world outside New York in urgent need of supplies of all kinds, with his organization at its highest point of efficiency as the result of a decade of careful selection, with his own energies at their peak at thirty-five, he should at this moment be reaping the reward of honest sustained effort with a fortune within his grasp. Yet at this very point he found himself baffled at every turn.

There was something un-American about it. It was a contradiction of the sound doctrine that the race should go to the fleetest—the battle to the strongest. It was as though someone put out a foot and tripped him as he was coming down the home stretch. Yet when he picked himself up and looked about for a decision on the foul there was no one to render justice. The last time his men at the plant struck in violation of an agreement not a month old they killed a hundred-thousand-dollar contract, and yet there was nothing he could do about it. It was uncanny. As nearly as he understood Bolshevism, this was it. If so this marked the end. There was no particular point in living.

This is always a dangerous conclusion for a man with nerves to reach. But as he saw it civilization was fast losing control of the very forces upon which a man depends for decent existence. Law and order were openly flouted. Soap-box orators were at it night and day in the streets of the city—in his own plant—with threatened anarchy the price of disturbing them. The world stood a-tiptoe on the verge of chaos.

This spirit was reflected in his own home. He occupied rather an elaborate house in the East Sixties, a house, as things were going to-day, rather beyond his means, but one which had been fully justified by his prospects. It was fast becoming impossible to run the place respectably. One incompetent servant succeeded another at a constantly increasing wage. There was scarcely a night when returning from a nerve-racking day at the office he was not forced to listen from his wife to a long tale of injustice bordering on insult. But there was seldom anything he could do about it. Finally one evening he broke out at her in petulant anger:

"For the love of Mike, Helen, keep your troubles to yourself!"

She looked up at him in breathless astonishment. She was a pretty woman—a woman whose beauty had in itself always been sufficient to protect her from harshness.

"Carl!" she gasped, her brown eyes filling with tears.

"Well, I can't do anything about it, can I? If the servants don't behave, fire them. But you'll only get worse ones in their places."

"That doesn't sound like you, Carl," she complained with trembling lips. She had wonderfully effective lips.

But this time Hardington ignored them. He lighted a cigar and sat down, back to her, picking up an evening paper. He read a half dozen headlines and then tossed the sheet aside, crumpling it viciously as he did so. There was no longer any satisfaction in even the paper to which he used to look forward with such pleasant and comfortable anticipation.

He rose and paced the floor unmindful of the consciously pathetic dejection of his wife—the woman who had broken a dozen hearts when she gave her hand to him. There had been those then who had prophesied that she would live to rue the day. Yet until now she could not have asked for more consideration than she had received. She had only to express a wish and it was granted. This home and its furnishings were in response to her desires. So were the choice jewels on her slim, white fingers. And even during the war she had managed to retain her reputation for the dainty richness and piquant style of her costumes. To-night she was wearing an evening gown he had never seen—a beaded black that set off admirably the soft roundness of her slender shoulders. Apparently he had not noticed it at all.

"You make me nervous doing that," she frowned as he continued back and forth across the room, moving noiselessly over the heavy rugs.

He stopped abruptly and faced her. Had he been an actor at a safe distance across the footlights she would rather have admired him in such a mood as this. He made distinctly a romantic figure as, tall and lean, with his sharp face tense and his dark eyes afire, he challenged her. And yet no one was better aware than she of how little romance there was in his nature. During his wooing he had revealed flashes, but in the end he had conquered her by the sheer domination of his will. And by that same power he had held her since then. At heart she was afraid of him and knew it. But it was an odd kind of fear that always in the end gave her a curious reaction akin to pleasure—the fierce pleasure that almost hurts. She shrank a little away from him now at the very moment that his hectic eyes held her in awesome fascination.

"You say I make you nervous?" he demanded.

"You'd make anyone nervous striding back and forth like that," she replied uneasily.

"Well," he snapped, "what you going to do about it—strike?"

"Don't be silly, Carl!"

"I'm serious. It wouldn't surprise me at all if you joined the Amalgamated Order of Wives and called out the housemaids and the chauffeur in sympathy."

Absurd as the statement sounds, he actually looked serious. She rose timidly. He was serious but unnaturally serious. There was something abnormal in his expression that gave her a genuine fright.

"Carl!" she answered below her breath.

"Go ahead and strike!" he shouted. "You'll find plenty to help you."

Then his wild thoughts took another turn. He smiled as uncannily as he had frowned.

"Six hours a day for wives," he rambled on. "With a diamond an hour and a diamond and a half for overtime. Employers not to walk the floor in their own study. What more?"

Helen Hardington had always been called a nervous woman and her nerves had not improved at all in the last six months. Yet in this crisis instead of going into hysterics or running into the hall with a scream for help she pulled her quivering self together and crossed the room to her husband's side.

"Carl," she said with a pathetic attempt to smile—"Carl, when I strike it won't be for diamonds; it will be for more of you. Let's go out somewhere to-night."

"Eh?"

"You don't realize it, but we've been shut in here all summer like prisoners. Let's go out and be gay."

"With the whole world going to the devil?"

"It won't go any slower with our sitting here. Come! I want to go to a roof garden."

Which was not—strictly speaking—the truth. Under ordinary conditions she would much rather have remained where she was. But these were not ordinary conditions.

"Will you take me, Carl?" she pleaded.

He shrugged his shoulders.

(Continued on Page 32)

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Campbells' Soups

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(Continued from Page 30)

"I'll have Henry at the door in five minutes," she nodded as she went upstairs for her wraps.

She was back in less time with his coat and hat.

"Have you any money?" she asked.

He felt in the waistcoat pocket of his evening clothes and drew out several crumpled bills. Laughingly she added to those a hundred-dollar bill which she had brought down with her. As he helped her on with her cape she raised her lips in a mute appeal. He stooped perfunctorily and pecked them.

Everything considered, the evening could not be called a success for either of them. For one thing he discovered not a half dozen tables away Dennison, foreman of the finishing room, a man with whom he had passed a most disagreeable hour not a week ago. The latter had delivered an ultimatum which resulted in an increase of forty thousand dollars a year to the already overburdened pay roll. Here apparently was where part of it at any rate was going. That he himself was tossing another bit into this frothy pot did not add anything to his peace of mind.

Neither the atmosphere of the place nor the entertainment was to his taste anyway. It impressed him as a sort of orgy before the end. The prices charged were exorbitant, and yet everyone seemed to be buying at will, shoving all silver toward the eager waiters. The spirit of the crowd was like that round a gambling table. Hardington stood it an hour and then turned to Helen.

"Let's get out of here," he said.

"Very well," she nodded.

He led her to the exit with a sense of relief. She did not belong in any such group as that. He was glad when the last discordant strain of jazz was shut out behind them. At the curb Henry brought up the car, but instead of opening the door for them he touched his cap uneasily. As he did so a group from somewhere in the background crowded in closer behind him.

"I'm sorry, sir," he began, "but I've been called out."

"Eh?" snapped Hardington.

"The union, sir ——"

A glance over his shoulder at the group behind him expressively finished the sentence.

"You—you mean you're on strike?" choked Hardington.

"It was called this evening. I didn't know."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"There is only one thing I can do, sir. The demands ——"

"You go to blazes with the demands!" snapped Hardington. "You're fired! You hear?"

"Yes, sir."

Hardington himself opened the door for Helen. But instead of stepping in she glanced up at her husband.

"What are you going to do, Carl?" she asked.

"I'm going to drive of course," he answered sharply.

"Then," she determined, "I shall sit on the front seat."

She climbed in beside him as he took his place at the wheel. She had almost forgotten that he knew how to drive, but she remembered now certain rare days before there had been any Henry—remembered them with a little flush of excitement.

As for Hardington, the second he felt the throbbing engine awake to life and the big car spring forward at his command his nerves steadied. A bit cautiously at first he threaded his way among the other machines which had gathered here in Columbus Circle like chips in an eddy. Then instead of turning homeward he proceeded north along Broadway. Timidly she called his attention to the direction he was taking.

"Do you care?" he asked.

"No."

"Then we'll keep on."

He turned up the wind shield to get the sweep of the breeze on his hot face. So he nosed his way through the city and on to Yonkers and on through Hastings to Tarrytown. He slowed down a moment here as though undecided, then stepped on the accelerator and continued.

He had no objective. That in itself appealed to his mood. Once he was clear of the city, he was on the open road—a road apparently untroubled by all the problems behind him. And this smooth-running power plant within his complete control stood ready to carry him on the wings of the wind in any direction he might choose. At times he let her out to the limit until in fear Helen crowded close to him gasping for breath. Yet she never protested. She remained silent and waiting.

"I Guess This Is Pretty Important," Exclaimed Trumbull as He Handed Hardington the Scribbled Memorandum

He did not recognize the towns through which they passed. He did not care what they were. He was only eager each time he reached one to get through it and out again where his headlights cut a clean path through the dark. An hour, two hours, three hours passed in this way. He stopped once to procure oil and gasoline and the garage man informed him he was at Amenia. He had covered almost a hundred miles, but he felt fresher than when he started. He jumped in again and went on. At half past one he was in Pittsfield, and at three in Greenfield. Then he noticed that the little woman by his side had sagged over toward him, her head resting on his shoulder, her eyes closed. She was asleep.

Hardington slowed down to twenty miles an hour so that she might rest easier. At this pace he ran into the dawn. He did not know what it was at first. The stars in the purple on the horizon straight ahead of him began to fade. Then the deeper color which had sheltered them began to change into a cold greenish white. The air freshened so that he buttoned his coat closer about his throat. Slowly the green brightened until he thought it must be the reflection in the sky of electric lights in some larger town. As he jogged on his headlight no longer cut a clean path, but grew feebler. Objects by the side of the road, however, grew clearer by imperceptible degrees. The air cleared as when clean water is slowly poured into an ink bottle. The green began to grow brilliant and traces of burnt orange appeared near the rim. The pace of the phenomenon quickened now. Cocks began to crow and lights appeared in the windows of the low white farmhouses he passed.

Then he realized this was dawn. He was tempted to wake his wife to share the sight, but she looked so pathetically tired that he refrained. With one hand he drew her cloak closer about her and closed the wind shield.

Old rose took the place of the burnt orange, the green above becoming intensified and softening more and more the slate blue that still held the great arc above where the stars struggled for continued recognition. Trees and shrubs and grass were without color, though becoming more and more distinct, with the road a dead yellow. He slowed down to fifteen as though anxious not to outrun this curious transformation scene, but already the dainty colors on the horizon had vanished as the gold shot through hotly. The whole sky was becoming bluer and bluer and he switched off his lights.

He was running through a world of amazing freshness now—a silent dustless world with only the unseen cocks, still crowing lustily, for company. Every now and then he reached the crown of a hill where he could see miles and miles of green fields dotted with white houses and strips of dark woods, yellow roads winding in and out among them. All of it was clean and untroubled. It was as cooling to Hardington's eyes as spring water.

The sun had come up out of its ambush of color and taken full command of the sky when he reached the little village of Charlestown, New Hampshire. He had been driving more than eight hours and had covered two hundred and sixty miles. Yet he was neither tired nor sleepy. He drew up before the country hotel because he was hungry.

As he stopped Helen woke and sat up with a start. For a moment she was dazed and frightened, but he reached out and put his hand upon hers.

"It's morning," he grinned.

"But Carl, where ——"

"Hanged if I know," he interrupted. "Get out and we'll have breakfast and inquire."

Suddenly he became aware of the incongruity of their evening clothes amid such surroundings as these.

"Maybe they won't let us in," he observed. "We certainly look like a couple of rounders."

She gazed about at the empty tree-lined street and then turned her eyes to the very respectable roadside inn.

"We can't go in there looking like this," she determined.

"Wait and I'll see. If there isn't anyone up but the clerk and cook perhaps they won't mind."

The front door was still locked, but Hardington made a detour and found signs of life in the kitchen. A fat good-natured if rather sleepy-looking woman busy with pots and kettles came to the side door in response to his knock.

"Can I get some coffee—with perhaps eggs and toast?"

"Breakfast at eight," she answered rather tartly.

"I know, but holy smoke, I'm hungry! I can smell coffee."

That was right, but this was intended for herself.

"Have a heart!" he pleaded. "My wife wants some too."

"Your wife?" she asked suspiciously.

"We drove on from New York," he explained.

"Last night?"

"All night," he nodded good-humoredly.

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REPUBLIC GRANDE GORD TIRES

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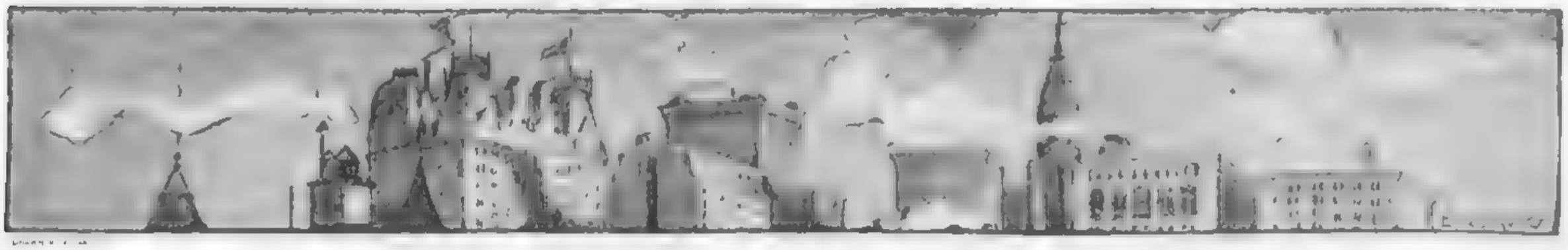

School Health Studies

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE United States lost about 31,000 men in action in France during the war. Pneumonia and tuberculosis in a single year kill seven times this number of Americans. All of which does not mean that the health of the people in this country is on the down grade, but rather that in spite of our great medical progress disease germs still kill far more people than the deadliest of wars.

It is encouraging to learn that preventable disease cost the United States four billion dollars less in 1917 than it would had the health conditions of twenty years ago prevailed in 1917. Likewise it is true that there were 400,000 fewer deaths in 1917 than would have occurred had the 1900 death rate prevailed. But notwithstanding this evident improvement in health conditions the annual illness of American workmen still costs this country two billion dollars each year.

If health is a matter of such great economic importance the question rises as to what can best be done to increase the average percentage of the nation's physical efficiency. A lot of people who have given careful thought to the problem are just now very active in their effort to convince the country that the place to commence in the matter of health conservation is with the children of the nation. We are being told that the physical fitness of our youth is a public responsibility; that all moral and mental development and industrial efficiency depend upon physical preparedness; that the health of children should come before their schoolbooks; that if we will start with the proper physical education of the child we need not worry about the health of the adult.

One authority points out the astonishing fact that seventy-five per cent of the school children in the United States are suffering from physical defects. The investigation on which this statement is based indicates that of the 22,000,000 school children in this country one per cent are mentally defective; more than one per cent have organic heart disease; five per cent have tuberculosis; five per cent defective hearing; twenty-five per cent defective eyes; twenty per cent are suffering from malnutrition; twenty per cent have adenoids, diseased tonsils or glandular defects; about fifteen per cent have joint-defects and from fifty to seventy-five per cent have defective teeth.

Recognizing the seriousness of this condition an effort is being made to bring about the enactment of Federal and state laws which will tend to correct the situation. Thirteen states already have laws providing for compulsory physical education in schools. The fundamental elements in the proposed courses of physical education are: Instruction in health principles, including the inculcation of healthful habits; the organization of scientifically planned health-giving and body-building exercises and activities; periodic thoroughgoing physical examinations. It is particularly emphasized that physical education must be given the dignity of a definite required course in any school that adopts the plan.

One of the amazing revelations of recent years is the statement that the rural school children in the United States are handicapped by more physical defects than the pupils in the city schools. This physical inferiority of country children is a result of the fact that the rural schools and communities pay less attention to the care of health than is the case in the city. One investigation of defective children resulted as follows: In New York City the examination covered 287,469 children and 206,720—seventy-two per cent—were found defective. In 1831 rural districts of Pennsylvania the investigation covered 294,427 children and 221,785—seventy-five per cent—were found defective. A survey of children in Minnesota showed that eighty per cent had defects and in certain rural districts of California there were a like number of defectives.

One of our great educators says, "Physical education in its broad sense should be given first place in any completely integrated scheme of social economy."

A celebrated doctor who has devoted his life to this subject points out that the human muscles constitute from forty-five to fifty per cent of all the tissues of the body. They are the organs that make possible the beating of the heart, the expansion of the lungs and the movements of the intestines. There is nothing we can do, from the movements of our limbs to the control of our special senses, without the use of muscles. Though all of the muscles are under the control of the nervous system, they are not all subservient to the will. By using our voluntary muscles we may affect all the organs, parts and tissues of the human body. This is what we mean by body building, for it is possible through the use of the muscles to bring different parts of the body into action, thus breaking down old tissue and, through increased circulation, digestion, assimilation, and so on, replacing the old waste material with new. The philosopher's brain, the glass blower's lungs, the blacksmith's arm and the ballet girl's legs are the trite illustrations of the effect of a localized distribution of the body's nutriment. No person may experience complete physiological sleep unless it is earned through hard work. The man or woman who perspires freely, though begrimed with dirt, is cleaner from the standpoint of health than the perfumed society belle who never perspires from her own activity.

Physical training at its best is applied hygiene. The gymnasium is to the cause of physical education what the library is to the cause of mental education. As one commentator remarks: "If the present universal use of automobiles and elevators is continued, we may expect our great-great-great-grandchildren to be born without legs. We are living in an age of too much ease. If anyone wants to learn just how essential exercise is to the development of muscles let him carry one arm in a sling for a month and then note the difference between the used and the unused members. If proper exercise is not taken certain organs become defective and the heart is called upon to work at a higher tension in forcing the blood through the system. This causes blood pressure, tends to weaken the heart and generally is the beginning of heart trouble. Millions of Americans could not only add years to their existence but a fifty to ninety-five per cent increase to their general efficiency through intelligent exercise. Unless there is sufficient energy to drive it to its maximum of possibilities the best educated brain is more or less an intellectual as well as an economic waste.

"America could be made into a hundred per cent effective nation within the next generation by a Federal program of intelligent physical education. Such a proposed plan of training cannot begin at too early an age and the schoolroom is the proper place to start."

A careful investigation of the employees in a number of commercial houses in different cities showed that fifty-nine per cent of these workers were physically defective. This is a serious matter in view of the fact that the employer's profits and the workman's earnings are largely regulated by the physical fitness of employees. In this connection it should not be forgotten that the muscular giant and the physically fit man are not the same. The muscle-heavy individual cannot stand the strain of either war or business. The country boys who were examined for military service during the war were many of them bulky individuals with powerful muscles, yet it is a fact that the number of rejections for the National Army was from seven to twenty per cent higher among the young men from the rural districts than among those from the cities.

Universal physical education is neither a substitute for nor an adjunct of military training. The present crusade has so far enlisted only three million out of the twenty-two million school children in this country. It is to be hoped that the idea will take hold and that the movement will grow with great rapidity. Hardly one school in a thousand has an ordinary scales which can be used by the teachers to weigh their pupils with the idea of discovering which of the children show evidences of malnutrition. It is a sad commentary on our present health efforts that we have so carefully weighed the baby and later permitted the school child to go with no attention in this respect.

Our health authorities now class every child who is as much as ten per cent underweight for his height as a malnourished individual. Practically all children can be interested in the game of getting weighed and comparing their condition with the average condition as shown in height and weight tables. In one school the game of gaining weight was made popular through the organization of nutrition classes. Individual-weight charts for each child were used and a spirit of rivalry was roused among the various groups.

There is nothing more important than the problem of increasing the general health and efficiency of our total population. The way to begin is to start with the young folks. Children are entitled to as good care as is given to crops and live stock. One big educational association has prepared a bill calling for total appropriations amounting to one hundred million dollars. It is pleasing to note that in this bill twenty million dollars is set aside for physical education. If anyone has an idea that the general training of American children both physically and mentally cannot be improved upon, let him ponder the thought that in the biggest city in the country the school equipment is twenty-one per cent short of giving every child a seat and twenty-two per cent short of giving every child five hours' daily training. More than 40,000 children in New York City are on short time and 175,000 are on some form of double session. There is positive need not only for new educational machinery but for more effective action in this important matter of improving the quality of the material that will go to form the future citizenship of our nation.

The Nth Degree of Precision

GREAT corporations enguged in the manufacture of fine machinery or machine-made parts for complicated mechanical equipment have come to know that a large output of products which require precision can only be obtained through the careful standardization of all parts and processes. It is for this reason that American industries are now demanding tools that will insure a degree of accuracy unheard of in manufacturing circles a decade ago.

The other day I listened to a story which though a bit stretched contains a sufficient kernel of truth to convey the thought of how costly is any delay in the assembling room of one of our large modern corporations producing thousands of finished articles every week in the year. As the tale runs, a mechanic in search of a position applied to an eastern company and mentioned the fact that up until recently he had been in the employ of one of the greatest manufacturing concerns in the Middle West.

"Why did you leave?" asked the prospective employer.

"I didn't leave; I was fired," said the man.

"What for?" was the next question.

"Well, it happened this way," replied the mechanic: "I was employed in the assembling department and my job was to tighten nut number sixty-five. One day I dropped my wrench and before I could pick it up I was 110 machines behind. The superintendent on firing me said they couldn't afford to have a man in the shop who would delay production in that way."

As most people know, phonographs, automobiles and many other machines which are part of a great daily output are completed by starting a simple frame on a track and then having it receive all of the different remaining parts as the prospective machine moves steadily along between two rows of workers. In the actual operation of such a scheme it is necessary to have every piece finished within limits which are precise to an extreme degree. One company in its effort to produce a finished mechanism that will be smooth and noiseless uses 50,000 gauges each year and manufactures one of its parts within limits as close as two ten-thousandths of an inch.

"But," says the reader, "what do I know about machine work that has been developed to a point of precision that must be measured in terms which I can't comprehend? Perhaps all this is important and maybe it's a scientific achievement that is quite remarkable. However, I'll take

(Continued on Page 36)

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We further protect you by making the prices *known* (printed on the sleeve ticket).

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Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Baltimore, Md.

$45-$50-$55-$60

And a limited assortment at $40

AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

The best name in clothes

Styleplus Clothes

(Continued from Page 34)

your word for it and will not bother you to elaborate the matter or prove your case."

That is about what I said myself the other day when one of my engineer friends grew enthusiastic over the great accuracy that has now become a part of the practice of American machinery manufacturers. But I changed my mind when my friend told me that gauges are now built to satisfy a precision of ten-millionths part of an inch. Said he: "The other day I met the most famous maker of gauges in the world. A friend of this man had asked him to explain machine-tool accuracy by answering the question 'Will an inch plug go into an inch hole?'

"The gauge maker had prepared a demonstration to answer the question. He called attention to the fact that you are never likely to have both a plug and a hole exactly an inch in diameter and stated that it is important to know whether the hole is within a thousandth, within five ten-thousandths, or one ten-thousandth of an inch. 'For the sake of argument,' said he, 'I will assume that we have a ring with an inside diameter of one inch minus to an accuracy of half a ten-thousandth. I also have here six plugs, the first with a diameter that is an inch within half a ten-thousandth; the second plug has a diameter of 0.99995 inch; the third is 0.99990 inch; the fourth, 0.99985 inch; the fifth, 0.99980 inch; and the sixth, 0.99975 inch.'

"In the test that followed the gauge manufacturer carefully oiled all the plugs. The two largest plugs under ordinary hand pressure could not be made to enter the ring, though with the smaller of these two the circumference of the ring could be felt. The third plug could be introduced into the ring for about one-quarter of an inch and the fourth plug could be introduced entirely through the ring when considerable care was exercised. The 0.99980 inch plug could be introduced quite readily into the hole, while the sixth and smallest plug could be made to slide through easily."

All of which indicated even to my lay mind the high state of perfection that has been reached by our scientific experts who have specialized in the creation of wonderful machines that are accurate to a degree that is difficult to realize. Many of us have been prone to wonder how our great factories are able to turn out machines of all kinds made up of parts that are finished with such precision that a dozen machines can be taken apart, the pieces scrambled and then the whole lot again resurrected into twelve finished articles as complete and workable as were the original machines. Now I know that much credit is due to these fellows who manufacture our wonderful measuring appliances.

Isn't it funny how much of our success in the big things depends on some minor actor of whom few people have ever heard?

Teeth and Scholarship

NOT long ago one of my doctor friends, who is devoting his time and experience to the betterment of the health of the workers in a great industry, told me that we should carefully wash our teeth at least four times each day. He placed this as a minimum treatment and suggested that a more frequent washing would be still better. I remember it was his belief that ten years from now practically no one, rich or poor, would go about without a toothbrush carried in his pocket in a sanitary case.

At the time of my conversation with this man I mentally marked him down as somewhat of an idealist whose views were too extreme to be realized. Now, after several days devoted to a study of the results of dental research, a careful reading of the records of many cases and numerous conversations with progressive members of the dental profession, I am prepared to admit that the plain, unvarnished truth concerning the vital importance of the mouth and teeth of the nation's citizens has not been told with the frequency and vigor that the situation demands.

In a recent article I touched upon some of the newer ideas concerning the treatment of dental cripples. In this second discussion I want to point out the necessity of preventing diseased mouths and the economic benefits that will result to industry and the nation from greater dental care. There is an old saying that patient preparation is permanent power. When we permit the children of our country to grow into maturity with broken and infected dental structures we give the nation each year an army of new workers who are no more able to attain a capacity for maximum production than if they were started on their careers minus an arm or with a vital sense missing.

It is difficult to understand the utter disregard with which most city and state officials view the matter of mouth hygiene when one compares this indifference to the careful consideration that is given by the same officials to the food and water supplies that are required to nourish the body. Dr. Thaddeus Hyatt, dental director for one of the largest insurance companies in the world, gave me a thought along this line that is worth repeating. Said he: "New York City has spent $177,000,000 in providing pure water for its population. This was done to insure the community against undue illness and prevent a lessening of business enterprise due to time lost through sickness.

Dental Hygienists Doing Prophylactic Work in Public School

"The metropolis also spends $100,000 annually for the inspection of meats and other foodstuffs. But before these supplies of pure water and food can enter the stomach they must pass through and be mixed with the contents of the human mouth. Unclean table and kitchen utensils are less dangerous to the purity of the food than an unclean mouth. It is foolish to spend millions of dollars to safeguard the things we eat and drink, and then ignore the health and sanitation of the final chamber in which these things are mixed before they enter the stomach.

"Many cities spend millions of dollars in the education of children. In New York it costs forty dollars to educate one child for one year. If a child fails to be promoted this pupil becomes an added expense to the taxpayers. More than ninety-five per cent of the children who are kept back through failure to pass their examinations are suffering from defective teeth and an unhygienic condition of the mouth. It is estimated that the cost to the city of New York alone for these held-back children has averaged more than three millions of dollars annually for a decade. In one Brooklyn school, where more than two thousand children were examined, the records showed that in the room which had the largest number of cavities per child and in which the general mouth condition was bad every child had failed to pass the last examination."

The direct relationship of oral hygiene, or mouth cleanliness, to bodily health is recorded as having been first demonstrated by Dr. W. G. Ebersole in one of the public schools of Cleveland, Ohio. His results proved conclusively the direct connection between a clean mouth and healthy teeth on one hand, and the physical and mental efficiency of the child on the other. A more recent demonstration of a similar nature is the work of Dr. A. C. Fones and his assistants in the schools of Bridgeport, Connecticut. Five years ago the city authorities of Bridgeport were finally persuaded to make a small appropriation to the municipal board of health for the purpose of investigating the possible value in a mouth-hygiene campaign conducted on an educational and preventive plan. A school for the education of a corps of dental hygienists was established, and in June, 1914, the first class of hygienists was graduated.

In the fall the system was inaugurated in the schools and consisted of four parts: First, prophylactic treatment or the actual cleaning and polishing of the children's teeth, and chart examinations of the mouths; second, toothbrush drills and classroom talks; third, stereopticon lectures for the children in the higher grades; and fourth, educational work in the homes by means of special literature for the parents. In cleaning the teeth the dental hygienists used orange-wood sticks in hand polishers, removing all stains and accretions from the surfaces of the teeth and especially the mucilaginous films known as bacterial plaques, which are the initial steps of dental decay. The hygienists used portable equipments. Some parents objected, thinking the work was a charity, but with a better understanding of the system, which has been incorporated as a part of the school curriculum, the objections were soon withdrawn. The toothbrush drills were given by the supervisors and a method of mouth brushing was taught for use in the home. No attempt was made to use water and a dentifrice in the classroom, as this would have proved too mussy.

The first examination of children in the first and second grades showed that less than ten per cent of the children were brushing their teeth daily. About thirty per cent claimed they brushed their teeth occasionally, while sixty per cent stated that they did not use a toothbrush at all. Ten per cent of the children were found to have fistulas on the gums, showing the outlets of abscesses from the roots of decayed teeth, and the entire group averaged more than seven cavities per child. Such was the shocking condition of nearly 7000 children, ranging from five to seven years in age. This appalling situation was the result of deficient home conditions and shows the need of action looking to the education of parents who have sole supervision of the first five or six years of the child's life.

The Bridgeport authorities have gradually extended the system of mouth hygiene until at the present time more than 20,000 individual children are receiving treatment and education. A recent investigation showed that the percentage of reduction of cavities in the permanent teeth of the fifth-grade pupils over a period of five years has been 33.9 per cent. Dr. Fones believes that from seventy to eighty per cent of dental caries—decay—can be eliminated through the public-school system by the incorporation in the school curriculum of a definite health program, making hygiene one of the requisites for promotion. This plan would insure the coöperation and interest of child, teacher and parent.

Next to dental decay, the most noticeable defect in the mouths of the school children was malocclusion, or a lack of regularity and symmetry in the jaws and teeth of the pupils. If the teeth do not hit properly the individual suffers in health through the strain placed on a certain few teeth and an inability properly to masticate the food that is eaten. The investigations have shown that ninety-eight per cent of all the children examined during the past five years have malocclusions. This has been caused by pernicious habits, such as thumb-sucking, use of pacifiers, mouth breathing, and so on. One remedy is to feed the children hard, coarse foods requiring pressure to masticate them thoroughly. Since irregular teeth offer the greatest opportunity for the formation of cavities and render it difficult to clean the mouth thoroughly it is not surprising that there is so much decay in the mouths of American children in view of the fact that only two per cent of them have regular teeth.

One of the most surprising results of the dental system operating at Bridgeport was with respect to the reduction effected in the percentage of retarded pupils. A survey made at the end of five years showed a reduction of one-half in the number of children who failed to pass the term examinations. Another calculation brought out the fact that in 1912 the cost for reëducation in Bridgeport equaled forty-two per cent of the entire budget; in 1918 the cost

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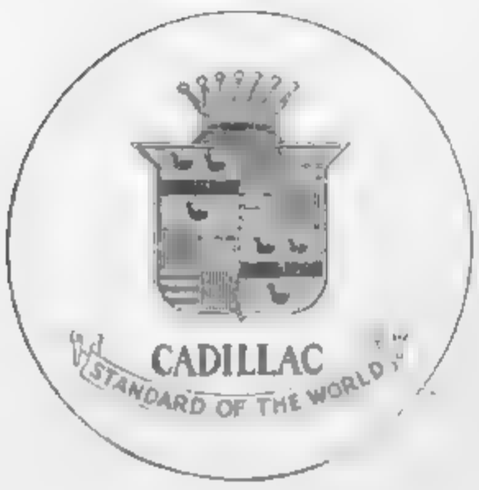
C A D I L L A C



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Those who reveled in the soft, velvet-like action of the Cadillac, now experience a sensation which they find even more difficult to describe.

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Those, in short, who have known the Cadillac as the superlative motor car, recognize in the new Type 59, a still more illustrious achievement—an achievement made possible by seventeen years' devotion to a single ideal.

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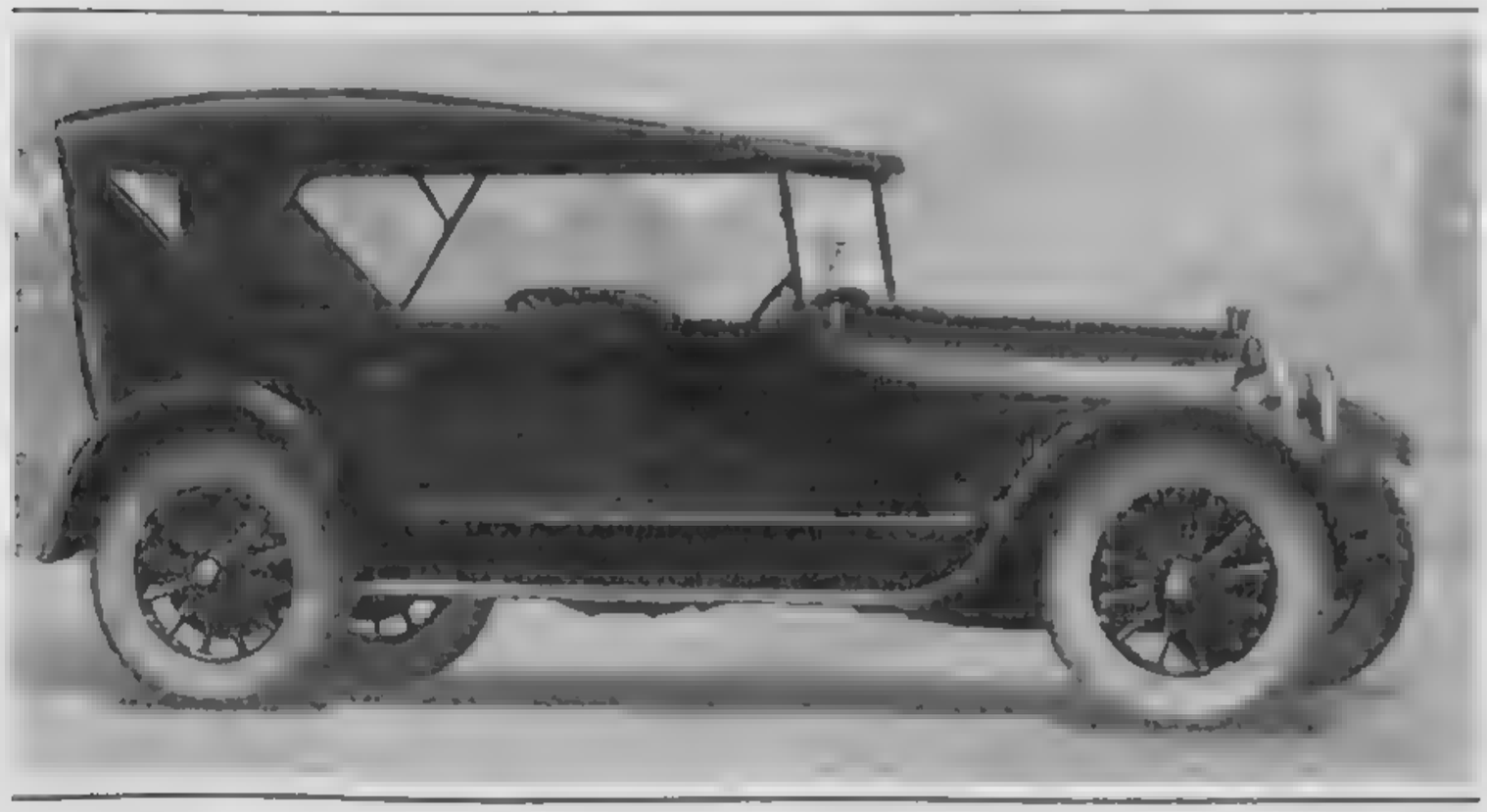

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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was only seventeen per cent. When dental hygiene was first inaugurated more than four per cent of all the elementary pupils were fourteen years of age and over; in 1918 only 1.5 per cent of the elementary pupils were as old as fourteen years. The same thing was true all down the line—the average age of the pupils in the different classes was materially reduced.

It is also interesting to note that the Bridgeport experiment holds forth considerable hope that those forms of communicable disease that gain ingress to the body through the mouth will eventually be reduced and largely controlled in our public-school systems by an enforced plan of mouth hygiene. One bacterium does not produce a disease. It is only when the environment on which the germ alights proves favorable for propagation and the production of large numbers of the bacteria that infection occurs.

The research in Bridgeport has not been carried far enough to determine definitely just what effect oral hygiene in the schools has had on the general health in the community. It is illuminating, however, to note the record of three diseases common to children. Figuring on a basis of per 100,000 population, we find that the death rate from diphtheria in 1914 was 36.6; in 1918 it was 18.7. Measles in 1914 showed 20; in 1918 only 4.1. The reduction in scarlet fever was from 14.1 to 0.5. The record of Bridgeport during the 1918 scourge of influenza was an exceptionally good one, the deaths amounting to only 5.2 per thousand population, which is the lowest record I have been able to discover for a city the size and character of Bridgeport.

Though the most important type of dentistry is that which will prevent decay and infection in the mouths of the children of the nation, there is also the question of conserving the lives and preserving the health of our adult workers. The industrial dental dispensary is rapidly becoming part of all progressive corporations that are large enough to support such an establishment. Our efficiency engineers have come to recognize the value of dentistry as an economizer of time. One large company in Ohio states that its dental department saved the concern a total of 21,031 hours from January 1, 1918, to June 30, 1918. The plan followed at this plant was to call each employee for a dental examination at stated intervals of time. Before the company established its dental work all employees suffering from their teeth were obliged to go six miles to the nearest city in order to get attention. The same situation existed here that prevails in many plants of this kind—men suffering from toothache took a day off or at least a half day when they were obliged to go to a city dentist for relief. Now that they can secure attention on the premises the lost time has been reduced to a matter of minutes.

In some of the industrial dental dispensaries the doctors are employed only to make examinations and do prophylactic work. In such cases the patients are recommended to their regular family dentist for treatment. At a number of other plants, however, the company dentists do all kinds of dental work, including artificial dentures and bridge work.

An examination by one investigator at a number of such plants indicates that the annual cost to a company doing such work for its employees will average about four dollars per person.

There are certain instances where the members of a local trades union have organized and support a dental service of their own. In the majority of cases, however, the industrial dental dispensaries are supported partly by the company and partly by the welfare or mutual aid association of the corporation. Relief from pain is rendered free, but other service is charged for and the worker is allowed to pay for it on the installment plan.

In the case of a labor union in New York City the dental dispensary costs the members $100 a month for housing the clinic and fifty dollars a week for the services of a dentist. During the first year this clinic treated 1398 patients, and notwithstanding the nominal charge that was made it showed a deficit of $3291. However, if the cost of the equipment to furnish the dental office is excluded the clinic succeeded in paying for itself.

One large corporation charges a nominal rate for time spent in the dental chair. In all needy cases the company stands the entire expense. Free dentistry is supplied by the company to all children of employees. One of the big department stores in an Eastern city has established a dental dispensary and makes no charge for cleaning the teeth of its workers. In the matter of real dental work, however, the concern has arranged a nominal rate of charges based on a sliding scale corresponding to the salary of the employee. Payments on the total charge are made monthly.

One of our large insurance companies established a dental clinic and allowed employees the privilege of visiting the dental office for free examination. The results of the plan were so conclusive in the matter of time saved, and so on, that the scheme was changed and a ruling was made requiring the attendance of every employee at the dental clinic at least twice each year. The average cost per employee to the company for maintaining this department during a recent year amounted to $2.33.

In combating the serious problem of dental disease among employees various organizations have issued carefully prepared instructions for the home treatment of the mouth. One of the leading oral hygienists gives me the following rules covering the care of the teeth:

Brush the teeth with clear water upon rising in the morning and after each meal with a dentifrice.

Follow the brushing after meals with the use of floss silk in all intertooth spaces.

Complete each cleaning by rinsing the mouth thoroughly with lime water.

In brushing the teeth use a light, rapid stroke, maintaining a circular motion and touching not only all the surfaces of the teeth but also the gums and the roof of the mouth.

It is difficult to get the average individual to spend sufficient time in brushing his teeth. For this reason it is best to handle the matter by setting a fixed task to perform. Experience indicates that each person in cleaning his teeth should make thirty-two complete circles in each area in the mouth. Investigations have shown that great benefit will result also from carefully cleaning the tongue with a strip of celluloid or whalebone before the teeth are washed with a brush.

The individual should not use pressure with the brush and should never brush the teeth or gums crosswise. The lime water that is advocated for flushing the mouth after the cleaning of the teeth has been completed not only washes away the food débris but acts to dissolve a glue-like deposit known as mucin from off the teeth. This mucin is the material that protects the germs that are active in food fermentation. The lime water should be forced back and forth between the teeth with the tongue and cheeks until it foams, which action indicates that it has been in the mouth long enough to have a beneficial action on the teeth. The mouth should then be rinsed with clear water. If the lime water seems to be a little strong at first it may be diluted. However, this solution should be used full strength just as soon as the gums have become hard and healthy under the rapid light brushing. No less than fourteen minutes should be expended in the daily care of the mouth.

In the general care of the teeth I find that dental floss silk seems to be universally recommended. Clean tooth quills are not opposed by the so-called professional experts.

One investigator at a recent meeting of a dental society stated that less than twelve per cent of the inhabitants of the United States employ a dentist or appreciate the importance of mouth hygiene. In view of the fact, as shown by group examinations, that there are five cavities in the mouth of every American, it is probably a good thing for the peace and happiness of the dentists of the country that all of our citizens are not addicted to the habit of properly caring for their mouths. Five cavities per person means more than 500,000,000 cavities in the teeth of our total population.

One of my dentist friends figures that on an average no less than thirty minutes are required to prepare and fill one cavity. Taking out holidays and Sundays and allowing one month for illness and vacation, it would take 125,000 dentists in the United States to do the job in one year. No such army of dentists is now available to do this work and it is not likely that wholesale service of the kind indicated could be rendered in a dozen years from now, even if the demand for mouth care should suddenly become a universal habit. In the minds of many people there is already the thought that the new day in dentistry that is rapidly approaching will find the public educated to a desire for attention that cannot be satisfied by the dental profession of the nation.

Dentistry, like most pursuits, is troubled somewhat by the canker of commercialism. If there is only one proper operation for a specific case it is doubtful if the dentist has any right to perform another operation simply because the patient has not the money to pay for the correct treatment. It is generally cheaper to extract a tooth than to perform aseptic root-canal therapy, and for this reason people of limited means frequently lose teeth that could be saved through proper treatment. It is also a fact that some dentists in their own office practice do not strictly adhere to the rules of asepsis that obtain in the average surgical operating room.

Again, there is the charge that in many cases artificial work is placed in the mouth in such a way that it cannot be kept clean. Most dentists have been trained to do skillful work in metals and make prosthetic appliances to supply substitutes for teeth that have been lost, but know far less than they should about the results of focal infections that are sent to the hospitals for treatment. If the current ideas of our present leaders in this profession prevail it is likely that the dentists of the near future will receive a more thorough grounding in the fundamentals of medicine. Professional men cannot be manufactured by the wholesale in the same way that we produce hats or shoes, especially when these men have the health of the nation very largely in their hands.

What the United States needs to-day is a great many institutions possessed of the ideals of the Forsyth Dental Infirmary in Boston, and the Rochester Dental Dispensary in Rochester, New York. What these establishments have accomplished for the communities they serve is a story of creditable proportions, but what they have done for the advancement of modern dentistry is a tale of even greater moment. George Eastman gave $1,500,000 for the construction and endowment of the Rochester Dispensary, but the report of this institution for 1919 indicates an accomplishment in human service that could not be measured in any value of money. Last year the dispensary gave 46,521 tooth treatments, put in more than 30,000 fillings, extracted 12,000 teeth, gave 66,953 prophylactic treatments in the schools and sent its hygienists throughout the district served to deliver lectures educating the population in the proper care of their mouths.

If it is true that precaution is better than repentance, then the vital need of the present hour is an awakened conscience and intelligence regarding a clean mouth and sound, healthy teeth.

Soft Money and Plenty of It

LET us assume that one thousand people are locked in a big building and that food, clothes and all commodities are conveyed into the building through a single door or a hole in the wall. No one can come out and every person has been given ten dollars in currency. The result of such a situation would be that in a very short time all of the necessities of life used by the people confined in the building would be traded in at certain fixed prices. Now if somebody came along and gave each occupant of the place additional money, say, forty dollars per person, then there would soon be a new standard of prices for all the food, clothes, and so on, traded in by these thousand people. The flat increase of forty dollars in per-capita wealth would certainly advance prices very materially.

As an actual fact this imaginary situation of a group of isolated people is practically identical with world conditions to-day. At the beginning of the war the fifteen principal countries of the world had in circulation about $8,000,000,000 of paper money. At the present time there is approximately $43,000,000,000 of paper money in existence in the same countries. This amount of paper currency exceeds in face value all the gold that has been produced on earth since the beginning of time. There is also the matter of national debts. When the war commenced the governments of the world showed a total national indebtedness of $40,000,000,000. To-day this indebtedness has risen to something like $230,000,000,000. Though these billions of government bonds are not legal-tender currency, no one will deny that they prove a basis upon which money may be quickly obtained, and to this extent they form an addition to the world's circulating medium.

We may attempt to explain the present high prices of things by attributing the cause to the waste of war or to the scarcity of materials, but it will finally be shown that every line of reasoning will lead back to the enormous inflation in currency. It will take us more than fifty years to bring our gold backing up to where it was prior to the war, as the production of gold amounts to only $400,000,000 annually, of which but two-thirds is converted into money. Prior to the war gold formed fifty-five per cent of the world's money; to-day it amounts to less than twenty per cent of the flood of paper currency.

In 1913 the nations of the world were paying less than $2,000,000,000 of interest on national debts each year; this interest now amounts to more than $10,000,000,000 annually. In addition to this vastly increased expense of all governments there is the further fact that the necessary national expenses of the various countries are now from two to four times as great as they were five years ago. In order for the different nations to remain in business they will have to continue to collect large amounts in taxes from their citizens. One investigator estimates that next year the governments of the world will be compelled to collect $50,000,000,000 from their people as against $13,000,000,000 in the year 1913.

In support of this argument that high prices are principally due to inflation, let me call attention to the fact that the prices of commodities in far-off countries unaffected by the war have risen with almost the same rapidity as in the countries that took part in the conflict. In these same distant lands of Asia, Africa and South America there was no scarcity of labor and no losses through war. It would be easily possible for me to enumerate dozens of commodities produced in these countries and not in any way entering into war uses that have risen in price from 100 to 400 per cent. For example, diamonds were hardly a war necessity, and still they doubled in price. Manila hemp, produced on the opposite side of the earth, and sisal grass from Yucatan both advanced at the places of production more than 250 per cent, and yet these materials

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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Spending

THE manicured part of Europe, having removed the lid and turned itself loose to scatter shekels and indulge in a big time while the indulging is good, pauses in the dance at intervals to shout across the Atlantic that something must be done for the lower classes if the world would avoid a general smash. We are given to understand that this something must be done by America. Europeans who have wealth cannot handle the situation. All of their available cash is needed in the enjoyment of this new-flavored orgy known as a reaction. What a wonderful alibi is a reaction! And why should Europeans waste their substance in riotous charity when there is a perennial everblooming Santa Claus just across the ocean?

Having stood from under and passed the buck to America, Europe now advises us to get back to our knitting and make an end of foolish spending. It is good advice at that.

But advice doesn't change human nature. Press, pulpit, statesmen and politicians unite in a campaign to convince the spenders of their folly, and the net result is exactly nothing. Spending is the logical and inevitable sequence of having. The Prodigal Son wasn't an individual. He was humanity.

The man born to wealth and the man who acquires a great fortune may consume less than the interest on their capital.

There is a limit to one's desires and appetites, and when all are satisfied there is no need of further expenditure. These do not grow in wealth because of thrift, but because their appetites cannot keep up with their incomes.

Thrift is a virtue learned in youth or not at all. There are misers who love money for its own sake, but these save to gratify an appetite just as more human animals spend to gratify an appetite. The normal child possessed of coin is unhappy until it can reach the nearest shop and exchange the coin for something to eat. The normal man gratifies the desires of himself and his dependents while he has the money to pay the bill. This is very unfortunate, but very human, and all the scolding that may be done will not change the fact.

Show me a normal man who spends little and denies himself luxuries and pleasures, and I will show you a man whose spending is circumscribed by hard necessity. As he earns more he will spend more. His family will wear better clothes. He will have a car. There will be a new rug on the living-room floor. The price doesn't matter if one has the money.

Folly? Of course it is folly. Who claims that man is wise? Adam had a good thing and threw it away.

The vulgarity of the newly rich is no more than the willingness to spend money for the things that have long been possessed and enjoyed by those accustomed to wealth. The appetites of the longshoreman are similar to the appetites of the clubman. He will indulge them in a degree exactly proportioned to his income.

Show a hungry man a roast pig and you cannot interest him in a cold sandwich. If he has the price he will have the pig, though angels stand at his elbow and whisper words of caution.

Those who have of necessity denied themselves through many lean years will take little thought of moderation when a fat year comes. They may realize that folly hastens the return of lean years, but they will have their fling while they may. And they will resent any counsel of prudence as an effort to interfere in their enjoyment of the first good fortune that has fallen to their lot.

We have profiteers because we have free-and-easy spenders. We have free-and-easy spenders because money is easily come by, and its value is gauged by the little effort required to get it.

I once knew a little girl who received a toy sadiron as a Christmas gift. Life had given her only rags and filth and abuse, and this toy was her first possession. I have not known another possession so highly prized, so nearly worshiped. Had she been given a gross of sadirons or an even dozen, she would have had no one thing on which to fasten her affections and would have got less pleasure from them. One cannot love the mass of humanity as he loves one individual. We tempt the invalid's appetite with a few dainty morsels, not with a platter piled high with food. Diamonds have value because they are not found at the bottom of every brook.

Easy money makes spenders of us all. The more we have the less we prize it. And the more we get the more we find occasion to need.

While good times endure a few of us will pay off old debts and get on our feet; a few will build solid foundations for future years of prosperity; a few will save the surplus against the return of lean years; but more will spend each dollar as it comes, taking no thought for the morrow, content to scatter broadcast for the profiteer's reaping, and to furnish another text for the political economist who will quarrel about the unequal distribution of wealth.

The French are thrifty. Hard necessity has made them so. As a people we are profligate because we have not yet been able to exhaust our wonderful resources. Conservation does not interest us until the bottom of the barrel is in sight.

If we had a bit of sense ——

But why dream dreams? The oldest institution of which we have any record is human nature. When we find a way to change human nature we can establish Utopia, and then the most profligate of spenders may scatter his substance as he will and there will be none to spoil his pleasure with sordid references to the poorhouse.

The Other Side

HE STANDS there on the dry-goods box making vigorous phrases concerning the rights of man. He sheds metaphorical tears for a nation's brawn and sinew that have been ground into the dust to make a harvest for the heartless few. He calls down heaven's fury on those who have great possessions. He shouts the challenge of those who have toiled without recompense and pictures the wrongs they have too long endured. Almost he wins us to his doctrine, for there is in each of us a spirit of fair play that prompts us to espouse the cause of the under dog.

Before committing ourselves let us watch him at his daily labor. He has a verbal contract with his employer. By the terms of that contract he is to receive an amount of money each Saturday and in exchange is to deliver eight hours of labor during each of six days.

He stands at his machine. The task requires skill of hands and a measure of wit. It is patent that his mind is not on his work. The foreman approaches and after glancing at the finished product relieves himself of language. The product is faulty. It cannot be delivered to a customer. This orator with his tale of oppression has dreamed away an hour of the company's time, delayed an order and destroyed raw material worth more than his day's labor.

Let us meddle. The foreman can tell us a few things.

"He knows his job," explained the foreman, "but his wits are woolgathering most of the time. Most of our seconds come from his machine. I have to tell him a thing over and over again. He can remember every fool economic theory he ever read, but he can't remember simple instructions five minutes. I don't bother him more than necessary. If I criticize too much he grows sullen and loafs on the job. He was a first-class workman when jobs were scarce and hard to hold."

The Average Man

THE average man is an expert. Whether his job be the driving of nails, the posting of books or the selling of goods, he is skilled in the niceties of his task and his skill keeps him on the pay roll.

He knows little concerning the business of statecraft. Politics, he will say, is for the politicians. It is their trade. Let them handle it. If they were incompetent somebody would fire them. Since they are not fired it follows that they are competent. Q. E. D.

Feeling that way about it, he is astonished and a little dismayed when Congress passes a law that cannot be understood by lawyers or laymen, or a law that winds through a maze of tortuous phrases to defeat its own object. It is the business of a congressman to make laws, isn't it? He gets paid for it. He isn't urged to sacrifice quality in the interest of quantity production. There is no time limit for the completion of a clause or a section. If he cannot make a law that is beneficial, technically sound and water-tight, why does he offend common honesty by continuing to draw pay?

The average man is honest. He cannot understand the difference between robbing the people by the use of shoddy material in the building of a battleship and robbing them by the use of shoddy brains in the making of a statute.

The average man doesn't understand where the Supreme Court got its authority to approve or discard laws passed by Congress. If Congress doesn't know its business he is rather glad there is somebody with authority to review its work and scrap the seconds, but at times he wonders what would happen if all the people desired a law that did not please the Supreme Court.

The average man is a bit naïve and knows very little concerning the business of statecraft.

A Million

YESTERDAY I read in a newspaper of a man who had inherited a million dollars, and I began to wonder what I would do if a similar fortune should come to me.

I might travel abroad to see the wonderful works done by man, but nothing man has fashioned can compare with the white oak God has built in my back yard.

I might hear famous singers, but no one of them has a voice that can compare with that of the mocking bird that sings in the hedge near my kitchen door.

I might make the acquaintance of great men, but I have greater in the books on my shelf.

I might make new friends, but I have one who walks with me without dissimulation and takes no thought of my faults.

I might live in a great hotel, but thus I should forfeit the beaten biscuit and fried chicken we have at home.

I might build a great house and hire servants, but servants would rob me of privacy and a great house would oppress me.

I might buy fine clothes and hire a valet and become a great deal of trouble to myself, but I feel more at ease when I am puttering about the premises in overalls.

I might buy many motor cars, but I have one that talks low in its throat and chuckles at the approach of a hill.

I might give it to the needy, but the gift would rob them of self-respect and self-reliance and whet their appetites for further charity. Moreover my friends would think me a fool and come near converting me to their opinion.

And also there would be the income tax.

On the whole I much prefer the game of making a dollar go further to the game of making it go faster.

Courtesy

ONE may affect courtesy in order to gratify a pride in his knowledge of good manners or because he has learned that courtesy pays dividends or because he thinks courtesy a synonym for discretion, but genuine courtesy is kindness of heart and is bred in the bone.

Counterfeit courtesy lacks the tensile strength to withstand the strain of prosperity. Kindness doesn't thrive in an atmosphere of newly acquired wealth. The little mind is stunned by the fact of great possessions and is seldom able to think beyond them.

This man invests the whole of his little capital in a shelf full of goods and opens shop in a side street. Chance customers are met at the door and treated to a display of fine manners that would dazzle a court. The proprietor is almost unmanly in his desire to serve. He bows. He smiles. In subtle ways he flatters. The smallest purchase wins his undying gratitude and there is no limit to his good nature.

The business prospers and within a year the proprietor frowns when a customer demands his personal attention. He scolds because unreasonable people ask that small purchases be delivered. He shuts the door in a patron's face at the closing hour. His former good manners were but the fawning of a courtier. Prosperity gave him courage to be his natural self.

In business, competition is the life of courtesy. A monopoly need not waste time and energy in civil speech. Why bother to win the good opinion of one who must buy from you or do without?

Individuals who depend for a living on the public's good will are uniformly courteous. Courtesy is a part of their trade. The servant of a great corporation or a public utility is humble in the presence of the power that provides his pay envelope, but is prone to consider the public a nuisance. One need not remember his manners when dealing with a nuisance.

It may be that in the old days the courtesy of the waiter was charged in the bill, but it was worth what it cost. Those who serve us now at counter, table or window have been inoculated with the theory that democracy consists in bad manners and that proof of freedom lies in an unwillingness to be pleasant.

One may be a free man without being a churl. An overbearing manner is not proof of power, but confession that the foundation of power is insecure and without faith in itself. The gorilla beats his chest to convince himself that he is really in a humor to fight. The near-great resents the fact of dross in his cosmos, and because his spirit cringes in the presence of the high would browbeat the low to salve his vanity.

Good manners are not a deference to the other fellow, but an evidence of one's own fineness. Any occasion or situation is bettered by courtesy. If it should be necessary to knock a man down the business may be accomplished without loss of poise or dignity.

It is an unusual thing to be able to say of a motor car that it will satisfy you, in a few moments' time, of its deep and abiding excellence.

That is true, however, of the Liberty. Its beauty announces quality which immediately reveals itself in the difference in the way it rides and drives, and in the manner of its performance.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

THE SOUL CHILD

(Continued from Page 15)

"Oh, now, this is all wrong!" I protested. "Every time I pull a big stunt you kill it with this infernal pup. At least leave the dog out of the love scenes—lay off of dog in the tragedy. Do you want to break an innocent author's heart? It's anticlimax. Don't you know that if you put Ethel Barrymore and a trained dog on the stage at the same time the film audience wouldn't know Ethel Barrymore was there?"

They all looked at me, shaking their heads and tapping their foreheads significantly, as who should say that one more author was slipping in his mind.

"Poor worm," said the boss, "remember that you're only an author, and that you don't know anything at all. Now this is our business and we know that animal stuff is going big right now. We had this same dog in our last big picture, and it was a riot."

Well, the dog stuck. To my mind of course it killed all the big scenes in The Soul Child, but you couldn't make the boss or the director think so. And when we tried the picture on the dog it went big.

Always the producer and manager were talking about the Film Audience, with capital letters. Not having more than $8 65 at stake myself I could take chances: I insisted that there was no such thing as a film audience, that they were just a lot of people of the average sort, that it was a mistake to play down or write down to any kind of an Americanaudience, that the film audience would do its own thinking and would rise to just as big pictures as producers would give them. I always insisted that there was no shade of human emotion that a movie could not be made to show, no story that it could not be made to tell, and that the film audience as well as any other audience must know that the story is the thing. None of them paid much attention to me. As between the author and the dog, for instance, the latter had all the best of it—especially as it took down fifty dollars a week and the author has not yet taken down anything at all—not even $8.65.

The Assistant Director Gets Excited, So Does the Camera

The Play-Day World

As we argued over all these things work went on steadily every day. I began my first studies in the technic of filming a continuity, studies in the theory of the continuity itself, and began to tackle the basic principles of what I began to see was a really big industry, of which I had been entirely ignorant, and at which I had, with most of my friends, been scoffing. Now I began to believe that as soon as the public got big pictures the pictures would have intelligent audiences—that the highest-class people would go to see a really high-class interpretation of the actions and emotions that have a general language.

It is a strange play-day world, out there in the bright sunlight on the Pacific Coast—a world of flimsy structures and curious materials, with flaring flowers along the glaring walks, and cool deep recesses filled with the color of every corner of the world. At any time you can see a pirate king, a Hindoo prince, a lady of the Orient, an officer of the army, a man of the cow range, an Indian, a gentleman, a lady—stalking along the blinding street at noon when the cafeteria calls. The cafeteria on the lot is one of the most interesting places in the world. It has a great story under it—that of a great business just beginning.

The assistant director is about the hardest worked man in the company. Before him lies the continuity, a thick pad of manuscript, divided into numbered scenes. He must hang up on the call board the names of the members of the cast who will work next day. He must mark for production such scenes as can be made consecutively at least expense and lost time. For instance, while the cast is on the lot we may be making pictures from the last third of the book, as well as the opening scene, in the first week of the work. There is an enormous lot of jumping round. We had to take all our part of the company on three different locations, from seventy-five to two hundred miles from the studio. These things all cost money. It is the business of the assistant director to save all the money he can, and keep the schedule down to most practical lines. On location he rarely gets to bed before midnight. In the camera work he sits by the director, and it is his business to keep the director busy and the camera squad busy without any loss of time.

The director of course is the emperor on the spot. He has no superior officer except the boss, and his word is law. Once in a while the director and the author had a run-in, but all these things in making a movie are like conversation between Italians. You think there's going to be a murder, but it is only animated conversation.

The boss and the director pulled one blow for the author early in the game which illustrates yet more fully the rigidities in conventionality of the industry. Some of the scenes of the book showed a log ranch house, but both my associates went up in the air.

"Nix on the log house!" said the boss. "Nothing doing. No log cabin—it doesn't make a bit of difference what there is in your book—no log cabin goes in this picture."

Crying Real Ones to Order

Let us analyze this proposition. There are scores of motion-picture companies working in Los Angeles. There have been hundreds of scenarios demanding log houses, lakes and forests. Such a location is found at Big Bear Lake, high up in the mountains, a hundred and fifty miles from Los Angeles. The result—hundreds of companies have gone up to Big Bear, and photographed the same log houses, the same forests. These pictures all go to New York to be distributed over the country. Each distributor has local managers scattered in the big cities of the country, and to these managers come the actual exhibitors who run the film. Now so much of the same thing has been coming down the line that the exhibitors as one man began to exclaim in unison: "Nix on the log house! Give us something new."

So here you see one of the foolish but inexorable restrictions in this art. It is the theater owner out on Twelfth Street who is going to paint your picture for you, whether you like it or not. As a matter of fact we have no log houses in The Soul Child.

I saw the first rushes, as the trial runs of the day's product in film are called. The boss, the author and perhaps numbers of the managing staff always would sit in on this. Early in the game I began to catch the strange atmosphere of this mimic world. I have seen tears on the face of three or four men in the producing room when the lights went on.

"Look at that girl cry!" said the director. "She's a wonder! Can you beat it?"

We had secured as our heroine a talented young actress who had the ability to cry real tears—the trouble with glycerin tears is that they show black in the film. These tears were real ones—you could see them come right out and run down the girl's cheeks. Sometimes it is hard to keep on crying if you have to repeat the shooting of a scene several times—a heroine gets sort of cried out, so to speak. In some scenes in our work there often was one man who could tell this poor girl some sob story, off stage, to work on her sensibilities. "All right, I can do it now," she would say at last. So they would shoot the scene over again. The director would cry, "Now cry, Polly! Cry real ones!" And Polly would make good once more. Polly was not her real name, but her tears were real tears.

So much were we all interested in every step of the production that it was by no means unusual for the organization staff to feel a scene as much as the professional actors. This seems to be one of the peculiarities of the profession for which no apology is ever made at all. The truth is that you must indeed feel these things tremendously if your audience is ever going to feel them tremendously. Out on location we worked under a blinding sunlight on a sandy flat. In the dust under the glaring sun stood the camera squad, the director and his assistant near by. At the edge, out of range, there would very often be a considerable gallery of friends invited up from the hotel some miles away. Ghastly in their make-up, each dressed in character, here and there stood the members of the cast not working. It was as hard and banal a setting as you could ask for any great emotion. And yet, I say again, I have seen the camera squad with their faces twitching, the assistants with tears in their eyes, the director himself obliged to turn away to keep his Adam's apple down. And all because two girls stood in the open sunlight, one character required by the scenario to register wistfulness to take her old girl friend in her arms, but to be held back from doing so by reason of the relations of the other with a man. Just because one girl stood and looked wistful and twisted her fingers together these men—and Providence knows most of them were hard-boiled enough—had to turn aside and blubber. I don't know whether this often happens or not, but I have seen it happen. Perhaps the purchaser of a ticket to a movie may put a few of these things together and know that a very considerable price has been paid, one way or another, in the making of the picture which is offered on that particular night.

All kinds of curious things offer to the beginner in the film world. For instance, the camera man is hauled on the carpet for a bad rush. "Great Scott!" exclaims the boss. "What do you mean, Bill? Look at the faces—some like ghosts and others black as Indians. We've got to have better photography than that. Go take this whole thing over again."

So it has to be taken over again. These are things that drive directors to drink—or used to. The canny director standardizes the make-up of his cast, so that they all will photograph evenly. The actors discuss

(Continued on Page 45)

THE SOUL CHILD

(Continued from Page 15)

"Oh, now, this is all wrong!" I protested. "Every time I pull a big stunt you kill it with this infernal pup. At least leave the dog out of the love scenes—lay off of dog in the tragedy. Do you want to break an innocent author's heart? It's anticlimax. Don't you know that if you put Ethel Barrymore and a trained dog on the stage at the same time the film audience wouldn't know Ethel Barrymore was there?"

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"Poor worm," said the boss, "remember that you're only an author, and that you don't know anything at all. Now this is our business and we know that animal stuff is going big right now. We had this same dog in our last big picture, and it was a riot."

Well, the dog stuck. To my mind of course it killed all the big scenes in The Soul Child, but you couldn't make the boss or the director think so. And when we tried the picture on the dog it went big.

Always the producer and manager were talking about the Film Audience, with capital letters. Not having more than $8 65 at stake myself I could take chances: I insisted that there was no such thing as a film audience, that they were just a lot of people of the average sort, that it was a mistake to play down or write down to any kind of an Americanaudience, that the film audience would do its own thinking and would rise to just as big pictures as producers would give them. I always insisted that there was no shade of human emotion that a movie could not be made to show, no story that it could not be made to tell, and that the film audience as well as any other audience must know that the story is the thing. None of them paid much attention to me. As between the author and the dog, for instance, the latter had all the best of it—especially as it took down fifty dollars a week and the author has not yet taken down anything at all—not even $8.65.

The Assistant Director Gets Excited, So Does the Camera

The Play-Day World

As we argued over all these things work went on steadily every day. I began my first studies in the technic of filming a continuity, studies in the theory of the continuity itself, and began to tackle the basic principles of what I began to see was a really big industry, of which I had been entirely ignorant, and at which I had, with most of my friends, been scoffing. Now I began to believe that as soon as the public got big pictures the pictures would have intelligent audiences—that the highest-class people would go to see a really high-class interpretation of the actions and emotions that have a general language.

It is a strange play-day world, out there in the bright sunlight on the Pacific Coast—a world of flimsy structures and curious materials, with flaring flowers along the glaring walks, and cool deep recesses filled with the color of every corner of the world. At any time you can see a pirate king, a Hindoo prince, a lady of the Orient, an officer of the army, a man of the cow range, an Indian, a gentleman, a lady—stalking along the blinding street at noon when the cafeteria calls. The cafeteria on the lot is one of the most interesting places in the world. It has a great story under it—that of a great business just beginning.

The assistant director is about the hardest worked man in the company. Before him lies the continuity, a thick pad of manuscript, divided into numbered scenes. He must hang up on the call board the names of the members of the cast who will work next day. He must mark for production such scenes as can be made consecutively at least expense and lost time. For instance, while the cast is on the lot we may be making pictures from the last third of the book, as well as the opening scene, in the first week of the work. There is an enormous lot of jumping round. We had to take all our part of the company on three different locations, from seventy-five to two hundred miles from the studio. These things all cost money. It is the business of the assistant director to save all the money he can, and keep the schedule down to most practical lines. On location he rarely gets to bed before midnight. In the camera work he sits by the director, and it is his business to keep the director busy and the camera squad busy without any loss of time.

The director of course is the emperor on the spot. He has no superior officer except the boss, and his word is law. Once in a while the director and the author had a run-in, but all these things in making a movie are like conversation between Italians. You think there's going to be a murder, but it is only animated conversation.

The boss and the director pulled one blow for the author early in the game which illustrates yet more fully the rigidities in conventionality of the industry. Some of the scenes of the book showed a log ranch house, but both my associates went up in the air.

"Nix on the log house!" said the boss. "Nothing doing. No log cabin—it doesn't make a bit of difference what there is in your book—no log cabin goes in this picture."

Crying Real Ones to Order

Let us analyze this proposition. There are scores of motion-picture companies working in Los Angeles. There have been hundreds of scenarios demanding log houses, lakes and forests. Such a location is found at Big Bear Lake, high up in the mountains, a hundred and fifty miles from Los Angeles. The result—hundreds of companies have gone up to Big Bear, and photographed the same log houses, the same forests. These pictures all go to New York to be distributed over the country. Each distributor has local managers scattered in the big cities of the country, and to these managers come the actual exhibitors who run the film. Now so much of the same thing has been coming down the line that the exhibitors as one man began to exclaim in unison: "Nix on the log house! Give us something new."

So here you see one of the foolish but inexorable restrictions in this art. It is the theater owner out on Twelfth Street who is going to paint your picture for you, whether you like it or not. As a matter of fact we have no log houses in The Soul Child.

I saw the first rushes, as the trial runs of the day's product in film are called. The boss, the author and perhaps numbers of the managing staff always would sit in on this. Early in the game I began to catch the strange atmosphere of this mimic world. I have seen tears on the face of three or four men in the producing room when the lights went on.

"Look at that girl cry!" said the director. "She's a wonder! Can you beat it?"

We had secured as our heroine a talented young actress who had the ability to cry real tears—the trouble with glycerin tears is that they show black in the film. These tears were real ones—you could see them come right out and run down the girl's cheeks. Sometimes it is hard to keep on crying if you have to repeat the shooting of a scene several times—a heroine gets sort of cried out, so to speak. In some scenes in our work there often was one man who could tell this poor girl some sob story, off stage, to work on her sensibilities. "All right, I can do it now," she would say at last. So they would shoot the scene over again. The director would cry, "Now cry, Polly! Cry real ones!" And Polly would make good once more. Polly was not her real name, but her tears were real tears.

So much were we all interested in every step of the production that it was by no means unusual for the organization staff to feel a scene as much as the professional actors. This seems to be one of the peculiarities of the profession for which no apology is ever made at all. The truth is that you must indeed feel these things tremendously if your audience is ever going to feel them tremendously. Out on location we worked under a blinding sunlight on a sandy flat. In the dust under the glaring sun stood the camera squad, the director and his assistant near by. At the edge, out of range, there would very often be a considerable gallery of friends invited up from the hotel some miles away. Ghastly in their make-up, each dressed in character, here and there stood the members of the cast not working. It was as hard and banal a setting as you could ask for any great emotion. And yet, I say again, I have seen the camera squad with their faces twitching, the assistants with tears in their eyes, the director himself obliged to turn away to keep his Adam's apple down. And all because two girls stood in the open sunlight, one character required by the scenario to register wistfulness to take her old girl friend in her arms, but to be held back from doing so by reason of the relations of the other with a man. Just because one girl stood and looked wistful and twisted her fingers together these men—and Providence knows most of them were hard-boiled enough—had to turn aside and blubber. I don't know whether this often happens or not, but I have seen it happen. Perhaps the purchaser of a ticket to a movie may put a few of these things together and know that a very considerable price has been paid, one way or another, in the making of the picture which is offered on that particular night.

All kinds of curious things offer to the beginner in the film world. For instance, the camera man is hauled on the carpet for a bad rush. "Great Scott!" exclaims the boss. "What do you mean, Bill? Look at the faces—some like ghosts and others black as Indians. We've got to have better photography than that. Go take this whole thing over again."

So it has to be taken over again. These are things that drive directors to drink—or used to. The canny director standardizes the make-up of his cast, so that they all will photograph evenly. The actors discuss

(Continued on Page 45)

3274 passengers in cars of 31 different makes drove up before this Opera House entrance one evening last month. Many of them are traveling in second-class comfort, not realizing that they pay first-class prices for it.

Does it Really Cost any more to Travel First Class

YOU will often hear people say, with an air of resignation, how much they would rather ride in a Packard, if they could only afford it.

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The *gasoline mileage* of the Packard is from 10 to 14, according to road conditions. The *oil mileage*, 1,000 to the gallon. *Tires*, properly cared for, 10,000 to 16,000 miles.

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"Ask the Man *Who Owns One"*

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*

(Continued from Page 42)

these matters eagerly among themselves, borrow this or that grease paint or eyelash darkener, and do their best to hit a common photographic standard.

In our play we had two girl friends. The heroine was dark, hence her foil had to be light. As it chanced, the actress we wanted had auburn hair. She liked the part, and offered to sacrifice her hair. So the deadly peroxide did the trick, and she photographed as a perfect blonde. Still, there is some strange quality in the skin of this type of blonde. The director accused this actress of rouging her lips too much, so that they photographed black. It was really nothing of the kind, but only the natural color of the skin. As this could not be changed we had to accept the apparent excess of make-up.

Of course on location there are no dressing rooms. The company comes down to breakfast in the hotel dining room already made up. A strange and motley sight it is too, albeit one to which California residents are well used. From the hotel they go out on location in cars, say twelve or fifteen miles, to the cañon or valley where they are working—that is to say where the scenery suits the requirements of the book. A few of them may be working, the rest of them loafing round, but they are always ready to go into character, with an additional touch here and there of paint or powder. It is a curious thing to see a man stooping down in the shrubbery, eagerly regarding his face and hair and touching up his eyebrows with a pencil. Nobody notices it at all.

The noon hour on location is apt to be rather long and deliberate, because the photographing light is at its worst just then. The last hour of the day is the one most valued. The camera squad has charge of the technical part of the photographing, assisted by the directors, who must know a thing or two themselves about light. The film audience of to-day wants good photography and is going to have it. But it will never know that some little interior scene has perhaps been shot ten, fifteen, twenty times, before it got just to suit an exacting director. The actors have to go into character over and over again. The filming of a book is simply one continuous rehearsal day after day. It is never the case that the first shooting of a scene is satisfactory. It all takes time, and time costs money. No one dares to think of the money or we should all be lost.

Highpriced Whiskers

If a little film of cloud comes over the sun the work has to stop. The salaries do not stop. I presume it cost our producer something like five hundred dollars an hour for the sun to go under a cloud. Then is when you would see the director looking up at the sky through his testing glass, and the camera men getting uneasy.

One day we waited four hours for the principal actor of the day, without whom nothing could be done. In some way he had missed his call or had not known that he was to work that day. We had no way of telephoning. At eleven-thirty a very much hurried actor, who had made up on his way out, descended from the motor car which had been sent back for him twenty miles. He had been discovered on the hotel veranda dressed in his store clothes and comfortably reading the morning paper. That cost somebody some money, but I never heard of any fines being imposed when accident was involved.

When the services of an actor are engaged for a part in a picture his pay begins at the time he reports for duty. Sometimes the boss has to figure quite a bit to get the people he wants. "Do you see those whiskers?" he asked me one morning, meditatively, as we were out on our first day's work on location. "Nice woolly whiskers. They've cost me six hundred dollars, and that actor hasn't done a minute's work yet."

You see, the actor's art is not without its recompense. The requirements of the part demanded that this actor should have a short growth of beard. He drew his salary while he was raising his whiskers, and the picture could not begin until he had raised them.

Of course if a man starts in on a picture with a certain amount of whiskers he has got to retain that amount all the way through, and no more. A clean shave by an actor might cost a company thirty thousand dollars, as well as cost him his life. In a set for an interior in the studio absolutely the same articles must be retained, without any variation. If a picture is straight on a wall in one scene and crooked in the next, someone in the audience is sure to see it. Another thing I learned, and that is that a great many persons in a movie audience are lip readers. In all our big scenes our people spoke the lines—or lines made up by themselves or by the director—so as to accent the emotion.

This Does Not Mean That the Actor Is N. G., but That the Scene Is Not Considered Adequate

The management did, however, value the acquaintance of the author with certain local phases of the action. The trouble with a great many directors is that they know nothing of the country and people they are asked to handle. If I were a producer or a director I should insist on a careful visit to the country described in the book, no matter where it was and how expensive that work was. Unless you have the feel, the atmosphere of a book, something is going to be lost. It is easier for men to see that than to tell it to them. Most of the Wild West acting and directing has been done by men who knew nothing about the West. You can translate Wyoming to Los Angeles' glass eyes, but there is no use in pulling the Wyoming of thirty years ago for a Western farm picture located to-day. I had to fight that sort of thing all along, because here once more we ran into traditions and conventions some of those wrong things that have held the film industry back so long. As my own modest share of glory I only want to claim that I am the first man who took the pants out of the boots and who removed the six-shooter from the Western play altogether. I just would not have it. That is one of the kicks that I made stick.

The extra man is one of the institutions of the lot. He gets five dollars a day for the days he has to play in mob scenes, filling in scenes of all sorts. There are lawyers, ministers of the gospel, former United States consuls, former actors, hobos, circus hands, cow punchers, all sorts of people who hang round the lot looking for jobs as extras. The best ones are bright and very able, but some are phony. There was one cowpuncher who apparently followed us out to our location and wanted to horn in. I saw him one night in the hotel lobby all made up as a regular mail-order cow-puncher. He had on a lavender handkerchief which reached to his waistband in front, a very wide hat, very large spurs, and two guns. He was explaining to an admiring circle how a six-shooter was operated in the swift encounters of the Western plains. That particular cowpuncher never broke into our company. With a little encouragement he would have broken into beaded buckskin.

We had an Australian with whiskers and a history, who dawned one morning as an extra in a Bolshevik mob scene. This chap was done up in corduroy clothes, high heavy boots, with heavy lumbermen's stockings turned down over the tops of his boots. He would have been precisely right for the average director in the average Western play, but he got on my nerves terribly.

"Son, where do you get that stuff about those stockings and those high boots on a hay ranch?" I asked him.

"That's the way I usually dress a Western part," said the extra proudly. He did not lack the soul of an artist.

"Either you put those socks inside the boots," said I, "or you walk back home, starting from here." The boss agreed that I was right.

When we got out to the location we found another hay farmer of the modern West with his pants in his boots and the customary six-shooter swung low.

"Take 'em out, and take it off," I said "or I won't play at all." Again the boss agreed I was right.

We had to reduce and tone down a lot of things like that. For instance, our primitive rancher was made up too much like a caveman, too hirsute, too beastlike, to play a simp part. I declared war again on this, and once more the boss agreed with me, even against the director. We had the simp rancher tone down his make-up. He didn't mind, because he was the one who had the six-hundred-dollar whiskers as a meal ticket already.

Our little company soon shook down together and we became the best of friends. There was the customary discipline, but we all were good scouts and everyone felt pleased to chip in with an idea when he had one. If a like number of business people thrown together in any other line of work had an equal amount of intelligence, good sense and loyalty the world would be a better place to live in. They accepted the author on tolerance at first; afterward, I hope, on a basis of good intentions.

The Wrong Kind of Windows

With the continuity I had had good sense enough not to concern myself, and with the directing of a scene I knew I had no right to interfere in any way. In the little things of the sets and surroundings I think any author may very well be useful who really knows his own business. Thus, in a tent scene, the men had thrown in some clods of dirt on the floor in building the set. I begged the director to let me mash those clods down to the likeness of the usual tent floor, so we took an ax to them. In a pine-forest tent scene I found straw on the floor of the tent, instead of pine needles, along with the pine cones. I did not like it, but just then we had no pine needles so we had to do the best we could with straw.

A log cabin being barred we built a necessary homestead shack out of old boards—we bought a house and a lot of old farm machinery on a ranch thirty miles away and brought them up on a motor truck. When I came down from Number Four Location to Number Three Location one day they had our shack all done, and were just about to shoot a scene.

"Stop it!" I shouted. "Kill it right here. There is going to be murder if you shoot one foot of film on that house!"

"Why, what's the matter with that house?" the director protested. "It's thirty years old—we've just built it out of the boards we brought from the old ranch down below."

"This is the matter," I told him: "You've put in this little house the big windows that came out of the big house. These sashes are almost six feet up and down, and the two of them make almost the whole front of the cabin. A real homestead shack would have a little window on each side of the door, and they would move sideways, not up and down, and the sash would be small—just a half sash, with eight-by-ten lights."

I know the director wanted to kill the author right then and there, but once more bloodshed was averted. More or less grouchily he told the carpenters to take some boards and nail up the lower half of the windows. Then his own really exacting artistic conscience got to work.

"Take off the boards," he commanded. "That house looks too much like a stage prop. I don't like it." So he had the carpenters rebuild the whole front and put in the windows as I had suggested. Meantime I took a hoe and busted the edges of some shingles along the edge of the roof where they looked too exact to suit my own artistic soul. We aged the house some in a few minutes.

It chanced that our juvenile lead had to play a fishing scene with the heroine, and he did not know much about fly fishing. We had to give him some instructions, but he caught on very quickly. In order to simulate the play of a fish on the rod one of the other boys, concealed out of

The Dog Trainer Seated in the Foreground, Where She Will Not Show on the Film

line of the camera, pulled at the line with a short stick, so that the rod in the hands of the hero seemed to be playing a big fish. One day the boy who was cast as the fish got too enthusiastic and pulled too hard, so that he busted the hero's fly rod. Happily, however, we already had cut film enough to do for that scene.

The keen eye of a good director will pick out bits of scenery, here and there to fit into the action he wants. Thus at this fishing-hole scene we had a beautiful old tree, under which the two young people sat while they were making love. But it was dark under there, so that the faces and hair would not light up well, as where the hero exclaims: "Tell muh, sweetheart, do yuh love muh!" Our company had developed the use of the reflector more than perhaps any other at that time, and it was thought that our camera squad pulled about as good photographic product as any yet offered. We had along a number of highly polished tin reflectors, on boards about four feet square. From the position of the sun it was necessary to send one of the young men into this cold mountain stream to hold the board at such an angle that the light would be reflected through the hair of the heroine as she sat there making love, saying: "Alas, Sir Wilfred, me troth is pledged!" The man cast for the looking-glass part must have had cold feet, but he did not protest, though he was in the water for three-quarters of an hour.

We got some beautiful scenes with this back-lighting, as it is called.

As an amateur photographer I learned a great deal about making pictures. The way to make a picture of a tree is square against the sun. The way to make an open-air portrait, so that the hair will show well and the features be distinct, is not away from the sun or across the sun, but square against the sun. Have the light show through the hair from the back—it will lighten up the head of the subject very much. Of course you have to shield the lens of the camera while shooting against the sun. We cut a great many of our finest scenes in this way, and I never tired of watching the expert camera men at their work. Of course there are always two cameras working at the same time on every scene, so that there may be no loss in case one film be injured.

Lessons in Patience

As each scene is photographed an assistant will go out to the central actor and hold out a little card with a number on it. When the director is just going to begin shooting he calls, "Stand by!" The actors get ready to jump into the scene. "Now then—come on, Polly—Mark—Jim. Camera!" Then the two camera men, steady as the machines themselves, turn while the actors go through their work out on the sand under the sun.

When the scene is shot the director calls, "Cut!" It is then that the assistant goes out with his card with a number on it—the number which that scene has in the continuity—and the last foot or so of the film is run to show that number of the scene, so that it can be identified in the cutting and pasting room. You jump all over the book in making the scenes, but they follow numerically in the cutting room. When a scene is known to be a failure the assistant holds up a card on which are letters "N. G."; meaning it is not for use. You may, therefore, perhaps see a picture of an actor with a large sign on his bosom saying "N. G." This does not necessarily mean that the actor himself is N. G., but that the late scene in which he took the part is not considered adequate to display his histrionic art.

Can the reader by this time picture the general scene of a company at work on location? You are out in a mountain valley, dark slopes of mountains on either side, in a little dusty flat. Among the cacti and other growth you see the two cameras standing, each with its young man at attention. Two chairs carry the director and the assistant director, the latter with the continuity book on his knee. Here and there, in their make-up, stand the people of the cast. Yonder is the gallery of town folk who have come out to see the fun. A competent man with a newspaper camera is making still pictures for the publicity work or making records of this or that scene on demand. Sometimes I have made a picture of the still man making a picture of the camera squad, who were making a picture of the play itself. Sometimes such a picture will take in the gallery and a number of actors who are not in the scene.

The little dog—a wonderfully intelligent creature it was too; almost as intelligent as an author, I sometimes thought—had to be handled by voice by its owner and trainer, who of course never could show in the action of the picture. Sometimes a snapshot of a working scene would show the handler of the dog, the dog itself, certain actors in character, and also the directors and the camera squad cutting the film.

It is a complicated industry, making a movie—I don't think there is any more intense form of activity in any business—but the incongruities of it, the unusualness of it, are never felt by anyone concerned with a production. It was all dead earnest with us. No one did any joking about the work itself.

No one guyed his part—it would not have been safe. In fact I never have seen more sincere and conscientious work of any sort in my life than I did here.

If any reader thinks that it fills an author's bosom with pride to see the creature of his brain taking shape before his eyes the said reader is entirely mistaken. Neither author nor actor nor producer nor director thinks much about himself. All self-consciousness is absolutely lost. Everyone is thinking about the picture and nothing else. The director wants to shoot so many scenes that day, but he dare not slur a scene. Over and over again you will see the little focusing of interest, like the twisting together of the dust in a little whirlwind on the prairie.

They are going to shoot a scene. You hear sharp excited comment and command from the director. He is a married man, but if he called a star or any other actress anything but "dear" she wouldn't know what he meant. "Now, dear, get into that!" you will hear him say. "No, no, dear—this way a little!" And then after a while perhaps, "Oh, my God!" He turns and walks away, his head down, his hands flapping. "We'll take it over again," he says after a while, smiling. No one has any hard feelings. It is simply a question of patience. If you want to learn anything about the trade of acting here is where you can find the opportunity.

Over and over again, with infinite patience and cheerfulness, these people throw themselves into the emotional scenes which certainly they have to feel. Under the blinding sun, ghastly in their make-up, real in the pictures, they make this scene of anger or joy or pathos or love, until at length even the director admits it's pretty good.

At night they have larks round the hotel. One of the character actors proves to have been a basso in a famous concert company at one time. He has a fine audience in the hotel lobby of an evening. Some of the Bolsheviks can do a clog dance. A Wild Westerner develops a talent at buck and wing. Perhaps until past midnight some of the company, now become friendly cronies, will swap adventure stories until they know they must go to bed. The villain—the dog heavy, as he is known in the parlance—proves to be a man of education and of a great taste for astronomy. The mother of the star cares for her daughter tenderly. The husbands of others in the cast come up from the city. Young people make love here and there with guests of the hotel. There is an ice-cream party once in a while. Everyone knows that breakfast must be over at seven o'clock the next morning. A strange life, but not an unhappy one, on location.

The camera work interested me a great deal. For reasons concerned with the action of our play we had to make a piece of miniature scenery. It cost us five thousand dollars. Johnny, our head camera man, went out and photographed the miniature after it was done. When the boss saw it he fell in a dead faint, and when he came to life he tore his hair—or would have torn it had he had any of tearable extent.

"Ruined!" said he.

But Johnny only smiled.

"You can't tell what light's going to do," said he. "We cut her at twelve o'clock, and the light's too hard. To-morrow morning I'll shoot her at nine o'clock."

He shot her at nine o'clock the next day, and this time the boss did not quite faint.

"Better," said he, "but awful."

Johnny smiled once more.

"That scene's all right," he said, "and don't you worry about it at all. I'm going to shoot her at eight-thirty to-morrow morning, and I'll bet all my clothes it goes."

He did—and it did.

We had a forest fire among other attractions and it cost us thirty-five hundred dollars to build a forest, the trees seventy-five feet high. We worked one night until three o'clock on the forest fire. Then the next day a real forest fire worked down in sight of Los Angeles and we went out there and finished the job. Unfortunately it cost thirty-five hundred dollars not to know that the real forest fire was coming. But money means nothing in making a movie. In this picture you could see some stuff flash by that cost more than a thousand dollars a second, but perhaps you would not spot the place.

About the most heart-breaking thing we had was in some of the studio work, what we called the inside stuff. There were two or three singularly trying emotional scenes which the director worked on all day long, over and over again, asking the limit of his people. At last we all knew it was perfect. "This is going to knock their eye right out!" we all said. We went home and slept well that night, and the next day saw the rushes. There had been some flickering of the electric light, which no one had noticed during the work, and it had ruined all that day's photography! The entire thing had to be done over again once more. There is no experience much more heart-breaking than this, quite aside from the cost. Money is apparently the thing least considered.

Perhaps enough has been said already to show something of the tremendously intricate, vastly expensive and vastly interesting process of making a big production. I enjoyed The Soul Child very much more than would have been the case had I sold the film rights of my book for $8.65, to learn later that it had been made perhaps in a back alley of New Jersey and butchered from start to finish. In no case can I lose any more than $8.65, and as against that I have had a month or so of interesting experiences.

The Soul Child as yet has not been produced—that is to say, distributed and released, as the trade phrases go. It is now midwinter, and to-morrow I am to see for the first time the finished performance—that is to say the sixty-two hundred feet of film which we saved out of thirty thousand which we shot last summer. As I shall no doubt fall dead on seeing it I thought best to write this story first.

I did follow my studies into the distributor's office. Here I learned yet more to show that the spirit of an author ought not to be proud. I began to see that the boss and the director were not so far wrong after all. For instance, we had a sort of Western-sounding name for our picture. My distributor was having an argument with a West Side exhibitor who owns six theaters.

"I give you right, Henry," said the latter—"I give you right you got a big picture—but I don't like the name. It's girls comes to see my pictures. Nix on the Wild West fillum. You say this ain't Wild West and I know it ain't, but I don't like the name. If you should give me a name now, like The Love Affairs of Henry or something, I could put it up in a sign and pull in a house. My people want swell stuff, with dress suits, see? I ain't saying a word against your picture—I ain't saying a word to hurt your feelings, Mister Author, for you know more about them things than what I do. But what I say is, I want names that bring people into the house. If you don't make me that sort of picture someone else will. If I don't buy it of you I find it somewhere else. Nix on the Western—we've had too much of the buckskins. Give me something swell."

The distributing agent was calm.

"Oh, I know what you want," he said. "You want me to give you this picture."

"No, I don't, honest, Henry," said the owner of the string of theaters. "I'm telling you straight. For instance, comes a man to me and I buy off him a picture called The Last Pinnacle." He pronounced it "pinochle." "I put on the Pinochle and it fell dead. Long after I get that same thing and I run it under another name—I call it A Foolish Wife. Well, I packed the houses, that's all, the whole six of my theaters. It's a fine fillum you got, I give you right—but A Foolish Wife is a whole lot better for a name."

The Weakest Link

The man who owned the six theaters went out after a while and we had not closed any trade for his circuit. But Henry was still smiling.

"We'll sell him all right," said he. "He's got to buy this, that's all."

I sat up and drew a long sigh.

"What were you going to say?" he inquired.

"The truth is," I replied, "I was just going to ask, Where do we eat?"

I think that in the exhibitor, the theater owner, we have the weakest link in the movie chain to-day. There are brains enough and money enough in the producing end to make high-class pictures. The film audience is not below the high-class picture—it is as good as any picture you can give it. But the film audience sees only pictures selected by the exhibitors, who in these times are hampered by the strange traditions of the dramatic art, its timidities, its reluctance to change. Hence we have an industry which is so young that it still carries its own early past, its own unintelligent conventions. At first any movie would do, and anybody could start a movie show. As so many of these shows made easy money, their owners stayed in, and all the ingredients of a crystallized and unprogressive industry lay ready at hand. The real censors and selectors continue to be the exhibitors, who have not progressed.

The film industry will slowly fight down its past, and will improve—producing, directing, exhibiting and all. One thing is sure, the acting picture is here to stay. It is going to be reckoned with, as much as the telephone or the wireless. It is a rapid and perfect way of carrying ideas to the consumers. As a medium it can express any emotion, any situation, any meaning, any nuance that the printed page can carry or the dramatic art make plain. Therefore it eventually will demand and command its own reception. As to the several parents of The Soul Child, they can only feel that though it is better it is not anywhere near good enough. Nothing is good enough, because the world itself is moving.

Right-Posture Boys' Clothes

"The 'Right-Posture' Boy Is Keen For All Outdoors"

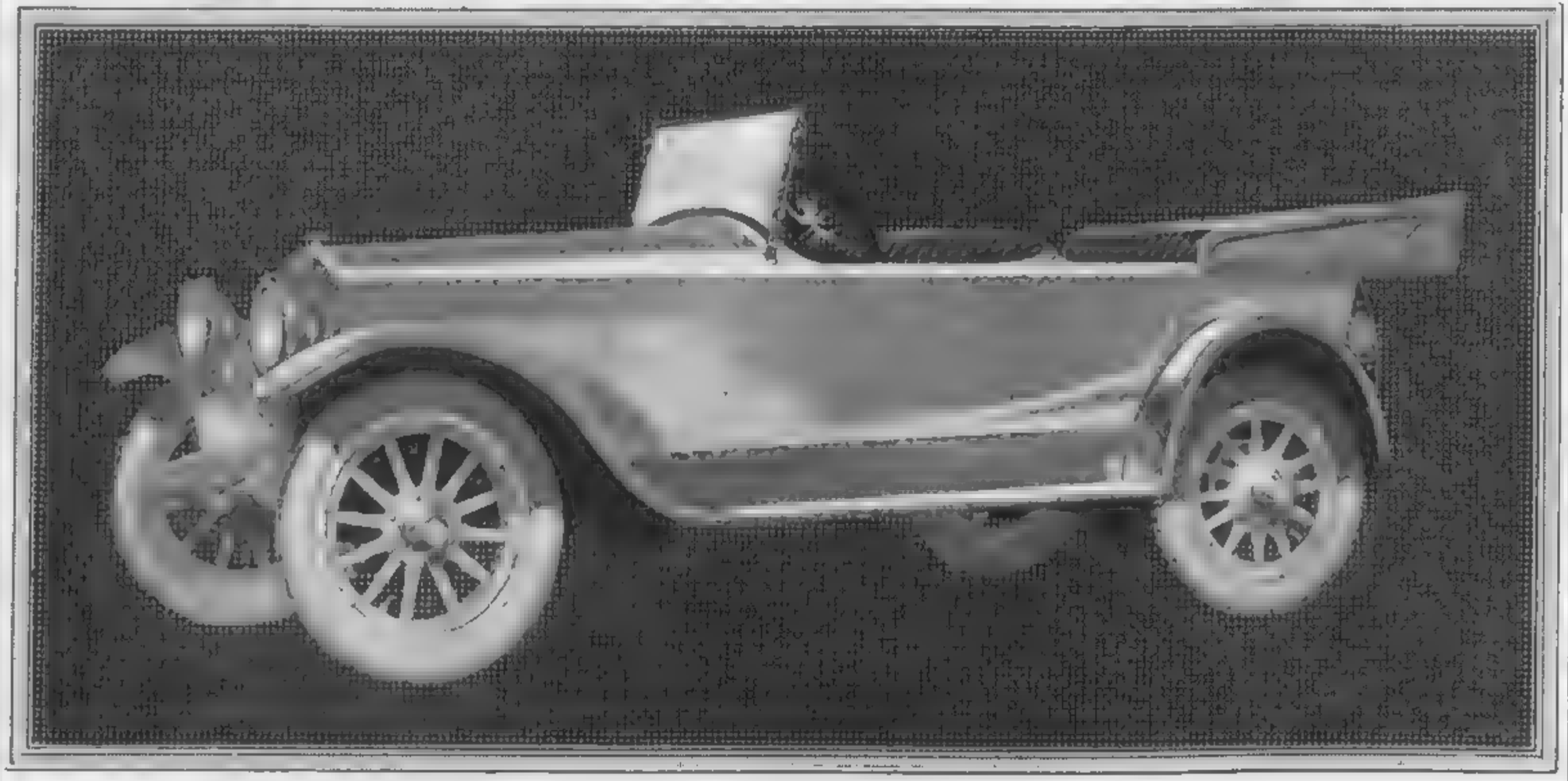
A BOY'S build—a man's bearing! A glad-I'm-alive, erect-walking boy, who loves clean sport—wouldn't you like *your* boy like that? "Right-Posture" encourages him to grow up right and upright.

Leaving out their *exclusive feature,* "Right-Posture" Clothes would still be the smartest Clothes for Boys, because of their finer materials and because of their sturdier needlework.

It's not the money you put into your boy's clothes, but the wear he gets out of them that counts. If it hasn't the "Right Posture" Trademark (shown above) sewn under the collar, it isn't a "Right Posture" Suit. "*The Clothes A Boy Should Wear*" is a booklet every boy will enjoy. Write for it!

The SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY
Philadelphia and New York

"SOME BOYS' CLOTHING HAS STYLE, BUT 'RIGHT-POSTURE' IS STYLE"



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Your copy of the Beauty-Six Catalog awaits your request

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA
Automobile Engineers for Twenty Years

AUBURN Beauty-SIX

JADE

(Continued from Page 7)

The messenger departed and after a while on the Embarcadero he overtook the object of his search.

"It's a wonder Sun Kee couldn't have said what he wanted half an hour ago," Riley grumbled as he retraced his course.

Sun Kee was waiting for him on the street in front of the shop.

"Come with me a moment," he invited.

Lingo Riley entered the shop and followed Sun Kee to the room which opened from it. Sun Kee waved his hand toward a great teakwood chair which sat before an ebony table.

"Be seated," he said.

"You sure got this place fixed up swell," Lingo Riley observed.

He looked about him. The walls of the room were hung with pale gray silk. Rugs from the looms of Tientsin covered the floor. In one corner of the room a bronze jar as high as a man's shoulder stood beside an ebony table on which rested a shrine of ivory and pearl and the dwarfed pine tree of delightful curves.

"This room is a painting from my memory of the prince's breakfast room in the palace where I was born," Sun Kee said. "My father was a boatman on the lily lagoon at Hang-chau. My mother waited upon the first wife of the prince. Other rooms in this house have been created from memories of the palace of the prince."

Sun Kee seated himself beside the great table in the center of the room.

"You will recall the fact," he said, "that some months ago one of my assistants in the shop, a young boy as tall as that bronze vase in the corner, left San Francisco. This boy journeyed to China. To-day on the steamship which is just now in the harbor he will be returning."

Sun Kee looked intently at Lingo Riley.

"The boy who returns is the same one who left here except that when he went over he was a boy, and now"—he hesitated—"now that he has come back he is—a girl. The officials of your Government would call this girl the boy's sister and would not permit her to leave the ship. This girl will be my wife. This house is prepared for her coming. If she should be sent to Angel Island—if it should be discovered that she is a girl she will be returned to China. You are intimate with the officers of the ship and with the officials of Government at the pier. Contrive to bring my bride to this house and then ask what you will of me and it will be given to you."

Lingo Riley sat silent for a moment. Finally he spoke.

"That's a hot one," he said. "It will take fast work. Get me a thousand dollars in fifty-dollar bills and a suit of clothes that will fit this female boy and get 'em quick," he said.

Five minutes later the costume and the currency were delivered into his hands. He put the money loosely in the side pocket of his coat. He removed his coat and vest. About his body he wrapped the boy's suit.

"If I'm caught it means a ten-year stretch for me unless you spring me."

Sun Kee smiled at him.

"Money will buy anything in China," Sun Kee said, "and in this country it will buy anything but love."

Lingo Riley left the room.

"Good luck," said Sun Kee.

"The good luck's in fifty-dollar bills," Riley answered.

Twenty minutes later Lingo Riley was on the pier toward which ever so slowly the Tenyo Maru edged from the impulse of two puffing tugs. He got past the inspectors at the gate of the inclosure in the pier shed with a nod and a smile. He paid a word of greeting to the ship's quartermaster at the rail. He made his way below decks.

"First class, nix," he said to himself. "Second class, double nix. The steerage is the bet."

Five decks down he began his search. Lounging about him in the half light of the steerage were several hundred chattering Orientals—men from Siam and South China, coolies from the country north of the Yang-tse-Kiang and the scum of a dozen ports from Ceylon to the Sea of Japan. For an hour Lingo Riley ranged up and down these chattering groups of malodorous humanity without success, and then in the cooking quarters he came upon a young Oriental who—instinct told him—was the object of his quest. For an instant he looked intently into the mask which seemed to film the Chinese eyes.

"Sun Kee," he finally whispered.

The eyes of the Chinese girl narrowed quickly.

"Ai," she breathed softly.

She looked about her. Lingo Riley retreated to the obscurity of a narrow passage. He beckoned to the Chinese girl. She came toward him. From beneath his vest he drew the costume that he carried. He motioned to the girl.

"Put these on," he said in English, and then the incongruity of his speech struck him and he smiled.

The girl took the clothes in her hands. Three minutes later, followed by what appeared to be a young Chinese boy, Lingo Riley was again in the sunlight of the main deck. He picked up half a dozen pieces of baggage from a great pile which lay beside the entrance to the companionway. Three of these he gave to his companion.

"I got two passengers uptown," he said to the quartermaster at the head of the staging which led to the pier. "This boy is helping me."

The Japanese sailor nodded and smiled.

"Jimmy, this Chink is a valet for a lime-juicer I am hauling uptown," he said to the customs inspector at the gate of the fenced area on the pier.

"He can't go through," the customs inspector said.

Lingo Riley set one of his suitcases on the deck of the pier. He fumbled in his side pocket for a moment.

"Here's a frogskin half century that says he can. He's coming back right away."

"See that he gets back. On your way," the customs inspector conceded.

Lingo Riley nodded to his companion and the pair walked down the length of the pier shed and into the freedom which lay beyond its portals. The white man called to a porter who was standing near by.

"Take this baggage back," he said. "I made a mistake. It goes on board the ship. Put it in the big pile at the gangway."

The porter staggered away under his cargo. Lingo Riley turned to his companion. He opened the door to the hack and motioned to the Chinese girl. Twenty minutes later he was clattering up the cobblestones which pave Grant Avenue between Bush and Pine.

Once in a while the best laid plans encounter the wrong woman.

Mrs. Lingo Riley was standing on the corner of California Street. When her husband came within hailing distance she called to him. He pulled up sharply.

"Get in, darlin'," he said. "I've two blocks to go wid my fare and after that I'll take you for a ride."

Mrs. Riley got into the vehicle. Halfway up the block from the obscure interior of the hack there came a woman's shriek. At Sacramento Street Riley pulled up beside the curb. He dismounted and opened the door of his conveyance.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

His answer was a crescendo of sobs and shrill, broken feminine language.

"Me married up wid a dog that goes trafflckin' round in Chinese girls in broad daylight!" screamed Mrs. Riley.

This was the keynote of her various indictments which persisted until the sidewalk was thronged with spectators.

Detective Sergeant Bell in plain clothes, new to the Chinatown squad, shouldered through to the center of the group.

"What's this?" he asked quickly.

Lingo Riley looked at him. Before he could speak his wife interrupted.

"Him haulin' a Chink woman round dressed up in men's clothes after tellin' me he never had nothin' to do with 'em."

She made a dive for her husband.

The plain-clothes man looked at Riley. "What's this about a woman? Where did this ——"

"He ain't no woman, he's a man," Riley broke in.

"He's a dirty deceivin' liar!" Mrs. Riley screamed.

"Get in here," ordered the plain-clothes man, motioning to the interior of the hack. "Drive to headquarters," he ordered.

"Where did you pick up this Chinese—woman?" the desk sergeant asked.

Riley hesitated in his reply.

"I was drivin' along past Pier 42 ——" he began.

HEINZ

OVEN BAKED BEANS

WHY do Heinz Baked Beans *taste* so good?

Heinz famous tomato sauce, made of fresh ripe tomatoes and perfectly flavored, accounts in part for their popularity. And the pork used, a choice bacon cut, gives richness and flavor.

That distinctive taste in Heinz Oven Baked Beans is principally due to the oven baking of the carefully selected beans, in real dry-heat ovens, that brings out the rich bean flavor as only baking can. Nothing of the nutriment escapes, and nothing of the flavor. The beans are digestible, as well as delicious.

But Heinz makes four kinds of Oven Baked Beans.

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They are delighted at the smoothness with which it glides across the paper—with never a scratch, a stutter or a blot.

They appreciate the clean, almost instant, way it fills itself with just a pressure of the thumb. They like it because they know that it is absolutely non-leakable in any position—even when carried in purse or handbag.

CONKLINS are sold by leading stationers, jewelers, druggists and department stores. Styles for men and women, points to suit every style of handwriting. $2.50 and up.

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"Have her mugged and shuffle the thumb-print cards," the desk sergeant interrupted. "You can go, Riley," he said.

Ten minutes later the bride of Sun Kee was on her way to the detention station at Angel Island. The hysterical Mrs. Riley had returned to her house. Riley's horse, without his driver, wandered from force of habit to his accustomed stand in front of the jewelry shop of Sun Kee. Riley headed for his sanctuary in the sand dunes that lay toward Golden Gate from the sixteenth hole at Lincoln Park.

In the rooms prepared for the coming of his bride Sun Kee waited alone through the afternoon. From various sources there came to Sun Kee reports of the affair at Sacramento Street. All of these reports translated in the mind of Sun Kee into the simple fact that his bride would be returned to China on the Tenyo Maru.

With the idea of lessening the disappointment which he knew his friend must have experienced at the failure of their plans, at morning he dispatched a messenger to the residence of Lingo Riley. "Tell my friend," he said to the messenger, "that his horse has been cared for and is standing in front of my shop. Tell him I would speak with him."

The messenger came back with the information that the white lady had chased him out and that nowhere about the house was there evidence that Lingo Riley was within.

Riley had spent the night on the sand dunes in Lincoln Park. Before noon he made his way to the city and sought the shop of Sun Kee. He entered the shop.

"Here is nine hundred and fifty dollars," he said. "I used fifty. That Chinatown cop was a new man to me."

Sun Kee smiled.

"At least you tried," he said. "The fruits of success ripen on the tree of chance. You go now to your home?"

"Not in a million years," Lingo Riley replied. "Not until the cyclone cools off—not till I cool off myself. I'm goin' back to the park and think it over. Mebbe in two or three days I'll go home."

"That is well," Sun Kee agreed. "A moment of anger can cause a thousand years of regret."

He fell silent for a moment, looking intently at his friend.

"In us the East and the West," he said, "have met on the common ground of friendship. Through these many years you have been my friend. Whatever comes to you, know always that your friendship has meant much to me."

Lingo Riley looked at him.

"You're a good guy, Sun Kee," he said. "Sometimes I think you're almost white."

Sun Kee smiled slowly.

"Perhaps the gods of the seventh heaven are color blind," he said.

Lingo Riley left the shop and in a little while was lounging in his accustomed place in the lee of a bank of sand that sloped down to the southern hinge of the Golden Gate.

"For two cents," he mused, "I'd beat it for China, where a guy can rest—where nothin' never happened and where nothin' never will. Them birds has got it on us some ways. High, low, jack or the game, however the cards drop, they never bat an eye. And all the divorce a Chinaman needs is a stick of stovewood or guts enough to shove his trouble overboard into the lake and hold her under until she quits yellin'."

He lingered in and around the park until the following day before his desire to return to his home found expression in action.

After Lingo Riley left him Sun Kee dispatched his assistant in search of the old man who wrote letters. In the room opening from the jewelry shop the old man spread his brushes and inks upon the top of the ebony table.

"Write a letter addressed to my friend Lingo Riley," Sun Kee dictated. "Write it in the characters of the Cantonese. Say to him these several things."

For a little while Sun Kee framed the phrases of the letter to his friend and at his dictation the old man's twinkling brush recorded Sun Kee's words.

"Upon the letter indorse your name," Sun Kee commented. "The Western laws require witnesses to documents involving property Here is silver for you in payment," he said to the old man.

He gave the writer of letters two silver dollars and walked with him to the front of the shop. After the old man had left, Sun Kee turned to one of his assistants.

"Go at once to the office of the steamship company," he directed, "and engage for me two staterooms on the Tenyo Maru, which sails to-night. The staterooms will be occupied until Shanghai is reached. In one will be a woman of China and in the other the man who shall presently become her husband.

"Returning from the steamship office go to the house of Lingo Riley and say to his wife that I have three opals for her as an expression of my friendship for her husband. Say that I would see her at the third hour after noon. That is all. Make haste."

Sun Kee walked into the apartments which he had prepared for his bride.

"A woman of low principle," he mused, "and in her selfishness she will accept a gift from the friend of her husband."

He walked to the great bronze vase which stood in the corner of the room. He struck it quickly with the tips of his fingers. There sounded a heavy resonant note through which ever so faintly leaped the whine of overstressed metal.

"The silver song of the mother," Sun Kee whispered, "and in it the voice of a child."

With a little effort he lifted the tight-fitting top of the bronze vase. As the smooth taper of its perimeter broke contact with the vase it shrieked a high-pitched note.

"The lathework is perfect," Sun Kee smiled. "Not even air can penetrate the joint which the artisans so carefully ground. Well may you protest my divorcing you from your appropriate resting place," he said to the cover of the bronze vase; "but in a little while I will replace you."

He opened the door which gave upon the shop.

"Bring me a melting block of charcoal," he directed, "a blowpipe and four ounces of fine gold."

One of the workmen entered with the apparatus. Sun Kee indicated the table in the center of the room.

"Set it upon the table. Bring me a length of gold chain and the three black opals."

The workman returned in a moment with a chain of yellow gold looped about his arm. In his hand he carried a little box. Sun Kee took the box and opened it. Upon a surface of orange silk, sinister in their mute promise, lay three black opals. Sun Kee placed the box upon the ebony table. He closed the door to his apartment behind him and walked into the jewelry shop.

In a little while his messenger returned. The messenger handed Sun Kee an envelope.

"In this," he said, "are the tickets and the reservations for two staterooms on the Tenyo Maru. The ship is delayed and will sail at midnight to-night."

Sun Kee handed his assistant the letter which the old man had written.

"To-morrow," he directed, "or the day after, I wish you to give this letter to my friend Lingo Riley. Conduct him to the church where the priest of Christianity who reads Chinese can interpret it for him. It is my wish that you read the letter also at that time and obey the instructions which I have written."

As he finished speaking the wife of Lingo Riley entered the door of the jewelry shop. She looked at Sun Kee.

"Is that hot air about them opals?" she asked.

Sun Kee bowed before her and smiled blandly.

"I have three opals for you," he said. "A gift inspired by my friendship for your husband. The opals are one of two gifts which I shall give you. They are upon the table in the next room," he said. He opened the door which led to the adjoining room. "Will you enter?"

Mrs. Riley walked into the room. Sun Kee followed her. Wide-eyed, she turned toward the Chinaman.

"I never knew no Chink had a joint as grand as this," she said.

Sun Kee smiled.

"A pearl cannot be seen through the shell of the oyster which contains it," he said. "Be seated." He placed a chair for Mrs. Riley beside the ebony table. "I was about to prepare the gift for you. Perhaps you would like to observe me."

Sun Kee lighted a match and held it for an instant at the tip of the twin tubes of the blowpipe. He flicked the handle of a little valve and a white flame whined sharply into the half light of the room. Sun Kee adjusted the valve in one of the tubes and presently the flame shortened to a finger length.

(Concluded on Page 53)

IF YOU have been schooled in the ownership of fine automobiles, you have long known that engineering skill would some day culminate in a car like LA FAYETTE.

That you would recognize it at once you knew intuitively; for it would possess certain intrinsic refinements which have often occurred to you vaguely and almost subconsciously in conjunction with your own car.

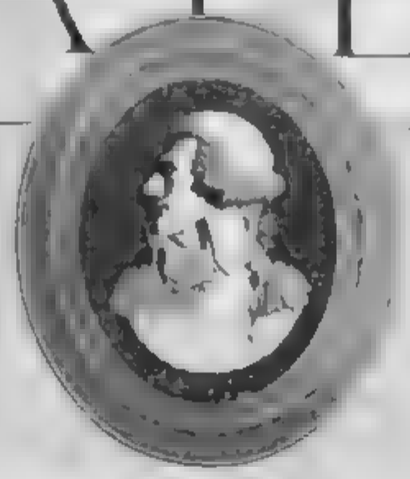
Mentally you endowed it with such pliant power and ease of motion as could be evolved only by the expert engineering proficiency this car enjoys.

Those whose association with splendid cars has quickened their appreciation have been wholly won by their first sight of LA FAYETTE.

In their eagerness for ownership they formed priority lists in many cities even before a price announcement had been made.

If you have owned one of the better motor cars and driven it a reasonably long time, it is not improbable that you, also, may want a LA FAYETTE.

LAFAYETTE



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Does practically the entire ironing in one-fourth the time. Thousands of users are enthusiastic about the splendid results obtained. It is very easy to operate—heated shoe presses against the well-padded revolving roll; release clutch allows free reverse action; combined hand and foot control. All mechanism completely enclosed. Finished in pure white enamel. Heated by gasoline, gas or electricity.

The APEX is guaranteed by our 12 years of success. It must fully satisfy you or your money will be promptly refunded. If you do not know the APEX dealer near you, write us for his name and address. Apex Appliance Company, 3223-63 W. 30th St., Chicago.

APEX

Washing and Ironing Machines

(Concluded from Page 50)

"See," he said. "The heart of this flame is blue—and thus with the flame of love—if it be white it encompasses the sapphire blue of constancy."

Mrs. Riley looked at him.

"Where do you get that stuff?" she said. "Is these the opals?"

"They are the opals. Black as the Siberian night from whence they came. I shall set them in soft gold and link them in this chain."

Into a hollow in the charcoal block he threw two ounces of yellow gold. The wife of Lingo Riley across the table watched the operation with growing interest.

Sun Kee directed the flame of the blowpipe upon the gold in the hollow of the charcoal block.

Presently little areas of charcoal about it began to ignite. The invisible gases of combustion leaped across the table and whirled about the face of the wife of Lingo Riley.

"Gee, it's hot in here!" she said.

Sun Kee opened the valve of the twin tubes a little wider.

Thirty seconds later the wife of Lingo Riley reached her left hand slowly across the table toward the opals.

"My God, it's hot in here!" she began.

Heavily and with every surrendering muscle of her body confessing the coarse fiber of its origin she rolled to the corner of the ebony table and fell to the floor.

Sun Kee continued to direct the flame of the blowpipe at the gold in the hollow of the charcoal block.

He glanced sideways once at the woman inert upon the floor.

"The fumes of burning charcoal," he mused, "would rival opium except that with their gift of sleep dreams do not come."

The gold in the hollow of the charcoal block became liquid. In it there glowed a dull green light. Sun Kee reached quickly for a heavy agate cup which was upon the table. He poured the liquid gold into this cup.

He knelt beside the senseless form of the wife of Lingo Riley.

"Drink this," he whispered. "It is a cup of gratitude. Drink to my friendship for the man whom you would have destroyed."

The liquid gold plunged in a green arc into the woman's open mouth.

Presently the pungent smell of burning tissue dissolved into the heavy air. Sun Kee knelt again beside the inert woman. He lifted her in his arms and walked toward the bronze vase which stood in the corner of the room.

With difficulty he placed the wife of Lingo Riley in this vase. He returned to the ebony table and brought the twin tubes of the blowpipe to the vase. Upon the smooth perimeter of its wide mouth for a little while there played the white flame which sprang from the tips of the blowpipe.

Then quickly this flame was extinguished. Sun Kee lifted the top of the bronze vase and with a quick twist set it tightly in place.

"The vase will contract when it cools," he said, "and the seal will be perfect."

From a drawer in a shrine which stood against the wall he removed a tightly bound package of bank notes.

"Sixty thousand dollars—twelve years," he reflected.

He put the money into his pocket. He walked to the door of the apartment and opened it.

"You may remove these tools," he called to one of the workmen. "The white lady went away by another exit."

At eleven o'clock, carrying the little dwarfed pine tree of delightful curves, Sun Kee left his shop and in a little while was on board the Tenyo Maru. On the steamer he spoke softly to the Chinese girl beside him.

"Thy hands are the white jade of the seventh paradise. The sound of thy feet walking toward me is the whisper of lily blossoms at evening. Thy voice is the echo of a silver bell. The light of thine eyes is moonlight dying in the rose of dawn."

Half an hour after midnight Lingo Riley, sleeping uneasily in his sanctuary in the lee of a sand dune which sloped toward the Golden Gate, suddenly wakened. He batted his eyes once or twice into the darkness and then his vision focused upon the lights of a steamer moving westward over the black tide which swept seaward below him.

"China bound," he whispered. "I wish to God I was on you!"

For a little while he watched the lights of the steamer and then he fell asleep. At dawn a sense of loneliness came to him. He made his way to the city, resolved to continue in his search for happiness with the woman he had married. When he arrived in front of Sun Kee's shop, where he went to retrieve his horse and the hack which had been standing there through the night, a boy from inside the shop beckoned to him.

He walked into the shop. The boy handed him the letter.

"Sun Kee go China. He say this for you."

At nine o'clock the proprietor of a Chinese newspaper translated the letter for Lingo Riley.

"In this letter Sun Kee gives you his business and his jewelry shop and all of the gold and jade in the shop. He gives you the building itself, which he owns, and the furnishings of his apartments—everything. Save this letter carefully. It is what the American lawyers would call a deed to property."

Lingo Riley drove in wild haste to tell his wife of the good fortune that had suddenly come to them. He looked for her in their house. He spoke her name, softly at first. But no voice answered him.

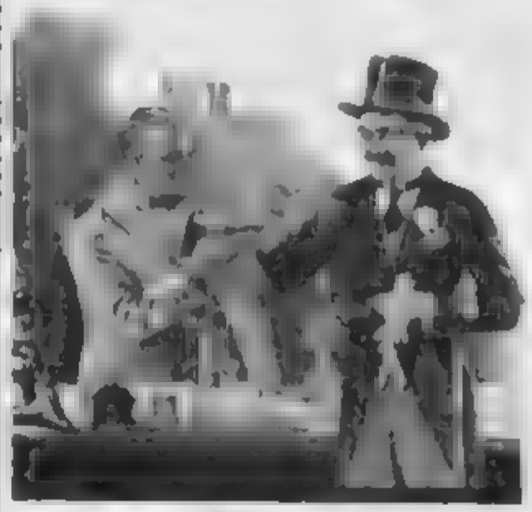
Now and then Monte Grifter Mahoney the San Francisco guide will stop in front of the jewelry store of Sun Kee.

"This here is a Chinese jewelry factory," he will announce. "It is run by an Irishman that used to drive a hack round here. Some folks say he's crazy. Chinatown ain't what she used to be before the fire."

A Secret
We Shall Never Tell

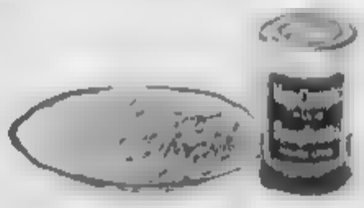
From Naples

The basic recipe came to us from Naples. Thousands who tasted this spaghetti there carried its fame the world over.



Epicures

often come here to learn the secrets of Van Camp's Spaghetti. Even native Italians concede its supremacy.



Van Camp's Spaghetti is the most amazing dish created in these kitchens.

Neapolitan spaghetti was long considered immutable. It had a world-wide fame. But Van Camp has excelled it, and immensely. And Italian connoisseurs concede it.

A Priceless Recipe

A foreign chef, some years ago, brought us the finest of Italian recipes. Then our culinary experts, college trained, started to perfect it.

First they found a cheese such as Italy can't produce. And only one small community produces it in America

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Our scientific cooks insist that every Van Camp product must excel all others. But Van Camp's Spaghetti is considered their most remarkable creation.

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VAN CAMP'S
Spaghetti ITALIAN STYLE

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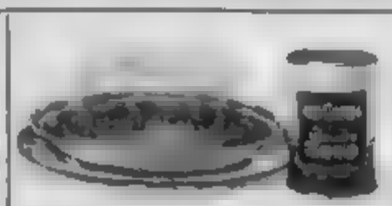

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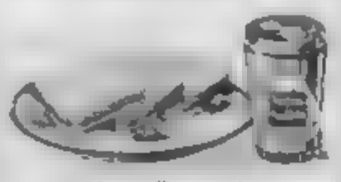

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Real smoke-tanned leather, *unlined* Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the very best oak-tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and pliable. Made with regular heel in men's sizes and with spring heel in smaller sizes, with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

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Sizes 11½ to 2; spring heel $10.50

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Sizes 8 to 11; spring heel $9.50

Spring Booklet
On Request

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co.
307 East Main Street,
Rochester, N. Y.

QUICK RETURNS

(Continued from Page 4)

So I hired us rooms in a hotel down to Wawasee Lake and we stayed there from the last of June till the middle of September. During that time I caught a couple of bass and Kate caught a couple of carp from Fort Wayne. She was getting pretty friendly with one of them when along come a wife that he hadn't thought was worth mentioning. The other bird was making a fight against the gambling fever, but one night it got the best of him and he dropped forty-five cents in the nickel machine and had to go home and make a new start.

About a week before we was due to leave I made the remark that it would seem good to be back in South Bend and get some home cooking.

"Listen!" says my wife. "I been wanting for a long wile to have a serious talk with you and now's as good a time as any. Here are I and Sis and you with an income of over eight thousand dollars a year and having pretty near as good a time as a bird with habitual boils. What's more, we can't never have a good time in South Bend, but have got to move somewheres where we are unknown."

"South Bend is certainly all of that," I said.

"No, it isn't," said the Mrs. "We're acquainted there with the kind of people that makes it impossible for us to get acquainted with the other kind. Kate could live there twenty years and never meet a decent man. She's a mighty attractive girl, and if she had a chance they's nobody she couldn't marry. But she won't never have a chance in South Bend. And they's no use of you saying 'Let her move,' because I'm going to keep her under my eye till she's married and settled down. So in other words, I want us to pack up and leave South Bend for good and all and move somewheres where we'll get something for our money."

"For instance, where?" I ast her.

"They's only one place," she said; "New York City."

"I've heard of it," said I, "but I never heard that people who couldn't enjoy themselves on eight thousand a year in South Bend could go to New York and tear it wide open."

"I'm not planning to make no big splurge," she says. "I just want to be where they's Life and fun; where we can meet real live people. And as for not living there on eight thousand, think of the families that's already living there on half of that and less!"

"And think of the Life and fun they're having!" I says.

"But when you talk about eight thousand a year," said the Mrs., "why do we have to hold ourselves to that? We can sell some of those bonds and spend a little of our principal. It will just be taking money out of one investment and putting it in another."

"What other?" I ast her.

"Kate," said the wife. "You let me take her to New York and manage her and I'll get her a husband that'll think our eight thousand a year fell out of his vest."

"Do you mean," I said, "that you'd let a sister of yours marry for money?"

"Well," she says, "I know a sister of hers that wouldn't mind if she had."

So I argued and tried to compromise on somewheres in America, but it was New York or nothing with her. You see, she hadn't never been here, and all as she knew about it she'd read in books and magazines, and for some reason another when authors starts in on that subject it ain't very long till they've got a weeping jag. Besides, what chance did I have when she kept reminding me that it was her stepfather, not mine, that had croaked and made us all rich?

When I had give up she called Kate in and told her, and Kate squealed and kissed us both, though God knows I didn't deserve no remuneration or ask for none.

Ella had things all planned out. We was to sell our furniture and take a furnished apartment here, but we would stay in some hotel till we found a furnished apartment that was within reason.

"Our stay in some hotel will be lifelong," I said.

THE furniture, when we come to sell it, wasn't worth nothing, and that's what we got. We didn't have nothing to ship, as Ella found room for our books in my collar box. I got two lowers and an upper in spite of the Government, and with two taxi drivers and the baggageman thronging the station platform we pulled out of South Bend and set forth to see Life.

The first four miles of the journey was marked by considerable sniveling on the part of the heiresses.

"If it's so painful to leave the Bend let's go back," I said.

"It isn't leaving the Bend," said the Mrs., "but it makes a person sad to leave any place."

"Then we're going to have a muggy trip," said I. "This train stops pretty near everywheres to either discharge passengers or employees."

They was still sobbing when we left Mishawaka and I had to pull some of my comical stuff to get their mind off. My wife's mighty easy to look at when she hasn't got those watery blues, but I never did see a gal that knocked you for a goal when her nose was in full bloom.

Katie had brought a flock of magazines and started in on one of them at Elkhart, but it's pretty tough trying to read with the Northern Indiana mountains to look out at, to say nothing about the birds of prey that kept prowling up and down the aisle in search of a little encouragement or a game of rhum.

I noticed a couple of them that would of give a lady an answer if she'd approached them in a nice way, but I've done some traveling myself and I know what kind of men it is that allows themselves to be drawed into a flirtation on trains. Most of them has made the mistake of getting married some time, but they don't tell you that. They tell you that you and a gal they use to be stuck on is as much alike as a pair of corsets, and if you ever come to Toledo to give them a ring, and they hand you a telephone number that's even harder to get than the ones there are; and they ask you your name and address and write it down, and the next time they're up at the Elks they show it to a couple of the brothers and tell what they'd of done if they'd only been going all the way through.

"Say, I hate to talk about myself! But say!"

Well, I didn't see no sense in letting Katie waste her time on those kind of guys, so every time one of them looked our way I give him the fish eye and the nonstop signal. But this was my first long trip since the Government started to play train, and I didn't know the new rules in regards to getting fed; otherwise I wouldn't of never cleaned up in Wall Street.

In the old days we use to wait till the boy come through and announced that dinner was now being served in the dining car forward; then we'd saunter into the washroom and wash our hands if necessary, and ramble into the diner and set right down and enjoy as big a meal as we could afford. But the Government wants to be economical, so they've cut down the number of trains, to say nothing about the victuals; and they's two or three times as many people traveling, because they can't throw their money away fast enough at home. So the result is that the wise guys keeps an eye on their watch and when it's about twenty minutes to dinner time they race to the diner and park against the door and get quick action; and after they've eat the first time they go out and stand in the vestibule and wait till it's their turn again, as one Federal meal don't do nothing to your appetite only whet it, you might say.

Well, anyway, I was playing the old rules and by the time I and the two gals started for the diner we run up against the outskirts of a crowd pretty near as big as the ones that waits outside restaurant windows to watch a pancake turn turtle. About eight o'clock we got to where we could see the wealthy dining car conductor in the distance, but it was only about once every quarter of an hour that he raised a hand, and then he seemed to of had all but one of his fingers shot off.

I have often heard it said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but every time I ever seen men and women kept waiting for their eats it was always the frail sex that give the first yelp, and personally I've often wondered what would of happened in the trenches Over There if ladies had of been occupying them when the rations failed to show up. I guess the bombs bursting round would of sounded like Sweet and Low sang by a quextette of deef mutes.

Anyway, my two charges was like wild animals, and when the con finally held up two fingers I didn't have no more chance or desire to stop them than as if they was the Center College Football Club right after opening prayer.

The pair of them was ushered to a table for four where they was already a couple of guys making the best of it, and it wasn't more than ten minutes later when one of these birds dipped his bill in the finger bowl and staggered out, but by the time I took his place the other gent and my two gals was talking like barbers.

The guy was this Francis Griffin that's in the clipping. But when Ella introduced us all as she said was "This is my husband," without mentioning his name, which she didn't know at that time, or mine, which had probably slipped her memory.

Griffin looked at me like I was a side dish that he hadn't ordered. Well, I don't mind snubs except when I get them, so I ast him if he wasn't from Sioux City—you could tell he was from New York by his blue collar.

"From Sioux City!" he says. "I should hope not!"

"I beg your pardon," I said. "You look just like a photographer I use to know out there."

"I'm a New Yorker," he said, "and I can't get home too soon."

"Not on this train, you can't," I said.

"I missed the Century," he says.

"Well," I says with a polite smile, "the Century's loss is our gain."

"Your wife's been telling me," he says, "that you're moving to the Big Town. Have you ever been there?"

"Only for a few hours," I says.

"Well," he said, "when you've been there a few weeks you'll wonder why you ever lived anywheres else. When I'm away from old Broadway I always feel like I'm only camping out."

Both the gals smiled their appreciation, so I says: "That certainly expresses it. You'd ought to remember that line and give it to Georgie Cohan."

"Old Georgie!" he says. "I'd give him anything I got and welcome. But listen! Your wife mentioned something about a good hotel to step at wile you're looking for a home. Take my advice and pick out one that's near the center of things; you'll more than make up the difference in taxi bills. I lived up in the Hundreds one winter and it averaged me ten dollars a day in cab fares."

"You must of had a pleasant home life," I says.

"Me!" he said. "I'm an old bachelor."

"Old!" says Kate, and her and the Mrs. both giggled.

"But seriously," he says, "if I was you I would go right to the Baldwin, where you can get a room for twelve dollars a day for the three of you; and you're walking distance from the theaters or shops or cafés or anywheres you want to go."

"That sounds grand!" said Ella.

"As far as I'm concerned," I said, "I'd just as lief be overseas from any of the places you've mentioned. What I'm looking for is a home with a couple of beds and a cookstove in the kitchen, and maybe a bath."

"But we want to see New York first," said Katie, "and we can do that better without no household cares."

"That's the idear!" says Griffin. "Eat, drink and be merry; to-morrow we may die."

"I guess we won't drink ourselves to death," I said, "not if the Big Town's like where we been living."

"Oh, say!" says our new friend. "Do you think little old New York is going to stand for Prohibition? Why, listen! I can take you to thirty places to-morrow night where you can get all you want in any one of them."

"Let's pass up the other twenty-nine," I says.

"But that isn't the idear," he said. "What makes we New Yorkers sore is to think they should try and wish a law like that on Us. Isn't this supposed to be a government of the people, for the people and by the people?"

(Continued on Page 57)

Buy lighting *effects*

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Ol' Mammy Hash
Tripe
Oven Baked Pork and Beans
Sliced Dried Beef
Veal Loaf
Sausage Meat
Ox Tongue
Genuine Deviled Tongue

(Continued from Page 54)

"People!" I said. "Who and the hell voted for Prohibition if it wasn't the people?"

"The people of where?" he says. "A lot of small-time hicks that couldn't buy a drink if they wanted it."

"Including the hicks," I says, "that's in the New York State legislature."

"But not the people of New York City," he said. "And you can't tell me it's fair to spring a thing like this without warning on men that's got their fortunes tied up in liquor that they can't never get rid of now, only at a sacrifice."

"You're right," I said. "They ought to give them some warning. Instead of that they was never even a hint of what was coming off till Maine went dry seventy years ago."

"Maine!" he said. "What the hell is Maine?"

"I don't know," I said. "Only they was a ship or a boat or something named after it once, and the Spaniards sunk it and we sued them for libel or something."

"You're a smart Aleck," he said. "But speaking about war, where was you?"

"In the shipyards at South Bend painting a duck boat," I says. "And where was you?"

"I'd of been in there in a few more weeks," he says. "They wasn't no slackers in the Big Town."

"No," said I, "and America will never forget New York for coming in on our side."

By this time the gals was both giving me dirty looks, and we'd eat all we could get, so we paid our check and went back in our car and I felt kind of apologetic, so I dug down in the old grip and got out a bottle of bourbon that a South Bend pal of mine, George Hull, had give me the day before; and Griffin and I went in the washroom with it and before the evening was over we was pretty near ready to forget national boundaries and kiss.

The old bourb' helped me save money the next morning, as I didn't care for no breakfast. Ella and Kate went in with Griffin and you could of knocked me over with a coupling pin when the Mrs. come back and reported that he'd insisted on paying the check. "He told us all about himself," she said. "His name is Francis Griffin and he's in Wall Street. Last year he cleared twenty thousand dollars in commissions and everything."

"He's a piker," I says. "Most of them never even think under six figures."

"There you go!" said the Mrs. "You never believe nothing. Why shouldn't he be telling the truth? Didn't he buy our breakfast?"

"I been buying your breakfast for five years," I said, "but that don't prove that I'm knocking out twenty thousand per annum in Wall Street."

Francis and Katie was setting together four or five seats ahead of us.

"You ought to of seen the way he looked at her in the diner," said the Mrs. "He looked like he wanted to eat her up."

"Everybody gets desperate in a diner these days," I said. "Did you and Kate go fifty-fifty with him. Did you tell him how much money we got?"

"I should say not!" says Ella. "But I guess we did say that you wasn't doing nothing just now and that we was going to New York to see Life, after being cooped up in a small town all these years. And Sis told him you'd made us put pretty near everything in bonds, so all we can spend is eight thousand a year. He said that wouldn't go very far in the Big Town."

"I doubt if it ever gets as far as the Big Town," I said. "It won't if he makes up his mind to take it away from us."

"Oh, shut up!" said the Mrs. "He's all right and I'm for him, and I hope Sis is too. They'd make a stunning couple. I wished I knew what they're talking about."

"Well," I said, "they're both so reserved that I suppose they're telling each other how they're affected by cucumbers."

When they come back and joined us Ella said: "We was just remarking how well you two young things seemed to be getting along. We was wondering what you found to say to one another all this time."

"Well," said Francis, "just now I think we was discussing you. Your sister said you'd been married five years and I pretty near felt like calling her a fibber. I told her you looked like you was just out of high school."

"I've heard about you New Yorkers before," said the Mrs. "You're always trying to flatter somebody."

"Not me," said Francis. "I never say nothing without meaning it."

"But sometimes," says I, "you'd ought to go on and explain the meaning."

Along about Schenectady my appetite begin to come back. I'd made it a point this time to find out when the diner was going to open, and when it did our party fell in with the door.

"The wife tells me you're on the stock exchange," I says to Francis when we'd give our order.

"Just in a small way," he said. "But they been pretty good to me down there. I knocked out twenty thousand last year."

"That's what he told us this morning," said Ella.

"Well," said I, "they's no reason for a man to forget that kind of money between Rochester and Albany, even if this is a slow train."

"Twenty thousand isn't a whole lot in the Big Town," said Francis, "but still and all, I manage to get along and enjoy myself a little on the side."

"I suppose it's enough to keep one person," I said.

"Well," says Francis, "they say two can live as cheap as one."

Then him and Kate and Ella all giggled, and the waiter brought in a part of what he thought we'd ordered and we eat what we could and ast for the check. Francis said he wanted it and I was going to give in to him after a long hard struggle, but the gals reminded him that he'd paid for breakfast, so he said all right, but we'd all have to take dinner with him some night.

I and Francis set a wile in the washroom and smoked, and then he went to entertain the gals, but I figured the wife would go right to sleep like she always does when they's any scenery to look out at, so I stuck where I was and listened to what a couple of toothpick salesmen from Omsk would of done with the League of Nations if Wilson had of had sense enough to leave it to them.

Pulling into the Grand Central Station, Francis apologized for not being able to steer us over to the Baldwin and see us settled, but said he had to rush right downtown and report on his Chicago trip before the office closed. To see him when he parted with the gals you'd of thought he was going clear to Siberia to compete in the Olympic Games, or whatever it is we're in over there.

Well, I took the heiresses to the Baldwin and got a regular Big Town welcome. Ella and Kate set against a pillar wile I tried different tricks to make an oil-haired clerk look at me. New York hotel clerks always seem to of just dropped something and can't take their eyes off the floor. Finally I started to pick up the register and the guy give me the fish eye and ast what he could do for me.

"Well," I said, "when I come to a hotel I don't usually want to buy a straw hat."

He ast me if I had a reservation and I told him no.

"Can't do nothing for you then," he says. "Not till to-morrow morning anyway."

So I went back to the ladies.

"We'll have to go somewheres else," I said. "This joint's a joint. They won't give us nothing till to-morrow."

"But we can't go nowheres else," said the Mrs. "What would Mr. Griffin think, after recommending us to come here?"

"Well," I said, "if you think I'm going to park myself in a four-post chair all night just because we got a tip on a hotel from Wall Street you're Queen of the Cuckoos."

"Are you sure they haven't anything at all?" she says.

"Go ask them yourself!" I told her.

Well, she did, and in about ten minutes she come back and said everything was fixed.

"They'll give us a single room with bath and a double room with bath for fifteen dollars a day," she said.

"'Give us' is good!" said I.

"I told him we'd wired for reservations and it wasn't our fault if the wire didn't get here," she said. "He was awfully nice."

Our rooms was right close to each other on the twenty-first floor. On the way up we decided by two votes to one that we'd dress for dinner. I was still monkeying with my tie when Katie come in for Ella to look her over. She had on the riskiest dress she'd bought in Chi

"It's a pretty dress," she said, "but I'm afraid maybe it's too daring for just a hotel dining room."

Say, we hadn't no sooner than set down in the hotel dining room when two other gals come in that made my team look like they was dressed for a sleigh ride with Doc Cook.

"I guess you don't feel so daring now," I said. "Compared to that baby in black you're wearing Jess Willard's ulster."

"Do you know what that black gown cost?" said Ella. "Not a cent under seven hundred dollars."

"That would make the material twenty-one hundred dollars a yard," I says.

"I'd like to know where she got it," said Katie.

"Maybe she cut up an old stocking," said I.

"I wished now," said the Mrs., "that we'd waited till we got here before we bought our clothes."

"You can bet one thing," says Katie, "Before we're ast out anywheres on a real party we'll have something to wear that isn't a year old."

"First thing to-morrow morning," says the Mrs., "we'll go over on Fifth Avenue and see what we can see."

"They'll only be two on that excursion," I says.

"Oh, we don't want you along," said Ella. "But I do wished you'd go to some first-class men's store and get some ties and shirts and things that don't look like an embalmer."

Well, after a wile one of the waiters got it in his head that maybe we hadn't came in to take a bath, so he fetched over a couple of programs.

"Never mind them," I says. "What's ready? We're in a hurry."

"The Long Island duckling's very nice," he said. "And how about some nice au gratin potatoes and some nice lettuce and tomato salad with Thousand Island dressing, and maybe some nice French pastry?"

"Everything seems to be nice here," I said. "But wait a minute. How about something to drink?"

He give me a mysterious smile.

"Well," he said, "they're watching us pretty close here, but we serve something we call a cup. It comes from the bar and we're not supposed to know what the bartender puts in it."

"We'll try and find out," I said. "And rush this order through, as we're starved."

So he frisked out and was back again in less than an hour with another guy to help carry the stuff, though Lord knows he could of parked the three ducklings on one eyelid and the whole meal on the back of his hand. As for the cup, when you tasted it they wasn't no big mystery about what the bartender had put in it—a bottle of seltzer and a prune and a cherry and an orange peel, and maybe his finger. The check come to eighteen dollars and Ella made me tip him the rest of a twenty-dollar bill.

Before dinner the gals had been all for staying up a wile and looking the crowd over, but when we was through they both owned up that they hadn't slept much on the train and was ready for bed.

VI

ELLA and Kate was up early in the morning. They had their breakfast without me and went over to stun Fifth Avenue. About ten o'clock Francis phoned to say he'd call round for us that evening and take us to dinner. The gals didn't get back till late in the afternoon, but from one o'clock on I was too busy signing for packages to get lonesome. Ella finally staggered in with some more and I told her about our invitation.

"Yes, I know," she said.

"How do you know?" I ast her.

"He told us," she said. "We had to call him up to get a check cashed."

"You got plenty nerve!" I said. "How does he know your checks is good?"

"Well, he likes us," she said. "You'll like us too when you see us in some of the gowns we bought."

"Some!" I said.

"Why, yes," said the Mrs. "You don't think a girl can go round in New York with one evening dress!"

"How much money did you spend to-day?" I ast her.

"Well," she said, "things are terribly high—that is, nice things. And then, of course, there's suits and hats and things besides the gowns. But remember, it's our money. And as I told you, it's an investment. When young Mister Wall Street sees Kate to-night it'll be all off."

"I didn't call on you for no speech," I says. "I ast you how much you spent."

"Not quite sixteen hundred dollars."

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PHILADELPHIA

I was still out on my feet when the phone rung. Ella answered it and then told me it was all right about the tickets.

"What tickets?" I said.

"Why, you see," she says, "after young Griffin fixing us up with that check and inviting us to dinner and everything we thought it would be nice to take him to a show to-night. Kate wanted to see Ups and Downs, but the girl said she couldn't get us seats for it. So I ast that nice clerk that took care of us yesterday and he's fixed it."

"All right," I said, "but when young Griffin starts a party, why and the hell not let him finish it?"

"I suppose he would of took us somewheres after dinner," says the Mrs., "but I couldn't be sure. And between you and I, I'm positive that if he and Kate is throwed together a whole evening, and her looking like she'll look to-night, we'll get mighty quick returns on our investment."

Well, to make a short story out of it, the gals finally got what they called dressed, and I wished Niles, Michigan, or South Bend could of seen them. If boxers wore bathing skirts I'd of thought I was in the ring with a couple of bantams.

"Listen!" I said. "What did them two girdles cost?"

"Mine was three hundred and Kate's three hundred and fifty," said the Mrs.

"Well," I says, "don't you know that you could of went to any cut-rate drug store and wrapped yourselves up just as warm in thirty-two cents' worth of adhesive tape? Listen!" I said. "What's the use of me paying a burglar for tickets to a show like Ups and Downs when I could set round here and look at you for nothing?"

Then Griffin rung up to say that he was waiting and we went downstairs. Francis took us in the same dining room we'd been in the night before, but this time the waiters all fought each other to get to us first.

I don't know what we eat, as Francis had something on the hip that kind of dazed me for a wile, but afterwards I know we got a taxi and went to the theater. The tickets was there in my name and only cost me thirteen dollars and twenty cents.

Maybe you seen this show wile it was here. Some show! I didn't read the program to see who wrote it, but I guess the words was by Noah and the music took the highest awards at the St. Louis Fair. They had a good system on the gags. They didn't spring none but what you'd heard all your life and knew what was coming, so instead of just laughing at the point you laughed all the way through it.

I said to Ella, I said, "I bet the birds that run this don't want prohibition. If people paid $3.30 apiece and come in here sober they'd come back the next night with a machine gun."

"I think it's dandy," she says, "and you'll notice every seat is full. But listen! Will you do something for me? When this is over suggest that we go up to the Castle Roof for a wile."

"What for?" I said. "I'm sleepy."

"Just this once," she says. "You know what I told you about quick returns!"

Well, I give in and made the suggestion, and I never seen people so easy coaxed. I managed to get a ringside table for twenty-two bucks. Then I ast the boy how about getting a drink and he ast me if I knew any of the head waiters.

"I do," says Francis. "Tell Hector it's for Frank Griffin's party."

So we ordered four Scotch highballs and some chicken à la King, and then the dinge orchestra tore loose some jazz and I was expecting a dance with Ella, but before she could ask me Francis had ast her, and I had one with Kate.

"Your Wall Street friend's a fox," I says, "asking an old married lady to dance so's to stand in with the family."

"Old married lady!" said Kate. "Sis don't look a day over sixteen to-night."

"How are you and Francis coming?" I ast her.

"I don't know," she says. "He acts kind of shy. He hasn't hardly said a word to me all evening."

Well, they was another jazz and I danced it with Ella; then her and Francis had another one and I danced again with Kate. By this time our food and refreshments was served and the show was getting ready to start.

I could write a book on what I don't remember about that show. The first sip of their idear of a Scotch highball put me down for the count of eight and I was practic'lly unconscious till the waiter woke me up with a check for forty bucks.

Francis seen us home and said he would call up again soon, and when Ella and I was alone I made the remark that I didn't think he'd ever strain his larnix talking to Kate.

"He acts gun-shy when he's round her," I says. "You seem to be the one that draws him out."

"It's a good sign," she says. "A man's always embarrassed when he's with a girl he's stuck on. I'll bet you anything you want to bet that within a week something'll happen."

VII

WELL, she win. She'd of win if she'd of said three days instead of a week. It was a Wednesday night when we had that party, and on the Friday Francis called up and said he had tickets for the Palace. I'd been laid up mean wile with the Scotch influenza, so I told the gals to cut me out. I was still awake yet when Ella come in a little after midnight.

"Well," I said, "are we going to have a brother-in-law?"

"Mighty soon," she says.

So I ast her what had came off.

"Nothing—to-night," she says, "except this: He wrote me a note. He wants me to go with him to-morrow afternoon and look at a little furnished apartment. And he ast me if I could come without Sis, as he wants to pull a surprise on her. So I wondered if you couldn't think of some way to fix it so's I can sneak off for a couple of hours."

"Sure!" I said. "Just tell her you didn't sleep all night and you're wore out and you want to take a nap."

So she pulled this gag at lunch Saturday and Katie said she was tired too. She went up to her room and Ella snuck out to keep her date with Francis. In less than an hour she romped into our room again and throwed herself on the bed.

"Well," I says, "it must of been a little apartment if it didn't only take you this long to see it."

"Oh, shut up!" she said. "I didn't see no apartment. And don't say a word to me or I'll scream."

Well, I finally got her calmed down and she give me the details. It seems that she'd met Francis, and he'd got a taxi and they'd got in the taxi and they hadn't no sooner than got in the taxi when Francis give her a kiss.

"Quick returns," I says.

"I'll kill you if you say another word!" she says.

So I managed to keep still.

VIII

WELL, I didn't know Francis' home address, and Wall Street don't run Sundays, so I spent the Sabbath training on a quart of rye that a bell hop picked up at a bargain sale somewheres for fifteen dollars. Mean wile Katie had been let in on the secret and staid in our room all day, moaning like a prune-fed calf.

"I'm afraid to leave her alone," says Ella. "I'm afraid she'll jump out the window."

"You're easily worried," I said. "What I'm afraid of is that she won't."

Monday morning finally come, as it generally always does, and I told the gals I was going to some first-class men's store and buy myself some ties and shirts that didn't look like a South Bend embalmer.

So the only store I knew about was H. L. Krause & Co. in Wall Street, but it turned out to be an office. I ast for Mr. Griffin and they ast me my name and I made one up, Sam Hall or something, and out he come.

If I told you the rest of it you'd think I was bragging. But I did bust a few records. Charley Brickley and Walter Eckersall both kicked five goals from field in one football game, and they was a bird named Robertson or something out at Purdue that kicked seven. Then they was one of the old-time ball players, Bobby Lowe or Ed Delehanty, that hit four or five home runs in one afternoon. And out to Toledo last July Dempsey made big Jess set down seven times in one round.

Well, listen! In a little less than three minutes I floored this bird nine times and I kicked him for eight goals from the field and I hit him over the fence for ten home runs. Don't talk records to me!

So that's what they meant in the clipping about a Hoosier cleaning up in Wall Street. But it's only a kid, see?

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IN THE TOWER OF SILENCE

(Continued from Page 21)

hour after she left at her usual time for the office, Tina, the Swedish chambermaid, knocked at the door of Mr. Charles Warburton's room on the third floor, across the hall from Miss Meeker's. Mr. Warburton, plainly but elegantly dressed as usual, came himself to the door.

"All right," said Tina briefly, and stood in a waiting attitude until he produced a ten-dollar bill and laid it in her palm.

"You are to signal from the stairs if anyone comes," said Mr. Warburton in a low tone of command.

"All right," said Tina again, and went to polishing the banister rail with ostentatious care. Mr. Warburton stepped across the hall, opened the unlocked door and proceeded to a quiet, thorough inventory. It was a plain boarding-house room, rather spacious, lighted with two big windows. It had an air of dingy neatness. Mr. Warburton's large dark eyes ran rapidly over its obvious features, such as a brass bedstead, aged and polished to an old-rose color, a Morris chair, two plain near-mahogany dittos, a cherry desk with slender curved legs. But they paused, those eyes, with longer and more intense consideration on the pictures. Family photographs, of course—silver or leather framed—on the desk and bureau, pinned in clusters on the wall. Interspersed with them, photographs of John Merriam, popular romantic actor, costumed as Don César de Bazan, as D'Artagnan, as Joseph Surface. A large oil painting representing rather crudely but pleasingly withal a Spanish lady leaning coyly from a balcony while a cavalier fingered a guitar below. The rest of that boarding-house room was decorated uniformly with colored photographs of colonial doorways or interiors setting off colonial maidens in poke bonnets. This picture was evidently a private possession, purchased, just as evidently, at some sale. The dark, romantic, melancholy eyes of Mr. Warburton noted with equal scrutinizing care three or four colored lithographs from the women's magazines, framed and passepartouted. One: the Court of Versailles During the Old Régime. Two: Flora Macdonald and the Young Pretender. Three: The Toast to the King Over the Water. Another item: A fan decorated with a picture of a bull fight, pinned between the windows. Further, a mandolin, disposed among the cushions of the couch. Turning from these Mr. Warburton looked over the white-enameled bookshelf. First, a Bible, together with a prayer book and hymnal. Miss Meeker was a regular attendant at church—he knew that already. Next—The Prisoner of Zenda and Rupert of Hentzau. He glanced rapidly through these. Passages were marked on the margin with neat pencil slashes. He noted especially the one where Rassendyll, for honor's sake, parts forever from the princess. Lucile—this also pencil marked, and, from its condition, much read. Book after book—all of the same character—a veritable anthology of romantic fiction and poetry.

After a little pause to be certain that no one moved on the stairs he opened rapidly the drawers of the high white-enameled dresser. At first only ordinary feminine clothes. But in the lowest drawer of all a Spanish shawl, white, with great embroidered red-and-green figures; a black lace mantilla; a high comb, celluloid in imitation of tortoise shell; a pair of red, very high-heeled slippers. Besides that, an inlaid box, locked—but Mr. Warburton went no further. He felt no necessity for going further.

"Romantic—well, who'd have thought it!" he said as he left the room, stepping quietly as usual and closing the door inaudibly behind him. He got his hat and coat and forthwith took the Subway downtown.

He was a new boarder; Miss Meeker had found him opposite her at her table only a week before. Hitherto he had said merely good morning and good evening when he came or went, and had made a little conversation on the weather or the war. To this Miss Meeker had responded in monosyllables, preceded by one shy glance, followed by downcast eyes. But she had appraised his without looking, as women do. She had noticed those eyes—"dark and haunting, yet full of fire," she commented to herself. She had approved of his figure—"slim, lithe." She had noted his complexion—"an interesting pallor." She had remarked with approval his dress and air—"quiet elegance." Mr. Warburton had attracted her attention, excited her curiosity; which was the object of his opening tactics.

It was the evening after his visit to Miss Meeker's rooms that Mr. Warburton, arriving at dinner a little late, said good evening with his customary air of reserved cordiality, gravely opened his napkin and reached for the typewritten menu card. As he did this he glanced downward, and a sharp "What the dickens!" escaped him. Miss Meeker looked full at him. He was shaking out his napkin; he appeared agitated. "Did you see anything of a ring?" he asked in a tone low but tense.

"Is that it—this side of your plate?" she asked.

With one of his motions which Miss Meeker characterized to herself as "swift, graceful," he pounced upon a seal ring with a blue stone, which she had already noticed in her mental inventory of his clothes and appurtenances. He restored it to his finger.

"The gold has become a little worn," he said. "It slips, but I've hesitated to have it repaired. I must now. I wouldn't have lost it for ——" As if on a sudden impulse he took it off again. "The device might interest you," he said, and handed it across the table.

By All Rules of Her Personal Ethics Miss Meeker Should at This Point Have Hung Up the Receiver

Theirs were corner seats. The place beside Miss Meeker was vacant. Old Mrs. Updegraff, at Mr. Warburton's right, was dividing attention between a filet of sole and the society notes in an evening newspaper. No one but they two, Miss Meeker noticed with a sense of shy relief, had seen this bit of byplay. Miss Meeker took the ring; as her hand touched his she felt that an electric current, thrilling but disturbing, had passed between them. She studied the device, turning the stone back and forth so that the facets of its device could catch the light. It was a coat of arms—among its quarterings a rampant lion and the three lilies of France. The stone was an old flat-cut sapphire.

"It is—it is beautiful," she said as she passed it back. Then feeling that the situation called for further comment she ventured: "That is a coat of arms, isn't it?"

"The arms of one of the proudest Spanish families," he said. "Not my family," he added with a light laugh; "I am not Spanish, though I'm often taken for such in Spain and South America—until they hear me speak the language. These are the arms of the Counts of Mendoza y Ulistac."

"Really?" said Miss Meeker.

Mr. Neill, the only person who understood her wordless wireless code, would have known by her inflection on these three careless syllables, by the straight glance of her eye, that she was infinitely interested. "Did you see the motto inside?" Warburton pursued, turning the ring on his finger.

At that moment Mrs. Updegraff came out of her trance and took notice. The conversation was evidently about the ring which Mr. Warburton was twirling on his finger.

"Let me see it," she said in her simple direct manner.

Mr. Warburton, visibly a trifle annoyed at having an intruder in this conversation, showed the ring without removing it from his finger.

"It's a pretty stone—blue agate, ain't it?" commented Mrs. Updegraff.

"Yes, call it blue agate," said Mr. Warburton; and Mrs. Updegraff subsided into the woman's page of her newspaper. A little later, and when Mrs. Updegraff was fully absorbed, he spoke across the table in a low, controlled voice:

"If you are interested I'll show you the rest after dinner—in the parlor."

"Thank you; I should like it," said Miss Meeker after a pause in which innate human curiosity struggled with acquired maiden reserve.

During the rest of the dinner Mr. Warburton, the ice having been broken, chatted freely, but not too freely. He spoke mostly on the war, announcing himself as a firm partisan of the Allies, and especially of France. He touched on the late attack in Champagne, and there he indulged in a little military criticism too technical for Miss Meeker to follow.

"It's the governing principle of infantry tactics," he said once. "As I learned one time to my cost ——"

He checked himself there and changed the subject. So Miss Meeker lingered over dessert and coffee, and Mr. Warburton hurried; so that they finished together and in the most natural way in the world drifted side by side to the parlor. Seated on the gold-and-rose sofa in the corner Mr. Warburton took off the ring, let her peer into its worn circlet. She tried to spell out the motto.

"It is very worn," he said. "I doubt if that motto has been reëngraved since the fifteenth century, when this ring was made. Since then the Ulistacs and Mendozas have worn it through many adventures—I happen to know that it went with the Spanish Armada to the English Channel, for example. *Roi et Honneur*, it reads. Why a Spanish family chose a French motto I don't know. But I suspect they were always true to the motto. Certainly the last of them was—the one who gave it to me."

He paused here, and Miss Meeker, as though automatically, restored the ring. He put it absently on his finger.

"I don't know why I speak of this," he said in a musing tone, his eyes on the blue device, whose carved edges made a dull glitter. "I seldom do. It's relief, I suppose, after the fright I had because I thought I had lost it."

"It's all very interesting," said Miss Meeker.

"It was like every adventure—interesting enough to tell afterward, but far from interesting at the time," said Mr. Warburton. "The last Count of Mendoza y Ulistac died in my arms; in the jungles of Honduras," he added, and paused again.

Miss Meeker never fully understood, then or thereafter, why she developed at this point a kind of inner panic. She found herself standing; Mr. Warburton too had arisen.

"I must go now," she said; and for some ridiculous reason or other held out her hand.

He took it; instead of shaking it, American fashion, he bowed over it almost as

(Continued on Page 63)

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(Continued from Page 60)

though he were going to kiss it like Frenchmen or Spaniards in romances.

Pleasurably embarrassed, Miss Meeker brought out: "I'd like to hear some more about it—some other time. Good night."

Arrived in her room, Miss Meeker looked at herself for a long time in the glass. Then carefully locking the door she opened the lowest drawer of her high dresser, and produced the Spanish shawl, the high comb, the mantilla. She took off her prim correct net, coiled her hair high on her head, crowned it with the Spanish comb, draped over all the mantilla. Standing before the glass she arranged and rearranged the shawl, so that when she stood with one hand on her hip, in an attitude defiant and yet coquettish, the fringe fell just to the hem of her skirt. Last of all she put on the little red high-heeled shoes. Dreamy-eyed, Miss Meeker went to the desk, took out a fresh sheet of paper, and after many nibblings at the end of the penholder she wrote:

Oh, for a thrilling voice to say:
"You sail for haunted lands to-day."

Had Mr. Warburton that morning pursued further his researches into the personal belongings and hidden character of Miss Alice Meeker he would have found in the locked upper right-hand drawer of her desk the proof that she habitually wrote poetry.

III

"IT'S like a piece I was reading in one of the magazines about this military-spy work they do over in Europe," said Sopworth Smith in his most persuasive tone. "Your spy don't bring you in any dope that means anything right off the reel. He brings you a little piece of information that don't mean anything at all—by itself. But you patch it together with another little fact—and bing! You've got one big juicy revelation that you can use. Ain't that the principle?"

"That's the idea," said Mr. Charles Warburton, turning those large dark eyes of his upon the third man of the group, known to the fringes of Wall Street, and sometimes to the police, as Ira J. Swift. He sat back in the corner—a small, neatly dressed, insignificant-looking individual with the expression of one not wholly persuaded. As for Sopworth Smith, he was large, puffy, pasty. Iron-gray hair, close cropped, fringed the barren ridge of his bald head. His eyes were frog's eyes—bright, prominent, but expressionless. His mouth, by contrast, was wide, humorous, and when he smiled, attractive. As for Mr. Charles Warburton, he was as Miss Meeker knew him, except that those large dark eyes of his held now a shrewd glint, and his expression, so calmly mysterious, had sharpened. It was as though you had seen a turtle dove and upon looking again had realized that it was a hawk.

Sopworth Smith touched the electric button at the edge of the table; a waiter appeared at the door. "Three more beers," he announced, raising languidly his own empty glass. This was the back room of a Columbus Avenue saloon conveniently placed with relation to the bar. While they awaited the beers there was stillness, except when Mr. Swift scratched a match for his extinguished cigar. When the waiter had come and gone Warburton rose and locked the door. Sopworth Smith refreshed himself with a draught which emptied his glass, and took up his monologue just where he left it off.

"It wasn't much of a fact at first," he said, "but I got it myself. That night, as I told you, at the Wissagusett Inn, up the river. There I was dining with a lady friend, just ending up a joy-ride. And in comes Carlton W. Bruce, of Bruce & Son. Struck me as funny. It wasn't the kind of place you expect Bruce to go to. He talks a minute to the head waiter, and goes out. I excuse myself and sweeten the head waiter with a ten. Yes, it's Bruce. And he's to dine with two other gentlemen in the private dining room which is on the passage leading to the garage. The head waiter don't know who they are. I go back and tell lady friend I've got to look after the car. I loaf round the garage entrance until I see the waiter coming. Then I manage to pass just as he opens the door. There's Bruce, sitting at one side of the table. Across from him, just as plain as if I'd taken his photograph, is L. W. Johnstone, of the Paterson Internal Turbine Company. There's another man in the room. I can't see anything of him, before the waiter closes the door, but his feet and legs. He's sitting back, evidently just listening. But he's wearing a pair of gray spats with black binding all round the edges.

"Now I ask you," said Sopworth Smith, suddenly shifting the conversation, "how often do you see a pair of gray spats with black binding? Gray—common as dirt. But black binding?"

Mr. Swift, chewing his cigar, which had gone out again, returned no answer except an inquiring stab of the eye.

"And nothing further that night," went on Sopworth Smith, as if in answer to this unspoken inquiry. "When I tried the passage again the head waiter informed me that it was closed for the evening. Somebody inside there had raised my ante, I guess. Just so. I didn't dare hang round the garage and see who came out. Some waiter just sticky with Bruce sweetening would have tipped me off to them. I'd taken enough risk already. I finished my coffee with lady friend and motored back to town.

"But before I went to bed—just in case he should oversleep—I flashed a general alarm to Charles here for a pair of gray spats with black binding in internal-turbine circles. Those same circles are narrow. There's only one or two places to look. Charles spots those spats next morning, steering the dogs of Lucien D. Crowe, of the Crowe Internal Turbine Company, into his New York branch office. Proof was pretty complete."

"Well?" said Mr. Swift, shifting his cigar again. His expression might have indicated that he saw the point, but was waiting for his interlocutor to state it for himself.

"Well. Crowe coming on from Cleveland for the first time in two years—a pair of singular and unique gaiters like Crowe's conferring in a rear room away off in the country with Johnstone of Paterson Turbines—the only other factor in the internal-turbine situation that's worth a damn—and Carlton W. Bruce who finances things; wouldn't that suggest to your nostrils the sweet haunting scent of a merger? I hustled round educating myself on internal turbines. The Crowe company has most of the patents. They're a close corporation—stock practically all in the family. You couldn't buy a block of it once in ten years. The Paterson company makes a kind of imitation. It won't stack for a minute. But they've got the salesmanship. They cinched the Allies for big contracts at the very start. And Paterson Turbines is on the market. This war's going on for Lord knows how long. Bruce & Son are banking on that. Europe's got to come to us for internal turbines. The Crowe company and the Paterson company will have all the internal turbines there are. What is more natural and reasonable than a merger, with Bruce & Son financing the whole show? And here's the point of my remarks—whether it stays the Paterson company or whether it's a new company, what's going to happen to Paterson stock, now hanging sullenly at about 26? Say, what happened to International Mercantile Marine? Way up!" Sopworth Smith waved toward the ceiling a gross hand.

"And I pieced together some other little facts," he went on. "Rather, Charles here and I did. F'r instance—somebody'd been gumshoeing round buying up Paterson Turbine at private sale, so's not to disturb the market. And that somebody went up a trail leading straight into the gilded offices of Bruce & Son. And there you are."

He paused. His air showed that it was time for the silent Mr. Swift to express himself. He did. Removing the unlighted cigar from between his stubby teeth he remarked: "If ——"

"If what?" asked Sopworth Smith after a pause, to see whether the taciturn Mr. Swift were going to follow this conjunction with more explicit speech.

"If it don't fall through," said Mr. Swift. "Because they're flirting with a deal is no sign they're going on with the deal."

"That's it. That's exactly it," replied Sopworth Smith. "We know all we want to know except 'if' and 'when.' That 'when' ain't so important after all, but it helps a lot, especially if we're playing margins. But 'if' is what we've got to know. Suppose I tell you that I expected to know positively and absolutely and from inside Bruce & Son—within twenty-four hours, too? Suppose we've got a pipe line that will give us the one tiny fact we want—just the one little fact which means nothing by itself, but with the other facts ——"

"What's your pipe line?" suddenly interrupted Mr. Swift.

Here Warburton broke for the first time into the monologue of his partner. His tone was not exactly that in which, for a fortnight now, he had been addressing the fascinated Miss Meeker. The suggestion of a caress was gone from his voice; it rang steely.

"Wouldn't we be damned fools and then some," he asked, "to split on that? We want out of you money—mazuma—dough—kale—shekels. Do you suppose we'd let anybody else in if we had the money to swing this game? I can raise four thousand and Soppy here can scare up six. What's that in a game of this size? Chicken feed! Suppose we tell you in advance what we know—is anything to prevent you from going out to-morrow morning and buying Paterson Turbines on your own, and maybe spoiling it for our little game?"

Mr. Swift removed his cigar again and his mouth set like a trap. Sopworth Smith, more tactful than his new partner, leaped into the breach.

"What Charles means to say," he put in, breaking out that engaging smile which so lightened his heavy face, "is that we're all business men talking things over together, and business ain't done that way. We want your backing for all you can raise—a hundred thou' ain't too much; the more the better. We put in all we've got. And we split thirty-three and a third apiece. Your investment will be chicken feed beside ——" Sopworth Smith's fat hand made a greedy clutch at the air.

"You're guarded all right," said Mr. Swift. "But how about me? How do I know this ain't some fairy tale?"

"Because," said Sopworth Smith, "the day you put in your money we put in ours—my six thousand, Charles' four. You know us. Is it likely we'd be coughing up so much as that—all we have—to color a little fairy tale? If we played alone we could win on a piker's scale. We want to win big. That's where you come in."

Mr. Swift took the leisure for another attempt to light his cigar before he spoke again.

"When did you say you'd know—to-morrow?" he asked.

The fat form of Sopworth Smith relaxed against the back of his chair; and Warburton in spite of himself gave one quick indrawn breath.

At the end of half an hour spent in discussing and completing certain plans in connection with the strictly business side of their enterprise Mr. Swift abruptly rose and as abruptly withdrew.

"It's understood," he said. "You say you'll plant the touch-off to-morrow morning and expect to know by night. Phone me in the morning if it looks good. I want to get ready."

"Sure, I'll phone first thing," said Warburton.

As Swift withdrew he rose, locked the door, and turned to face his partner, who was regarding him with a smile of roguish amusement.

"She's ripe, all right?" inquired Sopworth Smith.

"Sure she is," replied Mr. Warburton a little sullenly; and then: "Next time you put me to tap a pipe line, for the love of Mike give me an easy one. I've qualified to write movie scenarios these last two weeks."

"You're the bold boy adventurer of the Spanish Main, ain't you?" inquired Sopworth Smith.

"I'm a Central American revolutionist and gun runner—always in a good cause—get that," replied Warburton; and now a faint smile illuminated his poetic countenance.

"I'm also a big-game hunter and a whirl at exploring Labrador and the Amazon. It's kept me busy reading up in the public library," he added with another flash of resentment.

"And I suppose our brown-eyed boy with the raven hair has got little Hortense the beautiful stenographer going?" inquired Sopworth Smith, flashing another roguish smile.

Like many men who make their living and have their being on the borderland between respectability and outright crime, Sopworth Smith possessed a perverted sense of humor. His operations figured in his mind as gigantic and rich practical jokes rather than as roads to fortune.

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Warburton. His expression grew sullen again. "Kind of a shame," he said.

"Well," said Sopworth Smith, "if you feel you wrong Hortense, the beautiful stenographer, there's no law to prevent you from splitting with her when the touch-off comes. Twenty thou' or so ought to console her maiden conscience—even if she loses her job. And when this deal comes off you can spare twenty thousand simoleons and then some."

Warburton returned no answer; and Smith prodded him again.

"You're the woman expert of this combination," he said; "I do the thinking part. Ira Swift puts up the kale, and you charm and win the female heart by the power of the human voice and eye. That's why I let you in—fully—when I figured that this confidential librarian was the real pipe line into Bruce & Son. As a woman expert you're a better judge than I. But are you dead sure that the bridge between your little romance and the touch-off is convincing enough?"

"'Twouldn't be for a man," replied Warburton, "but with a woman—I haven't done any raw work yet. I let her tell me she worked for Bruce & Son. When she said that I pulled a kind of a start and changed my manner. She's no talker, but of course her curiosity was up. It was two days before she asked me why I acted so about her firm. Then I let her work it out of me. I spun at the start a fairy tale about a Count of Mendoza y Ulistac who died in my arms; you remember—I borrowed this ring for that. The count died of fever in the tropic swamps after I kidnaped him from prison. I was rescued on the coast by an American banana tramp. But his friend and my friend, the British soldier of fortune, Captain Sir Henry Verne-Travis, is still in jail *incommunicado*. The cruel dictator won't shoot him because he hopes to get from him the secret of the lost copper mines. But I have sworn that I'll free him."

Warburton ran down here. It was plain that he scarcely loved his art.

"Machine's rested—second reel!" smiled Sopworth Smith.

"And Bruce & Son have been flirting with a proposal to back a revolution," said Warburton. "They're after the copper mines, copper being valuable in these war times. They're combined with certain interests in the Middle West. The deal, if it's on at all, is concealed under the appearance of another big deal. Everybody has to move carefully because the State Department is a bear just now on foreign complications. Nobody dreams the Middle Western people have any interest in Central America or copper." Here he paused again. "Maybe you don't think this took a lot of brain work," he said.

"Let the boy Griffiths proceed," said Sopworth Smith, smiling humorously.

"I didn't point out the inference right away," said Warburton; "I just gave her time to think it over Then gradually I let it come out that if the revolution came off I'd offer my sword, of course. And if it didn't, I let her know, I was committed to go down myself and try to pull it off with a few faithful followers, as I did the rescue of the count. I got it into her mind that I'd probably die in the attempt—one of those forlorn-hope propositions. Then I let that sizzle. Of course this is all mixed up with taking her to dinner in the Hotel of the Two Americas, where the Spigotty bunch holds out, and spinning fairy tales that I'd cooked up during the day about the people who passed. That and other stuff."

"Yes," said Sopworth Smith, looking genially roguish; "other stuff. Well, if I saw it in a movie I'd go out saying, 'How credulous is the dear public.' But I suppose it's different with a woman, especially when it's put to her by a dark-eyed laddie with the raven locks—along with other stuff."

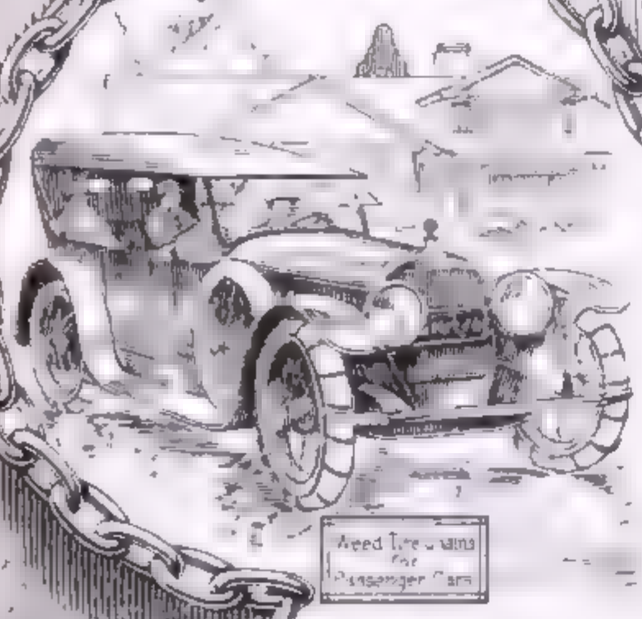
Warburton stirred uneasily in his chair and a flush underran his pale countenance.

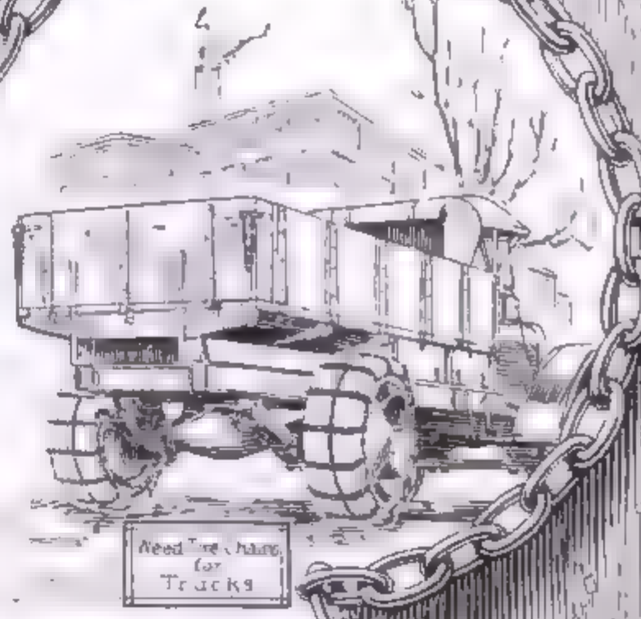
"Cut out that line of talk!" he said somewhat savagely.

Even in those who live by indecencies certain decencies linger. Warburton, master of devious and conscienceless ways with women, still disliked to appear to play the coxcomb.

"Last Friday night, as I told you, she opened up. She's a still party, and when she talks it means something. She asked if those Middle Western people were the Crowes of Cleveland. I said I didn't know.

(Continued on Page 65)





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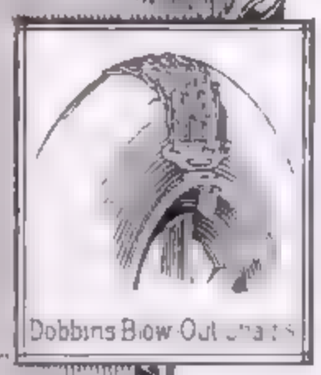

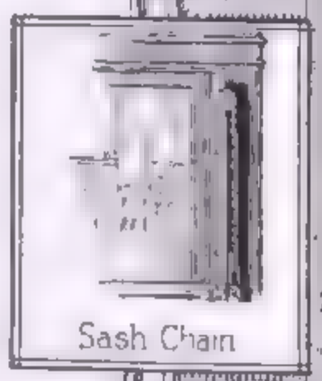

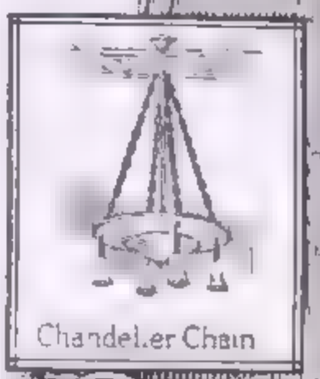

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LARGEST CHAIN MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

All Styles, Sizes and Finishes

(Continued from Page 63)

Next night I told her I'd followed that clew and thought it was—pretty sure it was. And she said she thought there were some Eastern people in it. She pulled back after that—seemed to see for a minute just what she was doing. I think we came as near falling down on our faces then as at any time. I pulled back too—never mentioned the proposition again until last night. Then I let it out that some of our comrades had got disgusted with waiting for a revolution and had chartered a boat at New Orleans to make the attempt. They had telegraphed me to come along. I couldn't desert them. If they insisted on going I had to go—to my death against a white wall probably. The only way to prevent them from going—she suggested that herself—was to be able to promise them that the revolution was going through. Just before I left her last night came the snapper; that's why I phoned you to go ahead and do business with Ira Swift. She said she might be able to tell me whether whatever Bruce & Son were arranging with Crowe and the Eastern people was a go or a flivver. I said no, I couldn't let her do so much for me. That was the best play."

"Yes," said Sopworth Smith, very heavy and serious now, "I suppose it was. You know."

"But to-night," said Warburton, "accident barred, I'm going to yield gracefully. She'll start in the morning primed to find out."

"Only one question," said Sopworth Smith: "Can she?"

"I'm ready to bet my four thousand with you, even, that she can," said Warburton, "now she's on the right track. There'll be little things round that office—in her position—that will tip it off absolutely. Maybe not first off. Maybe not by to-morrow night. But in a day or so. She's still. She watches. I'll see her in the morning and make sure she's steady."

"After that," concluded Sopworth Smith, "get me on the wire—me, not Ira Swift—as soon as the Lord lets you. In case you make the touch-off to-morrow night a day's none too much for Ira to get everything ready."

"I wish this job were over," said Warburton.

"And you drinking champagne instead of beer," supplied Sopworth Smith.

"Yes," replied Warburton; but his tone suggested that he did not mean what his partner meant.

IV

"LITTLE moonflower," said Charles Warburton, bending low over the hand of Alice Meeker; "little moonflower, it is not for myself that I thank you. I matter little. It is on behalf of a very gallant English gentleman and of an oppressed people."

They stood now in the dimly lighted third-story hallway of the boarding house, after a long evening in the parlor. "Little moonflower" was the private particular name he had been using to her for a week now. It was, he said, because she resembled the moonflower of the tropic jungle, so delicate in coloring, so frail, so mysterious. This was part of that other stuff to which Sopworth Smith had referred.

Miss Meeker gently disengaged her hand, which he had retained too long.

"Oh, that's all right," was all she said; but her expression and voice, as these words dropped from her lips, held all the cadences of a love song.

"Good night," he said softly, and turned away; but as she laid her hand on her doorknob he called again: "Little moonflower!"

"Yes!" she managed to bring out, for the blood was beating in her throat.

He stood in shadow by his own door; she could feel his eyes, though she could not see them.

"There are some things of which a man may not speak—a man of honor—before he goes to battle. When the battle is done—— Good night, little moonflower."

His door opened, closed, he was gone. Miss Meeker stood immobile for a moment before, with a kind of jerk in her movement, she opened her own door.

With the door locked she did not as usual turn on the electric lights. Groping her way to the couch under her window she sat for a long time looking out on to Madison Avenue, bathed in moonlight. That was what he meant all the time! How could she ever have doubted? How delicately he had put it! "When the battle is done"—she closed her eyes and let ecstatic visions float vaguely through her mind. She and Warburton drifting down an enchanted river in the tropics under the moonflowers—his deep, thrilling, caressing voice calling her his own little moonflower. She and Warburton the Liberator entertained in the palace of the rightful *Presidente*, with the guitars strumming outside and glimpses of old lace and mantillas and tiny hands in the mysterious shadows of the balconies. And Colonel Sir Henry Verne-Travis—they two entertained at the country seat of the Verne-Travises in England, with all his highborn family graciously thanking Charles and her. And long rambles through enchanted Spain, and ——

Nevertheless while Alice Meeker the moonflower, the slave of romance, indulged her vague visions another Alice Meeker was meditating. The still small voice of the perfect secretary, trained for ten years in the ethics of silence, broke now and then into these meditations. Once, indeed, it grew so insistent that the two Alice Meekers argued for a moment.

"It isn't being done," said the perfect secretary. "And you've done it already—when you told him that Bruce & Son were in negotiation with the Crowes."

"But," said the romanticist, "it won't hurt the firm the least little bit. It's a very unusual situation. It won't hurt the firm at all, and it may save a life—his life."

And when Alice Meeker the moonflower mentioned his life Alice Meeker the business woman faded away as though exorcised—faded away in a vision of a tropic river.

Yet when, brought to reality by the chill of the midnight air, Miss Meeker went to bed she failed for the first time in many years to say her prayers.

She did not sleep for hours; and as she lay awake the perfect secretary, now reduced to her proper place in the scheme of things, helped her to review the past and to plan the morrow. For several days her fine feminine senses had been perceiving about the office that atmosphere which always preceded a big deal. Bruce Senior, whose office hours in regular times ran as steadily as a clock, left and reappeared irregularly. From blandly businesslike he became a little brusque and irritable. He talked cryptic messages over the telephone. Once, a week before, as she entered his room responsive to the bell she had found him telephoning. "Those Crowes are like all Cleveland people," he was saying. Then he had caught sight of her, had seemed annoyed, had explained that his ringing was a mistake, had waited with the receiver at his ear until she left the room.

That was how she knew, and had been able to tell Charles—not Mr. Warburton now, but forever Charles—that Bruce & Son were doing business with the Crowes. She had heard Mr. Neill say—— But even at this stage of the game she refused to entertain a mental picture of Mr. Neill, with his dog's eyes looking wistfully at her when they passed in a corridor, with his occasional hints that he wanted to go to the theater—Mr. Neill sunken in mere bookkeeping and figures; and a widower! She put him impatiently out of her mind, faithful dog's eyes and all.

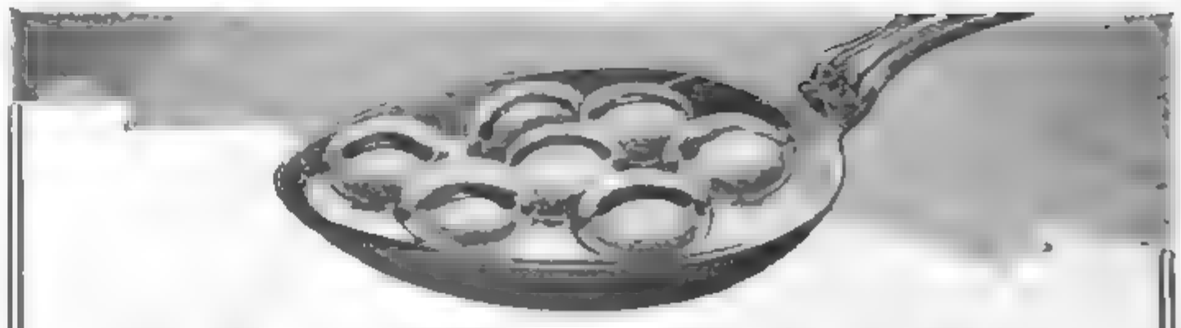
Finally, only yesterday, Bruce Senior had given her the carbon of a letter, typed by Carson, his fishlike man secretary, for his very private file which was locked in the safe with the other archives of the firm. Bruce Senior had curious ways in some respects. Often, instead of telephoning in cryptics concerning supremely important things or of seeing people personally, he put them in a letter—but in a manner as cryptic as that of his conversations over the private Wall Street exchange telephone. These letters he dispatched by messenger—usually Carson himself. Then, doubtless by way of memorandum, he had the copy put away in his private file. When she returned to her own room she had glanced down at the sheet of flimsy paper, and the cryptic reference which could mean only "Crowe" jumped out at her. She had filed it away without glancing at it again. Why, she did not perfectly understand at the time. Now she knew. She had been waiting for Charles to say, "When the battle is done."

Here Alice Meeker the perfect secretary came for a moment to full life.

"So that was your price?" she inquired sarcastically, coldly.

"Oh, dry up!" replied curtly, unromantically, the romantic part of Alice Meeker.

That letter, she felt sure, would furnish the key to everything. To-morrow—no,



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An hour of fearful heat has given them a taste like toasted nuts.

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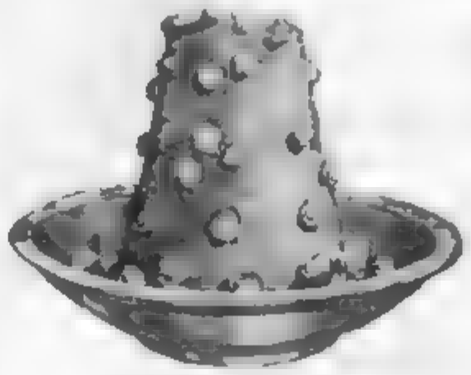

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They are not for breakfast only. Every home finds countless uses for these nut-like, flimsy grains.

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Puffed Wheat in milk is the utmost in a food. With every food cell broken it is easy to digest.

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Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs mixed with fruit adds a delicious blend. It adds what a light and dainty crust adds to shortcake or to pie.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs, crisped and lightly buttered, become a food confection.

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make a dainty confection for any occasion. They are not only delicious to eat, but wholesome too, and easily digested. In the glass jar they are guaranteed to be fresh and crisp if the lid is on tight, regardless of how long they have been on the dealer's shelves or in your possession.

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already to-day—she would look. It must be favorable—she could entertain no other thought. Then he would go away, with the angels guarding him. There would be letters—ah, he must write such letters—from camp and field; then some day the news that a revolution had succeeded; then—"when the battle is done." Lapped on a tropic river under the moonflowers she fell asleep.

Miss Meeker waking by habit at her regular hour found herself fixed in her resolve. As usual she appeared for breakfast at half past eight. Sometimes Mr. Warburton came to breakfast before she left; generally he did not. He seemed to have a tendency, which for Miss Meeker was part of his romantic charm, toward late hours. But this morning, just as she was finishing her second cup of coffee, he appeared between the bead portières at the doorway, sending over her whole being a warm wave. Back of him—oh, horrors!—was old Mrs. Updegraff. There would be no real conversation that morning.

Nor was there. Mr. Warburton spoke pleasantly of the weather and of the news from the Western Front, with Mrs. Updegraff continually breaking in. Miss Meeker rose to go; Mr. Warburton rose also; they looked squarely into each other's eyes. Miss Meeker gave a slight assenting nod; it was the only signal she could flash him, but he understood. A light of gratitude crossed his features, and with one hand he made a little outward graceful gesture, infinitely caressing. At the bead portières she looked back. His dark haunting eyes were upon her. His lips curled in a slow smile which seemed to say: "When the battle is done."

As she left the house Mr. Warburton strolled casually to the front window and watched her go down the street. Then without finishing his breakfast he hurried upstairs to the third floor.

Miss Meeker had almost reached the entrance to the Subway before the world of everyday reality flowed back into her consciousness, bringing with it memory of an engagement. After office hours that day she was to go to the dressmaker for a short last fitting. She stopped by the Subway entrance, considering. On this day of all days she did not want to bother with dressmakers. To use the office telephone for private business was not exactly against the rules, but at least against the traditions of Bruce & Son. She had better telephone now. Though she usually appeared at the office, with the rest of the force, at half past nine, it never really mattered; Bruce & Son themselves never came until ten. She glanced over at the corner drug store; it was crowded. The simplest thing was to return to the boarding house. To fail in an engagement was against the whole habit of Miss Meeker.

So she hurried back, opened the front door with her own key, and scurried to that recess back of the stairs where stood the house telephone. There was an extension instrument up in the back hall of the third floor. That extension was the nuisance of telephoning from this boarding house. People were always on the line when you wanted to use it. Miss Meeker as she put the receiver to her ear vaguely wondered if it might be free. No—as usual. A quick metallic girl's voice was saying: "Which Mr. Smith?"

There was a pause, during which Miss Meeker was about to hang up the receiver. But the answer came first; and the voice arrested her, as it always had. Warburton was speaking. She recognized that voice before she took in what he was saying: "The boss." A pause, then low, and as though his mouth were tight up to the receiver: "Sopworth."

By all rules of her personal ethics Miss Meeker should at this point have hung up the receiver. The pleasure of hearing that voice, bathing her as ever in a warm glow, was the thing which held her. Then another voice, rather throaty, answered. "Yes?"

"This is Charles," said Warburton. His voice was different, somehow, as he asked: "The boss?"

"Yes. Shoot."

"The package is ready to deliver. Ira can go ahead."

The voice at the other end gave a throaty chuckle.

"Hortense the beautiful stenographer all ready to come through?"

"Cut that out over the telephone. Yes, it's all right so far. Probably know absolutely sure by the time I told you yesterday."

"Then get down here quick—Ira and I may want you by the time the market opens."

"Why? To-morrow ——"

"Careful about the phone yourself. Get down here"—at this point the voice gave one of its throaty chuckles—"you dark-eyed rogue with the ladies. We've got some preliminaries."

"All right. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Miss Meeker, frozen, held the receiver to her ear for a moment after a metallic click informed her that the extension had been hung up. Then with a start she herself hung up and fairly ran through the front door and into the street. At a frantic pace she went back over that same route to the Subway which she had trodden so happily but a quarter of an hour before. In that quarter of an hour her face had aged by years. "Hortense the beautiful stenographer"—he had talked to another man about their love. And the other man was mocking! "You dark-eyed rogue with the ladies." Then that reference to the market, and those other references in the same low tones and cryptic phrases she heard about the office of Bruce & Son when a deal was afoot. Why ——

At this moment Alice Meeker the perfect secretary came to the fore and took command. Word by word she reviewed this telephone conversation, matched it with the events of the past fortnight at home and in the office. And just as she put her foot on the top step of the Subway stairs the final and most terribly convincing fact of all struck her consciousness, so that she staggered and a man stranger caught her elbow to keep her from falling. She thanked him with lips that scarcely moved. It was that little recall to reality, she felt afterward, which kept her from fainting on the spot.

"Mr. Smith—Sopworth"—why, Sopworth Smith! On the confidential list where the firm catalogued the shady characters of the fringes of Wall Street she had noticed often that peculiar name. Somehow she was on a Subway train now, wedged tight in standing humanity, clinging to a strap. She was grateful for that. Whenever one of those black surges overtook her she could dig her finger tips into the strap. But before she reached the Wall Street station she understood everything.

As Miss Meeker seeking sanctuary hurried down the corridor which led to her own room in the offices of Bruce & Son she encountered face to face none other than Mr. Neill. She saw his dog's eyes as they rested on her face change from merely appealing and devoted to gravely concerned. Of all persons in that moment she least wanted to see Mr. Neill. When ten minutes later he entered her office and stood before her desk she felt that a just heaven was sparing her nothing.

"I didn't know but you'd like ——" began Mr. Neill.

"No, thank you," responded Miss Meeker dully.

But he did not go away; he still regarded her with his look of concern.

"Unhappy?" he asked.

In her present situation Miss Meeker should have tossed off a light laugh and protested that she was never less unhappy in her life. It was what she wanted to do; and it was precisely what she could not do. For the moment it seemed to her that the sober, honest, grizzled face of Mr. Neill, looking on her with an expression of deep concern, was the only true thing in a false world, in which she was the thing most false.

And her lips said, against her will: "Very."

"Can I help?"

Miss Meeker only shook her head slowly, gravely. Her hand went up; she made a little quick outward gesture. He understood, as always. He backed to the door, his eyes still on her; he disappeared.

It was, fortunately, a quiet day for Miss Meeker. All that morning she received no summons to the private office of Bruce Senior. She made pretense of working on her revised card catalogue; but for whole minutes she sat, a card poised in her hand, staring at the glass door. Sometimes she flushed red; sometimes she bit her lips as though to keep back the tears. Luncheon time came. Usually at half past twelve she went out, locking her door behind her. To-day at that appointed hour she merely locked the door from within. Then she

(Concluded on Page 69)

KING'S

PATENTED PROCESS

DEHYDRATED Fruits and Vegetables

Extra Delicious—More Economical

HERE are foods with the high recommendation of all factors in home cooking—flavor, wholesomeness, economy, variety, convenience. They are the choicest fruits and vegetables from Oregon's orchards and gardens and are prepared for you by a new and patented process: King's Dehydration.

King's Dehydration is the reducing of weight from pounds to ounces by removing the water *only* from ripe, luscious fruits and newly gathered vegetables. None of the qualities of the fresh products is sacrificed. Color, flavor and nourishing elements are retained in their original fullness.

Ripened by Nature

The fruits are ripened on the tree or bush—not in storage or while being shipped. The vegetables are gathered at the *right* time for table use. Thus King's attains the utmost in flavor and quality. Because of the scientific processes used, these foods retain all of their original wholesomeness. Nothing is changed but the size and shape. And these return to approximately normal when placed in clear, cold water.

The economy of King's is also an outstanding feature. You buy no water. Neither does the price include handling, shipping and storage costs on water. There is no under-ripe or over-ripe stock to discard; no peelings to throw away. And the dry contents of a King's carton will keep indefinitely if cared for as directed on the package.

King's Food Products Company

45 Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon

Eastern Offices: First National Bank Bldg., Chicago *Dehydration Plants at:* Salem and The Dalles, Oregon

Try King's Now

An assortment of King's on your pantry shelves assures a pleasing variety to your menus and the keen enjoyment of fresh fruits and vegetables at *any* meal. Ask your grocer for King's Dehydrated Fruits and Vegetables. If you do not find them easily, send the coupon for trial assortment.

KING'S FOOD PRODUCTS CO. 45 Fourth St., Portland, Oregon. 13

Please send me (Charge) (Cash) (Money Order) packages of King's Dehydrated products indicated. The Story of King's Dehydration and the New King's recipe book I enclose ____ cents.

- ___ Apples—30c per carton (Large slices or 6 large portions when ready to serve)
- ___ Loganberries—35c per carton (5 portions. Specified for pies)
- ___ Peaches—35c per carton. From seven to eight halves when ready to serve)
- ___ Prunes—30c per carton (Fifteen portions)
- ___ Soup Vegetables—10c per carton (Sufficient for 6 or 8 plates of soup).
- ___ Spinach—30c per carton (Six to eight portions when ready to serve)
- ___ Strawberries—35c per carton. A vegetable luncheon (ample for 4 persons)
- ___ Stringless Beans—35c per carton (4 pints when ready to serve)

Name _____

Street _____ City and State _____

Grocer's Name _____ His Address _____

How famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO"

ALICE BRADY
"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO an ideal shampoo. It can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in wonderful condition."

MARIE NORMAND
"I never knew what a shampoo could do for my hair until I used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

BLANCHE SWEET
"I am pleased to indorse WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO for shampooing."

MAE MURRAY
"Shampooing with WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO always keeps my hair looking its best."

MAY ALLISON
"Of all shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."

LILLIAN WALKER
"It keeps my hair looking its best, and is easy to use."

PAULINE FREDERICK
"Not only is the use of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO delightful to one's scalp and hair but the refreshing and stimulating after effects are delightful and indescribable."

ETHEL CLAYTON
"I like WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO because it leaves my hair so soft and lustrous and easy to manage."

MARION DAVIES
"WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is the kind of a hair shampoo one has hoped to find. I know it."

PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Be SURE it's

WATKINS

If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't MULSIFIED"

(Concluded from Page 66)

opened the vault, took out Bruce Senior's private confidential file, inspected the topmost sheet of all. It was a carbon copy of a letter addressed to the firm's lawyers.

"Go ahead," it read; "we want the papers at once. See the attorneys for the black bird from the Great Lakes and the people from over the river and find exactly how they want it put. They have their instructions. Then see me. Let me impress upon you again that this thing must be got on paper as soon as possible.

"Yours as ever."

Miss Meeker relocked the vault and returned to her desk. For five minutes she sat dull-eyed, her brows knit in thought. Then she swung outward the shelf which held her typewriter, arranged a sheet of plain paper over a carbon and a sheet of copying flimsy. With long pauses here and there between words she wrote:

"L. W. JOHNSTONE,
"Paterson Internal Turbine Co.,
"Paterson, N. J. Personal

"*Dear Mr. Johnstone:* I'm sorry too. Those black birds from the West never did see this thing in the right way. Perhaps we can do business later, but we must let the matter rest for the present. We might get together next week and talk things over. Please let me know if this is convenient.

"Yours very truly,
"C. W. B.—J. C."

Having finished this very creditable imitation of the literary style which Bruce Senior employed in his business letters Miss Meeker tweaked the finished product out of the machine. The fair copy she tore into a hundred pieces. After a minute of consideration, during which she swept the office with her eyes, she opened her somewhat worn hand bag, found a hole in the lining, enlarged it a trifle with her fingers, and stuffed in the last scrap of paper. On an afterthought she crumpled the carbon into a little black ball and packed that also into this hiding place. But the flimsy copy she folded carefully and thrust into the bosom of her dress. She restored to the private file the flimsy of the genuine Bruce letter. Then for five minutes she indulged in the luxury of quiet tears.

Better controlled after that, she washed her face at her own private basin, applied powder, finally unlocked and opened the door. For the rest of that afternoon, which happened, like the morning, to be quiet, the office force passing down the corridor merely saw Miss Meeker quietly running over file cards.

Mr. Neill passed twice; both times he slowed down in his walk and regarded her with that same quiet concern. She did not look up.

At five o'clock she left the office and took the Subway uptown; but she did not at once go home. From Fifth Avenue to the river she ranged the streets until nearly seven; then with a pace now reluctant, now hurried, she approached the boarding house. She glanced into the dining room. He was not there as yet. She found a seat in the hall and waited.

Presently she saw him cross the landing above, and contrived to meet him on the stairs. His dark eyes fixed themselves upon her; his sad tender smile played over his lips.

"Little moonflower!" he said.

Miss Meeker somehow controlled her face.

"I want to see you alone," she said; and she managed to say it with no betrayal in her voice. "Perhaps the hall ——"

His dark eyes searching her he bowed, let her precede him. In the space between their rooms they stood alone.

"I'm sorry," she began, with a feeling that she had never said anything less sincere in her life. "I think this explains it." She reached into her bag, to which, just before she entered the house, she had transferred the sheet of flimsy. "It's a copy of Mr. Bruce's letter in in that matter of revolution. I must have it back," she added. His fingers shook slightly when he took it from her hand. Once as he read it slowly he caught his breath, then recovered himself. He read it again.

"I must have it back," repeated Miss Meeker.

As if in a daze he handed it over. Then he seemed to realize the necessity of keeping up the impersonation.

"Well, little moonflower, I must venture alone," he said.

But his tone was flat. Miss Meeker felt herself losing all control. Nevertheless she repeated her hypocrisy.

"I'm very sorry. I—I think I won't come to dinner to-night—a headache."

She turned to her own door. He made no attempt to stop her. He was looking down, tracing a pattern with one toe. She heard him enter his own room; heard him a moment later return to the hall, go down the stairs. In the half light she tore up the flimsy and stuffed it into the lining of her bag. Then she threw herself face down on the bed.

♥

MR. NEILL'S self-imposed rule against personal relations in the office had flown to the winds. The next morning at half past ten he put down his pen with a little gesture as of complete surrender, went to Miss Meeker's door, knocked, entered. She regarded him gravely across the desk.

"Better?" asked Mr. Neill.

"A little."

They spoke for a few seconds with their eyes alone.

"Want to go to see The Hard Case Tuesday night?" he asked.

Miss Meeker cast down her eyes.

"Want to go?" he repeated.

"I don't know—that it's right—for me to go—until I tell you everything," said Miss Meeker.

"You never need to tell me anything—you are enough," said Mr. Neill.

He had come round the desk by now; he stood at her side. Slowly, then with increasing speed she rose, held out both her hands. As he reached out to take them she faded against his breast.

That morning—it was the day before the phenomenal historic jump of Paterson Turbine—Bruce & Son, their collective good humor entirely restored, sat in the private office and talked not on business but on the new place at Garden City.

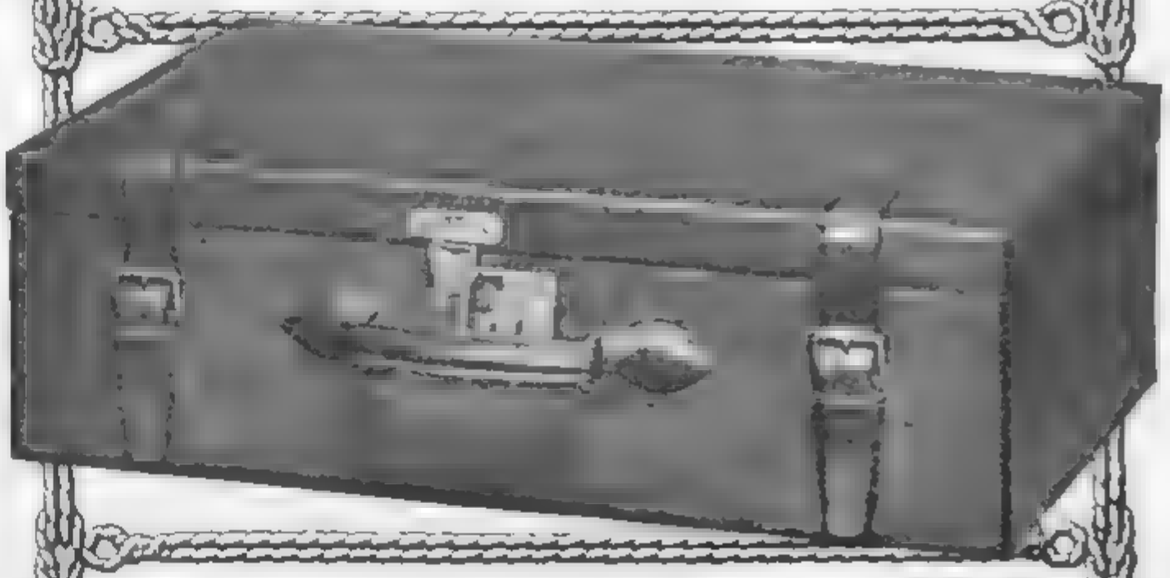
In a small and dingy office not a stone's throw away Mr. Sopworth Smith, unsmiling now, was using all his vocabulary to express his disgust with all forms of life, and especially that lowest form, Mr. Charles Warburton. Sopworth Smith did not know, was never to know that he owed the collapse of his scheme to Mr. Warburton's carelessness about choosing telephones. It was merely that he must take it out on someone, and Mr. Warburton was nearest at hand.

In a larger but equally dingy office over by the river Mr. Ira J. Swift had chewed up three unlighted cigars as he wondered who had double-crossed him.

And just two partitions away from Mr. Bruce, Mr. Neill, who abominated above all things personal relations in the office, was smoothing back, with fingers that had yearned for many a year, the chestnut hair of Alice Meeker. You never lay down a rule for yourself but that life steps up sometime and calls you.

Belber

TRAVELING GOODS



A guarantee of responsibility *to you*

A GOOD many things you buy carry their own evidence of quality—but in selecting luggage you must go *deeper* than surface values.

The greatest part of luggage value lies inside where you cannot see it. This is so true that many a dealer himself cannot always tell what a piece of luggage is actually worth, or how it will wear judging only by its appearance.

Both you and he must depend upon the *honest purpose* of the manufacturer. And it is this honest purpose that makes the Belber name so well worth finding. This means dollar for dollar value in the luggage you buy.

The dealer who is interested in giving you this value has a wonderful selection of fine Bags, Suit Cases, Kit Bags, Wardrobe Trunks, Steamer and Dress Trunks, all bearing the Belber name.

This House of Belber is built on the bedrock of *responsibility* to the *luggage user*. Nearly thirty years old—*the largest makers of fine luggage in the world*—and growing faster today than ever.

The choice of *style* is yours—the Belber name guarantees the *quality*.

For complete description of No. 524 illustrated above write for Booklet D. If a Wardrobe Trunk interests you ask for Booklet C.

THE BELBER TRUNK AND BAG COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Sales Offices and Factories: Philadelphia, New York, Woodbury, N. J. Chicago, Oshkosh, Wis., Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, San Francisco

HOOVER AS AN EXECUTIVE

(Continued from Page 5)

slightly belled at the instep, for the past fifteen years. It always seems fresh and new, but it is apparently the same suit. That is because Hoover realized years ago how much time a man loses fiddling with clothes. Forthwith he left with his tailor a permanent order for one of those blue suits and for equally standard dress and dinner clothes. He laid similar orders with shirt maker and shoe dealer; just so, he standardized underclothes and accessories. During this roving period he kept rooms in Shanghai, New York, Melbourne and San Francisco. In each of these he installed a set of his standardized clothes. Thereafter, whenever he arrived, all travel stained from steamer or Pullman, a fresh outfit of clothing was awaiting him. So he abated a nuisance which bothers every man who has outgrown his youthful vanities.

In 1908 he left the old firm and went on his own. It is well to review here two typical Hoover jobs, both of which he began when he had that connection. I pick them from many, as the ones which his associates in the city seem most to admire. In 1905 or thereabouts he turned his attention to the tailings of the old Australian lead-and-silver mines. Accumulated in great dumps during a quarter of a century these tailings contained valuable quantities of the two metals. But, to speak untechnically, they were tied up, strangled, with zinc.

Hoover maintained that the metal was there in paying quantities and that some method could be found to extract it. All Australia maintained that every method had been tried. Hoover nevertheless kept faith in his idea. On the strength of his reputation he raised a company to buy the largest of these dumps. For three years his chemists and technicians experimented; for three years he held stockholders in line. Finally, between Hoover and his chemists, they solved the problem completely. That refuse became immediately and immensely valuable. The discovery put new life into a whole worked-out district of Australia; it remade the Broken Hill diggings.

Mr. Hoover at Dinner in Paris With a Group of French Government Officials

Adventures in Burma

So, many years ago, he was attracted by a certain situation in Burma. On the fringe of a hill, and in the bottom of the river which bordered it, were old Chinese workings which had dealt with lead and silver outcroppings. How anciently the Chinese worked these mines no one knows. They must have been abandoned as finished some fifty or seventy-five years ago. Hoover, looking into the geology of the proposition, made up his mind that these outcroppings meant a very large and rich ore body somewhere in that hill. Again he found his company, held it in line. There were innumerable troubles, they tell me in the City. Stockholders and directors had little faith. For a time, too, he was held to a system of exploration that did not agree with his own best judgment. Finally his ideas prevailed. The company had spent great sums without return when, somewhere about 1912, Hoover's exploration showed that he had been perfectly right. Under that hill was a submerged mountain of lead ore so rich that part of it was practically pure lead and silver. It lay awkwardly; to get out the ore they must drive a long tunnel. That was completed in 1914. To-day this particular company is called by some the soundest mining proposition in the City; and certain men who fought Hoover's method of development tooth and nail are richer by it—much richer—than Hoover will ever be in his life. These are only sample operations among fifty others, full of obvious romance or of that more hidden romance that there is in large-scale business.

Yet though this life of his was romantic, though he has witnessed or lived more man stories than Kipling ever wrote, Hoover, to encounter him casually, was as unromantic a figure as one would meet in a day's march. A rather tall, rather lean American, betraying his origin in the remotest part of the English-speaking world not only by his accent but by his air of confident friendliness; walking when alone with head bent forward and hat pulled over his eyes as though in deep thought; saying little when on the job and that little in a rather soft, indrawn voice—but likable, always somehow likable. He had none of those trimmings of character which, the novelists would have us believe, go with the romantic and adventurous life. He was neither the swashbuckler nor the caveman. His existence, when a stay in civilization permitted, was as regular as the clock. He is not in the least interested in eating, drinking or any other pleasure of the senses. His extreme dissipation, when he lets down, is a few mild cigars.

Still less does he care about most ordinary forms of amusement. In college, I remember, I once came upon Red Wilson giving him a dancing lesson so that he might do his part at a senior ball. Apparently he let this accomplishment rust after he left college. A roving friend of his, visiting London a year or so before the war, was curious to see a London concert hall. He mentioned this to Hoover; they visited the Empire together. "I suppose this is the first time I have been in a London theater for five or six years," remarked Hoover. Even in college he never played any game—he took out his athletics in managing our championship 1894 football team. He rather likes good paintings, and has a pretty, natural taste in architecture. Now and then he takes a hand at bridge.

If I should stop here I should leave the picture a little inhuman—whereas Hoover is really one of the most human persons in the world. If he does not care for these ordinary recreations it is because he is absorbed in a greater recreation—that of watching the whole human drama. He has always been tremendously interested in all men from lords to coolies; and beyond that, in the human game as played in Europe, Asia, Africa and the two Americas.

He showed this side of him long before the world in general knew him, by his capacity for friendships—the crown, I think, of character. In all corners of the world he had not only acquaintances but real friends. Dinner conversation, running from merely humorous to gravely wise, formed always his chief recreation. For conventional society as such he did not care at all.

The fashionable world of London, which he might have entered, certainly would have entered had he been the average American living abroad, did not exist for Hoover. His friends were of a wide variety with perhaps only two common factors—character and intelligence.

Hoover as American as Baseball

Those who have merely done business with him think of him usually as a friendly and kindly but rather silent person, going to the heart of the matter when he does speak but forming his sentences slowly and as though with difficulty. That, I believe, is because he is thinking so intently as to make language a bother. At these dinner symposiums he is a different person. He may sit silent for half an hour, listening, laughing with that low chuckling laugh of his at the humorous passages. Then something will stir recollection or observation and he will begin to talk. Though he is by no means a conversational monopolist he is at best not in rapid interchange of talk, but in monologue. For pure narrative, either serious or humorous, I have never known his superior. It is all the more effective because told so simply. Or the spirit may move him to speak on the infinite complications of this world. "When Stevenson talked," said someone who sat under him, "the air seemed full of flaming swords." When Hoover talks the air seems full of light.

The last two or three years before the war rather put a period to Hoover's roving life. In the mining world he had grown perforce from first mate to captain.

By now he was displaying his supreme talent—the organizing faculty. He had the art of taking complex forces and turning them into a working practical force. Called in at first as specialist for sick properties, he began to take up properties that were not paying and bring them to profit.

This era of his life led him inevitably from precious metals to base metals, since that department of the game goes always by narrow margins. He was an especially large factor in zinc. In 1914 he was in process of organizing the reduction of that stubborn metal on a world scale, introducing combinations and economies of advantage to all concerned except perhaps the Germans, who held at the time almost a monopoly in the higher stages of refinement. On how many boards of directors he sat, to how many companies he was technical adviser, probably he himself does not know. The interests they represented ranged from Cape Colony at the south to Alaska at the north; from Australia, Straits Settlement and Borneo at the east to the Mother Lode of California at the west; they were intertwined with the financial interests of every nation that entered this war.

During these last years of his old life he completed his education for the job with which fate was to endow him overnight. He had always been interested as an observer in international politics; in that web of plot and counterplot for financial advantage and personal power which covered Europe just before the explosion. Now though he has lived much abroad Hoover never became in the slightest degree expatriate. In his ways, equally in his habits of mind, he remained as American as the flag, baseball or corn on the cob.

Whenever he could squeeze in a vacation he went home. Early in his career he was elected a trustee of Stanford University. Wherever he was he always managed to get to California for the annual meeting. Most of his work, Practical Mining, a standard treatise in the schools, was delivered in the form of lectures to the Stanford mining and geology classes. Palo Alto was for him home, London only a stopping place. So he regarded the European game as an outsider, from the viewpoint of a modern American tempered with the wisdom of a scientific man. He tolerated it; he saw some of its good points and some of the excuses for its bad ones. He saw also its close selfishness and its adherence here and there to ridiculous outworn sanctions. No diplomat whom we ever sent abroad ever knew Europe with its currents and cross currents as Hoover did—partly because no diplomat ever went through so wide a range of experience or came so close to the big practical affairs for which the trappings of courts and chancelleries exist; and partly because of the machinery for grasping big things, for reducing them to their essentials, which Hoover has on his inside.

As he approached the forties the game palled upon him a little. More and more his own country was calling. More and more, they say also, was he growing tired of a job which dealt with money, not directly with humanity. On his last visit to America before the war he talked over his future with a friend. "I want to come home," he said; "I want to get into our own game—and not for money. I'm tired of fooling with that."

His associates in London tell me that during this period he would have found it hard to let go. He had been in business a builder, not a juggler of profits. He had been much more interested in making the thing go than in gathering the rewards. In spite of the range of interests he represented, in spite of the fortunes he had made for others, he himself was not very rich.

(Continued on Page 73)

Paderewski

Hofmann

Gabrilowitsch

Bauer

Grainger

Novaes

Ganz

Cortot

DUO-ART

The AEOLIAN COMPANY

THIS music-roll is my interpretation. It was recorded by me for the Duo-Art and I hereby authorize its use with that instrument

Josef Hofmann

NUMBER 6609

The DUO-ART PIANOLA

The Authorized Medium of the Great Pianists

THE illustration at the top of this page reproduces in part the label on a Duo-Art music-roll. The statement this label contains is signed by Josef Hofmann and chronicles a new and revolutionary development in musical art.

The statement is without qualification "My interpretation" embraces the talent and genius in pianism, for which Josef Hofmann is world-famous. It means that this roll, when played upon the Duo-Art Pianola, reproduces Hofmann at the pianoforte—reproduces his technique, his rhythms, his dynamics, his pedaling, and as he has stated elsewhere in a published letter, his "very personality with all that implies."

The World's Greatest Pianists

HOFMANN has made many such Duo-Art music-rolls. Every owner of a Duo-Art Pianola has access to these rolls—access to the magnificent piano-playing of one of the greatest pianists that ever lived. What such a privilege means in enjoyment for the music-lover, in education for the music-student, is beyond computation.

And when is added the further fact that every musician whose picture is shown on this page and scores of others as well have also made music-rolls for the Duo-Art, some conception of the sensational value, to music and the world, of this great new invention can be formed.

The Piano of Today

THE Duo-Art Pianola offers more to the music-lover than any instrument ever before created. It offers him the satisfaction of owning the finest Grand or Upright Piano that the market provides—a Steinway, a Steck, a Wheelock, a Stroud or famous Weber.

It offers him in its Pianola action, a means of playing the piano himself which will enable him to artistically express his own ideas in music.

It offers him the inestimable privilege of bringing the greatest pianists in the world to his own home and fireside and there hearing them play whenever he desires.

And, as if this were not enough, the Duo-Art will play for him music of a lighter character as well—popular songs with words printed on the rolls, and wonderful dance pieces with all the sparkle and rhythm that distinguishes the playing of the famous dance pianists who make the rolls.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY, AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK CITY

LONDON - PARIS - MADRID - MELBOURNE

Makers of the famous Phonograph —the Aeolian-Vocalion

Foremost Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World

Powell

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WESTCOTT

The Car with a Longer Life

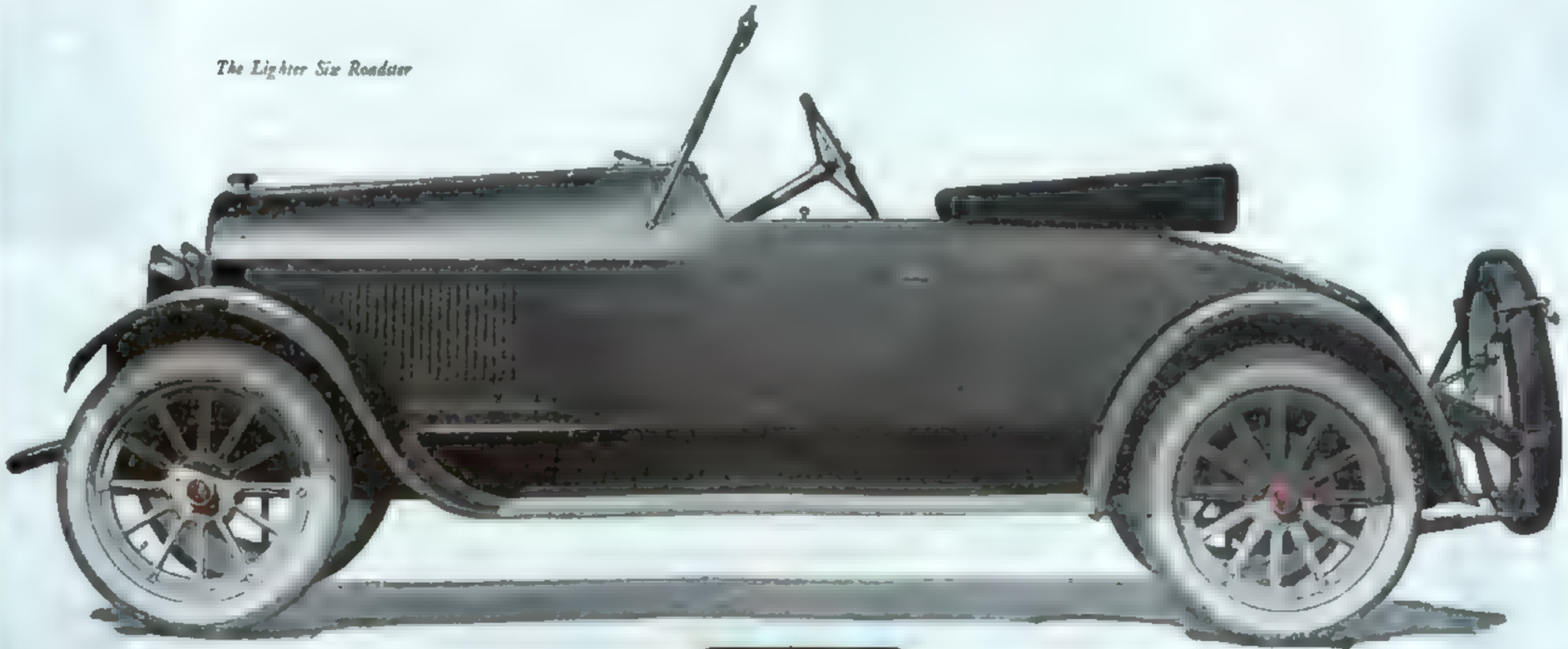
THE LIGHTER SIX
118-Inch Wheelbase
Five Passenger Touring
Two Passenger Roadster
Three Passenger Coupé
(Extra Light Seat)
Five Passenger Sedan

THE LARGER SIX
132-Inch Wheelbase
Seven Passenger Touring
Five Passenger Touring
Seven Passenger
Limousine-Sedan

WHAT, in your estimation, is the thing to look for first in a motor car? Comfort? Looks? A superb mechanism capable of responding to your every whim? Then consider the Westcott! Distinction of appearance it certainly has. The "belt line" design with its two-tone color plan is new and good. The car is fitted out with every imaginable device that will add to the ease of both driver and passenger. And these *outward qualities* are built upon definite *inward goodness!* No inspection or trial ride will ever disclose one-half of Westcott's quality—for more than half of the real value is hidden away where it is *never seen.* It is only the man who has *lived with* a Westcott for a year—or two—or three—that can appreciate how much genuine service and satisfaction are bound up in that phrase, "The Car with a Longer Life."

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U.S.A.

The Lighter Six Roadster



(Continued from Page 70)

Had he dropped everything else he might still have made a comfortable income from his fees as consulting expert. But that he could do satisfactorily only in London, mining center for the world.

And all this time, mind, only two classes of people had ever heard of Hoover—the mining fraternity and that enterprising, wide-wandering body, the alumni of the Californian universities. When the war broke, when the American newspapers were full of the adventures of our tourist refugees, a paragraph appeared saying that one H. C. Hoover, a mining man in London, was advancing gold to stranded Americans. The public heard a little more about him when Dr. Walter Hines Page, our Ambassador, insisted that Hoover should take charge of getting our one hundred thousand stranded tourists out of Europe. In three days Hoover had an organization running. In a month it went so smoothly, the Americans were being moved with so little fuss and discomfort that Hoover was able to return to his own pressing affairs. The state of his mining companies, spread all over the world, with roots and ramifications in every belligerent country, was simply fantastic.

A Great Decision

Fate gave him only about two weeks to round up his affairs. As all the world must know by now, early in October the Germans permitted a Belgian delegation to visit London and lay the desperate case of their country before the American Ambassador. Belgium was caught between the upper and nether millstones. Now that Antwerp had fallen the Germans held the whole country. They had requisitioned all the crops. They would feed Belgium, as provided by The Hague Conference rules—if England would lift the blockade. There wasn't the slightest chance that Britain would yield to this piece of blackmail. Only one hope remained: The Germans would permit American charity supplies to enter via Holland—if the Allies also would permit. The work must be done and staffed by Americans.

With these Belgians came Millard Shaler, an American mining engineer who had long worked in Belgium and in the Congo. Before they reached London he had nominated Hoover for the job. Shaler always maintained that Hoover was the greatest mining engineer in the world.

At the first conference he proposed this name to Doctor Page. According to his own subsequent account the Ambassador answered: "He is the man I have in mind; the only American who knows Europe intimately enough and has ability enough." They put it up to Hoover. He listened, and withheld his answer for two days while he thought it over. His friends say that it was a very hard decision. Letting go, in that fantastic situation, would almost inevitably mean to lose whatever fortune he had accumulated and to begin life again at forty. Still more, his advisers say, was he worried lest he seem to be abandoning his shareholders and directors. But there were seven million people on the verge of starvation—he knew Europe well enough to have foreseen the Belgian situation a month before it became acute, to realize that the committee was not stretching truth. He knew, further, the difficulty of the job; understood that one who undertook it could do nothing on the side. He fought it out with himself, walking the floor with his hands in his pockets, stopping now and then to look out of the window—as he always does when that extraordinary mental machine of his is working on high speed.

On the third morning when he appeared at breakfast he said simply to a friend who was staying in the house: "I'm going to do it."

Doctor Page has told me that when Hoover announced his decision at the embassy he added: "I guess I've got to let the fortune go to blazes."

He had a less peaceable session that day down in the City when he broke the news to the directors, presidents and managers of the principal companies of which he had been the pilot. Some of them took it hard, maintaining that, as he was an American and not bound by nationality to enter the war or war work, he did them wrong; and every remark was an unconscious compliment for Hoover.

"The greatest practical mining technician in the world, and the ablest mining financier," said one of them. "We can't carry on without him. Someone else might feed the Belgians. What does he know about provisions?" Said an Australian mournfully: "Not another mining man in the world is coo-ee to him." But Hoover was firm against compliments as against persuasion. "Gentlemen, I'll advise with you in what time I have," he said, "but I shall take no responsibility for anything but this Belgian job. Consider me as resigned."

Now I do not intend to write here even a sketchy history of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. That history should not be written again until time opens the documents of the war and we know what was happening on the other side, among the intriguers of Europe. I shall only touch on a few general points. It was necessary for Hoover, unbacked by any force not his own, to open up the closed diplomatic channels and to get food into Belgium within two weeks. How he found supplies and cargo space bound up in War Office red tape; how when various towns were down to their last loaf he virtually stole the charters of three British ships; how when they were safe in Rotterdam harbor he confessed to Lloyd George what he had done; how that statesman responded: "I like your Yankee cheek, but if you had done this in any other cause I should have put you in jail"—the story has many times been told.

That is only a bit of froth on the surface of the work. From the moment when he accepted the chairmanship of the C. R. B., Hoover began forming his larger organization. He had seven million people to feed for heaven knew how long. It was easily the biggest commissary job the world ever saw. Even the Russian Army was providing at the time for less than five million. "The world's greatest wholesale-grocery business," Hoover jokingly called it afterward. He knew nothing specifically about the grocery business; he set himself to learn.

Before winter the commission had offices functioning in such remote parts of the world as Argentina and China. Hoover showed his shrewdness and his insight by the manner of his buying—always ahead of the market. The comparative prices paid for wheat by the warring governments and by the C. R. B. would make interesting reading. As Lord Curzon afterward pointed out, this was relief work on an unprecedented scale, and relief work for the first time freed from inefficiency or corruption or both. The overhead charges of certain large charity organizations are sixty-five per cent. The overhead charges of the C. R. B. amounted to .7 of one per cent. It is true that it got for nothing the services of big mining men like Lucey, White, Hunsiker, Honnald, Richard Shaler and Poland, who would have drawn fancy salaries in a mere commercial proposition. But the business of the C. R. B. amounted to $12,000,000 a month before it had been in existence a year and a half, and rose to $20,000,000 a month by the last period of the war. Grant these men salaries running up to $100,000 a year, and you would still have had an overhead of only about one per cent.

Let us consider Hoover the organizer, as shown in the C. R. B.

A Case of Too Many Experts

In the first place—and contrary to a good deal of advice—he refused to overstock himself with experts. When a man grows absorbed in his technic he loses his fluidity. In unexpected circumstances he acts by the book, not by his native genius. In the last analysis Germany lost the war by placing too much reliance upon experts. For heads of departments Hoover preferred all-round men of initiative and proved ability.

The early heads of departments in the C. R. B. were mostly engineers. Hoover chose these men not merely because he knew them through professional association but because the engineers of the roving international type best match up with this qualification. They have a sound background of practical education and they know best how to meet emergencies. "I have no use for a man without some sense of adventure," said Hoover once. But he did not despise experts. He had them on his boards, so that when a problem grew too technical for all-round minds they could give their advice. They tell me in the City that he followed much the same plan with some most successful mining corporations to which he was head engineer or managing director. On their staff was always a set of consulting experts.

He showed the mark of the great executive in not refusing authority to his heads of departments. Once he had established them, had looked over their work, had satisfied himself, he left the job to them, merely informing himself on their work from time to time, and refusing to fuss about small details. In some organizations I have known, the boss wants to make all the decisions. The complaint of the C. R. B. men, so far as they have a complaint, is that the chief left it all to them. "Make your own decision," he telegraphed once, in effect, to a perplexed subordinate. "You are on the ground. I'm not. You wouldn't be there if you couldn't run the job."

In this enterprise of good will, so sensibly and yet so thoroughly organized, there grew up an extraordinary loyalty to Hoover. I talked last week with a man who entered the service of the C. R. B. in 1915, and who has now gone to supervise baby feeding on the edge of the Bolshevist mess.

"I was just out of law school," he said. "I came over because I had to do something and my people wouldn't let me enlist in the Foreign Legion. I reported at 3 London Wall. They took me in and introduced me to Hoover. He was sitting back of his desk, his hands on the arms of his chair, talking over some Belgian political row with three or four other men who stood informally about the room. He wasn't dominating the discussion—everyone was in it. A secretary called him away to another room. Before he left he asked me, rather as though he was asking a favor, if I would stay to luncheon."

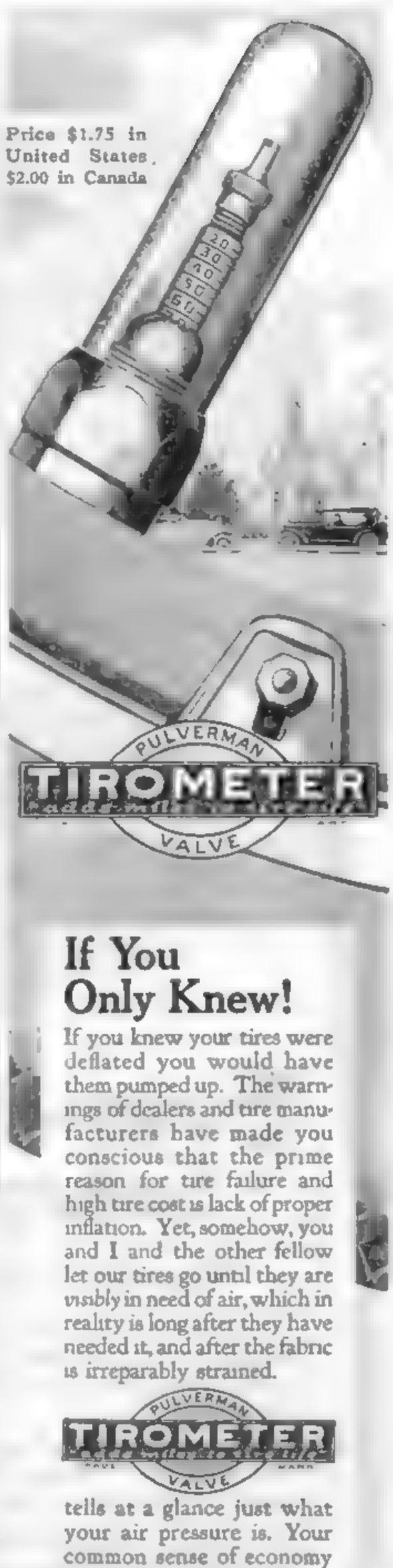
Doing It for Hoover

"The whole force had luncheon together in a big back room. Hoover sat at the head of the table. Some of the rest were cubs like me; some had already been holding down districts in Flanders; some, I found afterward, had been big men in mining. They joked round the table, and someone told a few stories of his troubles with the peasants. The chief seemed to enjoy all this as much as anyone, but he didn't say much. Then someone brought up a matter of getting barges through the canals from Rotterdam. Now and then they'd refer to the chief; and when he spoke I could see somehow that it was the last word on the subject. But if he hadn't sat at the head of the table and if they hadn't addressed him as 'Chief' you wouldn't have known him from anyone else in the party.

"When we pushed back our chairs he asked me to come into his office, and we had a little talk about my job. He told me that it was going to be hard, but he never expressed any doubt that I would get away with it. He paid special attention to my conduct in Belgium, explaining that I must avoid the slightest appearance of not being neutral, mustn't get too thick with either the Germans or the Belgians, and must keep away from the front lines. Then his telephone rang and he said good-by without even wishing me luck. I suppose I'd rather expected to be patted on the back and told I was a gallant lad for crossing to help save Belgium. It didn't happen. And I never saw Hoover again for a year and a half. And yet ——

"I had a rather tough district. And the game got awfully on my nerves. Belgium was a graveyard; and living night and day with a German officer whom I didn't like—it was slow torture. Politics broke out in my district. Now I realize that it was only human; but in the state of mind I was carrying round at the time it gave me an awful grouch. One day when I was sent up to Rotterdam I met an English Red Cross lady who asked me if I wasn't glad to be doing all this for Belgium. I said: 'Belgium, hell! I'm doing it for Hoover!'"

This business of food control, of supplying a whole people through public agencies, was a new thing in the world. The Germans alone had envisaged it as a possibility of war. Hoover had not been on the job a month before he worked out some of its guiding principles. The Germans, with their characteristic insistence on heavy machinery, had made one great mistake—they had centralized everything. The agents who administered distribution in Saxony, say, or in Baden, were sent down from Berlin. Usually they were not natives of the district. They seldom had any sympathy with the people whose daily bread



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they issued; half the time they were densely ignorant of local conditions, preferences and prejudices. The food question, as I have said, brings out the worst in human nature: and its control is a great strain on the tact of the controller.

Long before this early German system proved a failure Hoover had seen its flaws and had avoided them. On a centralized local management he imposed a decentralized local control. He and his Americans had charge of purchasing, transportation, finance and diplomacy. Collaborating with the Belgian Comité Centrale they had in Brussels general control of distribution. In the commune or town, however, the food was issued to the consumers, the business details were directed, by the strongest local committee that could be selected. The American district commissioner in charge was only a kind of supervisor and a mediator between the people and their conquerors.

The Germans paid Hoover the tribute of imitation. When their first food control collapsed, through weight of too much machinery, they decentralized on the Hoover plan.

Before he left Europe to assume the Food Administration at home Mr. Hoover drew up a report on the whole subject of civilian provisioning and European food supply which has since become the food controller's Bible.

Making the Impossible Possible

Hoover has said and his assistants have often repeated that the organization of the Commission for Relief in Belgium to purchase, transport and distribute food was not such a terrible job—for engineers. "Food is only one thing after all," they say. "A big engineering contract involves machinery, timber, railroad building, housing, commissary—a hundred things. The C. R. B. was essentially simple, where such a job is complex. It was big, yes; but when you get a thing like that started you can multiply indefinitely without much trouble."

What really tested Hoover's powers were two questions clear outside that of organization. First, the thing had to be financed. To feed on charity seven million people—when Northern France came in, ten million—that could not continue year after year. Nor should it continue. Belgium, now under temporary eclipse, must find some method of payment by all who possessed resources. In the curious, tangled, unprecedented situation that looked to some impossible. It was up to Hoover to make it possible—and he did. Again and again he was driven into a corner; again and again that fertile, far-seeing mind of his glimpsed a way out. Once he had the problem solved. But the solution involved German underwriting or German guaranties. He met the Comité Centrale in Brussels and put his solution up to them. There were a few moments of silence; then rose Ernest Solvay, the "grand old man of Belgium."

A Master Financier

Quivering with age and emotion he said: "We thank you Americans for what you have done and are doing, but we will die of starvation to the last child rather than eat by the favor of Germany."

Blocked there, Hoover devised, through negotiations too complex for description here, a plan for realizing outside of the country on Belgian values. That sounds rather simple.

As a matter of fact they say in London that few financial operations of our time have involved so much difficulty, have required so much skill.

More difficult than all else, however, were the diplomatic negotiations. After watching him work for a few weeks Doctor Page, though nominally the regular diplomatic channel, had turned the diplomatic dealings of the C. R. B. over to Hoover. Doctor Page had enough to attend to as it was; the strain of his work in London was what killed that fine, loyal, able American gentleman. Whitlock in Belgium, too, knew the man and gave him his head.

In both Germany and the Entente countries were powerful military, naval and diplomatic cliques wholly unfavorable to this job. The military caste of Germany wanted the Belgians to suffer until they became sensible and, following the manifest destiny which Germany had laid down for them, accepted Teutonism and helped out with the war. The British Navy was fanatical over the blockade. One school of British naval opinion held that the C. R. B. was merely a breach in the blockade; it maintained in the face of proofs and promises to the contrary that much of the Belgian food was leaking into Germany. In military circles all over the Entente countries was a body of military opinion either hostile or suspicious. These warriors held that, if American supplies stopped, the Germans would in the end feed Belgium from their own supply. Hoover, the best judge, knew that they were wrong. Finally the C. R. B. was not without its trouble in the United States. A proposition doing $12,000,000 of business a month offers a temptation to interested persons who like power. More than once the C. R. B. was almost wrecked on the rocks of human selfishness.

In the successive crises brought up by this troubled situation Hoover showed a power of negotiation greater than even his old associates knew he possessed. They should have known; it was the same power that in business enabled him to see obstacles and the remedy for obstacles three jumps ahead of the minds he encountered. He was always shooting from London across the mine-strewn channel to German Great Headquarters, to Brussels, to Paris, to meet some situation that seemed insoluble; he was always returning after a week or so, weary with travel and with thinking, but with the solution in his pocket.

One of these crises, perhaps the most serious, occurred in 1916. The German Army had issued its famous order evacuating the women from Lille to work in the fields. Now during the war the Allied press frequently got off on the wrong foot when it treated of enemy atrocities, playing up some imaginary or half-imaginary cruelty when the cold truth would have served better. In this case the more sensational London and Paris newspapers declared that the women were being taken away as mistresses for German officers. That was not true in primary intention, however many cases of the sort may have occurred in the process of the deportations. The Germans simply herded out the women of Lille on an hour's notice, with no regard for age, fitness or state of health, and put them to work in the fields for Germany.

The Scene With the General

When the Entente newspapers reached the old gang at Great General Headquarters they were touched to fury. For some time their resentment toward the C. R. B. and their backers had been growing. With the logic of their kind the German General Staff took it all out on the C. R. B. It must leave. They themselves would attend to the Belgians. Our men in Brussels fought it out with them, using the stock argument that if Belgium approached starvation the people would rise in one grand riot and embarrass the German lines of communication.

"No, they won't," said the general of the old school with whom they talked. "Before that time comes we will concentrate them behind barbed wire with our Territorials on guard. They'll come out of there dead or sensible." Hoover rushed from London to Great Headquarters. And the rest I have from a man who accompanied him thither.

He was referred to an eminent German soldier who had a great deal to do with the execution of Edith Cavell. At first coldly, then with considerable hot emotion, he told Hoover that the C. R. B. must get out. Our men were not neutral anyway. They had always been a set of Entente spies. Hoover presented the arguments he had used before. They never moved the general. It appeared later that he had just received news of his son's death at the front, and was in a superemotional state. Growing more and more heated he gave his opinion of the Entente lies about Lille. It was the same unfairness, he said, as they had shown against him in the Cavell case. "They made me out a butcher. The woman was a self-confessed British agent. What else would you expect a soldier to do?"

Suddenly Hoover, who had been listening to all this in silence, spoke up with his cool, hesitant, low voice.

"General," he said, "has it occurred to you to think what will happen to your reputation if you shut our food out of the country? Don't you realize that instead

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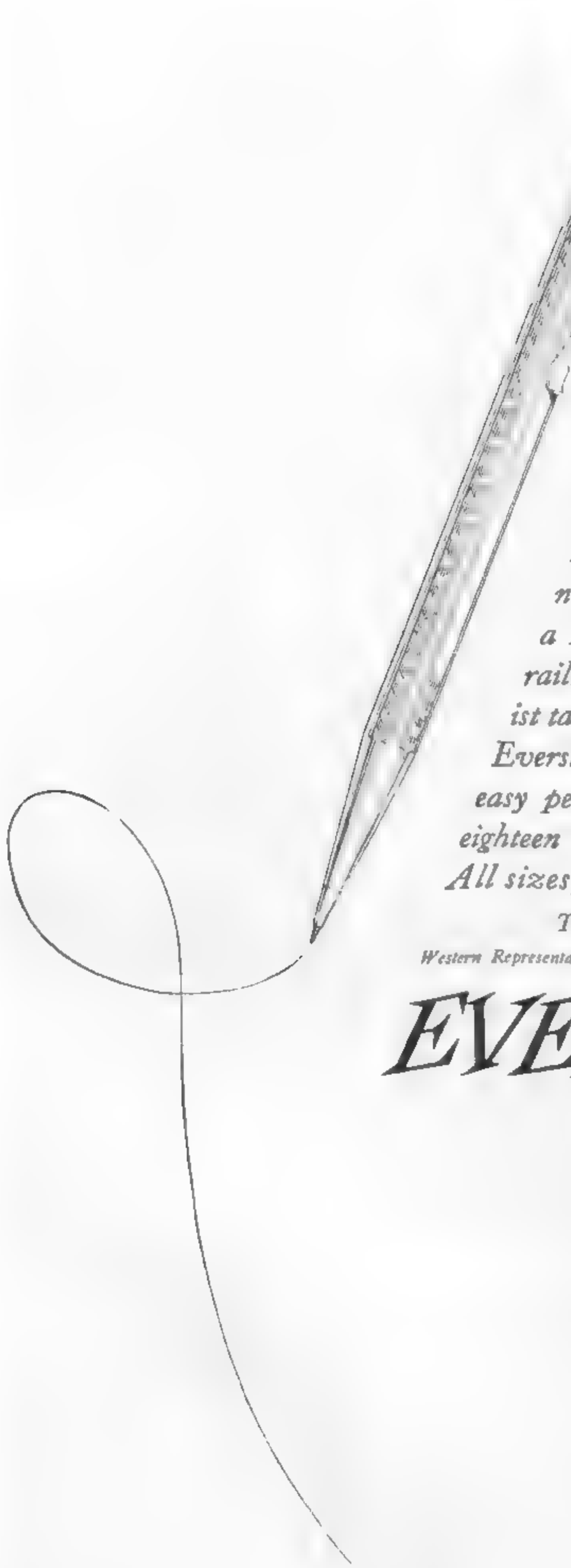

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(Continued from Page 74)

of figuring in French and English history as the man who killed one woman you will be remembered as the butcher of a whole people? The Entente authorities know who is really in charge of Belgium, and they will put the responsibility where it belongs."

Now, this was Hoover all over. What he said there was not a specious argument, invented to meet the emergency of the moment. It was true—there was exactly where the general would have figured in history. But it took Hoover to think things out to that logical conclusion during the few minutes while his man was blustering. The general blustered all the harder for a minute. Then his rage smoldered down.

"Come to see me again to-morrow morning," he said after a minute.

Hoover and the general held that interview alone. I for one do not know what happened. However, he returned to London with the privileges of the C. R. B. not only confirmed but strengthened. It is further to be noted that within a few days the women were sent back to Lille and that simultaneously the Entente press stopped all mention of deportations.

Convincing Headquarters

Another serious crisis happened during the Battle of Verdun. That, I shall always maintain, was the true turning point of the war. The addition of Northern France as a food district of the C. R. B. happened in 1915, a year or so before. The French relation to the work was peculiar. The government would never admit the principle that they must feed the nationals held under German bondage. That was up to Germany. Secretly, however, they sent every month across the channel a check for 12,500,000 francs made out simply to Herbert C. Hoover and signed by a man who was neither a member nor a known agent of the government. Now came Verdun, when all France was at gripe with extinction. To embarrass the enemy in Northern France, to make the inhabitants an embarrassment to him—that might turn the scale. A party at General Headquarters maintained that Germany would never dare starve Northern France outright. They might make the people suffer; but all France would have to suffer in this supercrisis. And they notified Hoover to this effect.

Louis Chevrillon, himself an eminent mining engineer, was Hoover's French agent. Together they visited headquarters, held conference with the greatest, coolest military mind, save only Foch's, on the Entente side. With tears in his eyes—for he knew and loved the north—the general reviewed the situation from the headquarters point of view.

"General," said Hoover, "I sometimes envy such a man as you."

"Why?" asked the general.

"Because you have only the Germans to fight. I have to fight both sides, and often the people I'm trying to help too."

Then in condensed form and from the depth of his knowledge about Northern France under German rule he showed the general just where he was wrong. He proved unanswerably why, in the larger scheme of the war, France could not afford to neglect its own captured people. From an hour's interview he came away with the work of the C. R. B. in Northern France established and confirmed.

Hoover always puzzled the old German crowd in control at Brussels. I do our late enemy but justice when I say "the old German crowd." For working with the C. R. B. were certain Germans pulled out from private life who understood what we were doing and why, who sympathized, and who worked with devotion for Belgium's people if not for her cause. It was different with the Odin worshipers of the old army school. One day when Hoover and some of his associates were discussing matters with a great Prussian general he said suddenly: "Mr. Hoover, answer me one question frankly. You Americans here have interested me. I find that you are not spies. Your accounts show that you are not making a pfennig of money. What is in it for you?"

"Oh, call it just a whim," replied Hoover.

This dialogue leaked out. A few nights later a C. R. B. man heard a party of German officers talking it over in a café.

"It's perfectly plain," said one of them; "they're working for commercial concessions. Their Yankee Government is behind them. They hope when this war is over to bring Belgium into the American sphere of business interests."

"That's it!" said the others solemnly.

I have dwelt especially on the Commission for Relief in Belgium. That is because the men who began with the C. R. B. and followed Hoover clear through the Food Administration and the American Relief Administration say that this first job was the greatest test of Hoover's powers. First, it was pioneer work; later, he only applied what he learned in feeding Belgium. Second, he had nothing behind him, absolutely nothing, except his own abilities. Neutrals as we were, our Government could give only its blessing. Not one of the warring Powers except little impotent Belgium whole-heartedly approved the work. He was all on his own, whereas in his subsequent jobs he had behind him that Power which came gradually to dominate the situation—our own United States—and often every Power in the world.

Two features of the C. R. B. work illustrate the confidence Hoover inspired as soon as the European chancelleries really got acquainted with him. Between 1914 and 1917 Hoover was the only man who circulated freely and openly between the British government offices and the German General Staff. He maintained his position only by the closest guard on his tongue. His associates remember now that with all he had to say about negotiations at German Headquarters he never slipped once the name of the town in which it was located or even a bit of atmosphere.

The situation was so curious that the governments, syndicates and societies concerned in the relief of Belgium found it safer and altogether more convenient to deal with an individual rather than with a government or an organization. I have already mentioned the French checks. The same thing happened in other quarters. At times he held hundreds of millions of dollars in his own bank account—not in the name of Herbert Hoover, Chairman, or Herbert Hoover, Trustee, but just in that of Herbert Hoover. Probably never in history has one man handled in his own name so much ready money. The total must run into billions of dollars. At this moment there lies in the archives of the French Treasury an account between the republic and Hoover amounting to nearly 1,500,000,000 francs. Hoover realized from the first that he must guard himself from all possible charges of misappropriating these funds. The accounts were double-audited and certified by firms of French and British accountants. With the same motive probably he paid his traveling expenses from his own pocket. However, the French Government must by law do its own final auditing. But that account with Hoover still awaits the attention of their experts. The other day I mentioned this matter to a French official.

Doctor Page's Prize

"We'll get round to it some day," he said. "But at present, with this reconstruction affair on our hands, we have more fruitful things to do than question the honesty or efficiency of your Monsieur Hoover."

By the end of 1916 the head of the C. R. B. could afford to let down a little. His diplomatic and financial battles were won. The Commission for Relief in Belgium was established in the habits of the war. It had become by now so well and favorably known that the Germans in suppressing it would have ruined among neutrals the effect of all their propaganda. On the other side, millions had given to the relief of the destitute Belgians; and every dollar or pound or franc made a friend for the C. R. B. The Allied soldier or statesman who tried to hamper it would have been squelched by public opinion. The money also had been found. Hoover saw that the organization would now run almost automatically; he even talked of resigning. "I remember the job as one long series of fights," he said. "Perhaps someone with less background could carry it on better than I."

But just then, unknown to him, his greater job was preparing. Doctor Page and the rest of the embassy force felt by December, 1916, that the situation was sweeping us into the war. Naval Intelligence was convinced that, failing in her current peace offer, Germany was going to declare unlimited submarine warfare—which meant that we must fight or be disgraced. Doctor Page held toward Hoover the pride of discovery. He had lived through the munitions crisis in England, had come to realize how important it would be for us to begin making war material on a huge and well-organized scale. That was, he maintained, the job for Hoover. He had shown, Doctor Page said, the biggest genius for organization in the war. The British had already shown their practical appreciation of this fact by trying to get him as the head of their own Munitions Department.

Doctor Page feared that President Wilson, far from actual contact with the war, would fail to appreciate what a prize we had. He had been writing all this to the President. Finally—and still without saying anything to Hoover—he commissioned an American returning home to see the President on this matter. It is said that the President was receptive but noncommittal. But within a week after we entered the war Hoover was called back as Food Controller. Doctor Page always laughed at this joke on his own judgment. Here was the very job for Hoover, the one to which he had been trained since 1914; but Page had his mind so fixed on munitions that he had completely overlooked it.

American Women Enlisted

This is the story of Hoover in Europe; and the American food control is outside its scope. Let me only mention how, when he came to lay out the larger strategies of his job, he profited by his European experience. In Europe they knew, as he knew, that he must save from the American supply the provisions to pull the Entente through. They expected him to apply the regular methods—laws; distributing centers; bread, meat and sugar cards; penalties for evasions. Again, as he used to do the mining business, Hoover had thought three jumps ahead of the other fellow. The American people were in a state of intense idealism. They needed only to be told with conviction what they might do to help the war, and they would do it. Impose upon them laws and official regulations, and they would soon lose that idealism; they would try to see how they could beat the game, as the others were doing. Moreover, to save food by regulation the machinery would have to be enormous. In Belgium, with less than 8,000,000 people, the staff for food control numbered 55,000. On that calculation food control in America would take a staff of between 700,000 and 800,000. When he decided to enlist the American housewife as his volunteer, to save not by law but by good will, many argued against the plan. The world knows now how it succeeded. We, who before the great war scarcely exported any breadstuffs at all, during the critical years of 1917 and 1918 kept alive from our surplus not only our Allies but much of neutral Europe.

Hoover came back to Europe a member of the Supreme Economic Council, and in the curious situation which followed the war, virtually food controller of the world. The sudden ending of hostilities had brought no relief of hunger to the Allied nations; and to our responsibility were now added the fragments of old Austria, Turkey, Poland, the Baltic States. He had behind him now the power and prestige of a victorious America, at first dominant in the peace conference; but he was handicapped, too, by the fact that he was no longer on his own and must fit his policy with Allied diplomacy. And the job itself was no longer the simple matter of provisioning which the engineers had regarded with such light scorn in the old C. R. B. days. It involved repairing and rebuilding railroads, finding rolling stock, bartering provisions across half-hostile borders, exchanging commodities for provisions. Nor was the diplomatic negotiation so simple as in the days when Hoover fought solely for his Belgians. After the moral exaltation of war Europe was starting on its moral slump. A hundred subtle agencies were at work for personal, financial or national advantage.

Hoover's men of the older C. R. B. had scattered when we entered the war. A few, too old—or too valuable for the special job—to go into khaki, had been with him in Washington during the Food Administration. The rest were mostly officers in our overseas army. Hoover collected this old force, gathered up from such places as the Army Commissary men skilled in provisioning and transportation, and sent them forth to struggle, to negotiate, to

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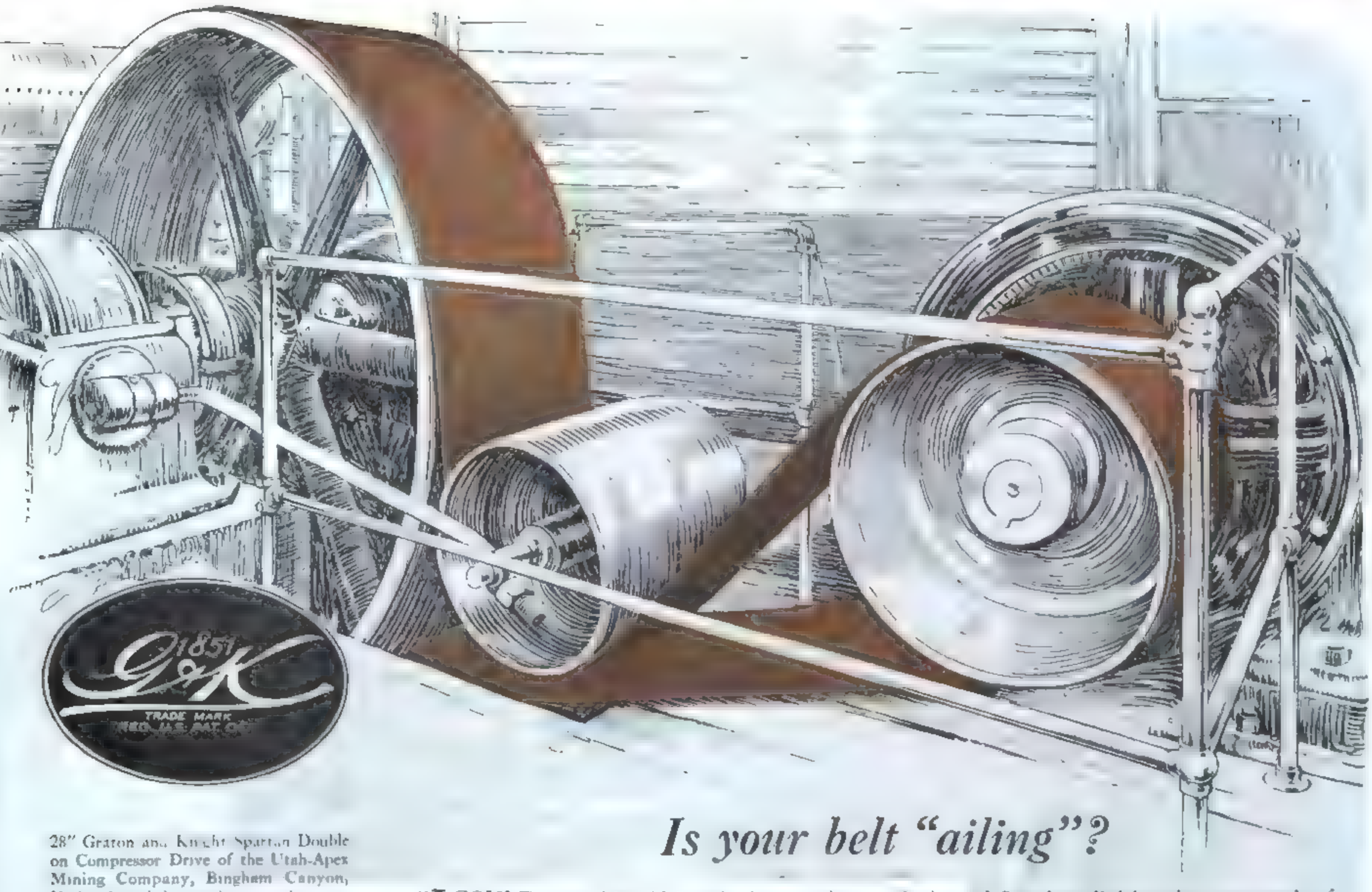

28" Graton and Knight Spartan Double on Compressor Drive of the Utah-Apex Mining Company, Bingham Canyon, Utah. This belt stands up under punishment that would kill ordinary belting in a short time. Writing of this particular belt the Utah-Apex Mining Company says: "This belt has proven a great saving to us in power transmission, as its extreme pliability and gripping qualities enable it to transmit power with greater efficiency than any other belting we have ever used."

Is your belt "ailing"?

"I COULD cure him if I only knew what ails him," said the old country doctor of his patient. Many belting users are of the same mind. They know there's something wrong but can't tell exactly what it is. Prevention would have been easier than cure.

There's one certain way of avoiding belting troubles—buy the right size and kind of leather belting. The selection of the proper belt for specific work is a matter of exact engineering knowledge. Graton and Knight Service, covering the various phases of belting engineering, has standardized belting practice to the end that losses in power transmission are now avoidable.

The Graton and Knight Standardized Series of Leather Belting is composed of brands and grades manufactured by standard specifications in sizes to meet known requirements. The series is so graded that the one right belt for each class of drive is easily selected when the power transmission problem has been stated on an engineering basis.

Because Graton and Knight Standardization is based on both manufacture and application of belting, it replaces guesswork and "ordinarily good results" with exact knowledge and superior transmission efficiency. You will incur no obligation by calling us in for counsel on belting problems. Any improvement in power transmission practice works to our advantage.

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THE GRATON AND KNIGHT MFG. CO., Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting and Leather Products

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"Wearever"
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RUBBER GOODS

Science Lightens Mother's Burdens

By promoting personal hygiene, Science has lightened the burdens of Motherhood and made homes brighter and happier by increasing Mother's comfort and improving her health. Two helpful agents of Science are No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringe and No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle, both of which your physician will tell you are real necessities in every home.

Do not buy rubber goods in a hurry. Take the time to compare values, workmanship and service. Carefully examine Faultless "Wearever" Rubber Goods and satisfy yourself of their superior quality. Note the *moulded-in-one-piece* construction of "No. 24" and "No. 40," which gives them uniform strength throughout. Note the velvety smooth, "live" rubber. Note the entire absence of seams, bindings and patches. This construction prevents leaks and assures maximum durability. Note "No. 40's" Patented Oval Neck, which makes filling easier and safer.

Supply yourself with "No. 40" and "No. 24" now. Don't wait for an emergency to compel the hasty purchase of something inferior. When buying, remember the larger sized "No. 40" and "No. 24" hold more liquid and serve their purposes more efficiently.

If your Baby is bottle-fed, see that the bottle has a FAULTLESS NURSER Nipple, which is "Next Best to Mother's Breast." This is the scientific and sanitary nursing nipple. A regular, satisfying flow of food—not air—is assured by the Patented Valve and Re-inforcing Ribs which prevent collapsing. Its smooth, tough rubber is long-wearing and repeated boiling does not injure it. Sterilize six nipples at a time each day so that a *clean* one is ready every time Baby's bottle is filled.

The complete Faultless "Wearever" Rubber Goods Line includes all the rubber sundries needed in up-to-date homes—in boudoir, in bath room, in bed room, in sick room and in the nursery. Each article in the line sets a high standard of reliability and service. Take nothing in their place. They are sold by all representative druggists and merchants everywhere.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY
(Ashland Rubber Works)
Ashland, Ohio U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 76

manage and to fight in the remotest corners of Europe. After he got things going the Paris section of this staff used to live together in a house in the Rue de Lubeck. It became one of the most entertaining places in Europe. Every day someone shot out to Poland, to Triest, to the Baltic States; every evening someone returned, travel-weary but cheerful, to recount his adventures at dinner. The chief, sitting at the head of the table, was always chuckling over the humors of the job.

There was, for example, the case of our man, a major, who went to the mat with an Italian commandant somewhere in the disputed Slav territory. Having slept on the matter, the major determined to go up in the morning with his interpreter and tell the commandant exactly where he got off. With him went a meek subordinate who perfectly understood Italian—though he was not telling that.

"Look here!" said the major to the interpreter. "You tell this swellhead that those cars have got to move! Tell him that I've had enough shilly-shallying. Tell him that if he puts another obstacle in my way I'm going to Paris and get his job!"

"Your Excellency," the subordinate heard the interpreter say, "His Honor the American major says he has the honor to represent to Your Excellency that he would be very pleased if Your Excellency saw fit to order those cars moved. He would be especially pleased if Your Excellency would be good enough to grant his request within the next day or so. That is, if it would not inconvenience Your Excellency."

"That's right!" roared the major, pounding the table. "That's what I said!"

The Solver of Problems

All the way through, Hoover had kept himself informed on the existing and probable food supplies of Allied Europe, and had made more than a shrewd guess on the supply in the Central Powers. With the Armistice he managed through his experts to get exact summaries. Sparing ocean traffic all he could, he made arrangements to barter surplus supplies for other supplies or for material necessary to the job. Czechoslovakia, for example, might have eggs; and Poland, freight cars. Therefore, with the Americans as agents, the trade would be arranged. Railroad lines into this or that starving region might be down; the authorities must be persuaded and helped to rebuild them. One nation getting near the end of its food supply might have coal. Its neighbor across the border needed coal, was willing to pay for it—if the channels could be opened. It was up to the Americans to open these channels and to turn the proceeds into food.

However, the story of the American Relief Administration is material for a long book, not a few paragraphs. The point here is that Hoover created again, with a nucleus of his old trained material, an organization balanced between tightness and looseness, just as he had in the C. R. B. Already he knew intimately most of his head men. He laid out the strategy, and left the details to them. His job on the Economic Council was enough for the energies of any one man. The chairmanship of that body was passed round among the nations; but within a month or so it came to be that no matter who sat in the chair Hoover quietly dominated the meeting.

"We'd sit there," says a former member of that body, breaking the secrecy of open covenants openly arrived at, "and talk for two hours. There would be oratory from some of the Anglo-Saxon members, impassioned gesture from some of the Latins. Then the chairman would say, 'What does Mr. Hoover think?' Hoover, who had been sitting tilted back in his chair, would let down the forelegs with a snap and begin speaking in his quiet little voice—just common sense. If it didn't straighten the thing out at once, at least it stated the view to which the majority had to come round in the end because it was the logic of the situation."

He solved two important crises, of which the first was the greatest. When he came over with the peace mission he probably knew as well as the Germans themselves just where Germany stood for food. He had taken the opportunity in the C. R. B. days to inform himself as to her general food resources. I remember in 1915 he made me very unhappy by telling me that the blockade of Germany would not force her to quit that year or the next; that it really would not be felt in full force until the end of 1917.

As soon as the guns were still he had his experts at work ascertaining the true German situation.

He found what he expected—that the campaign of 1918 had been the supreme adventure for the old German gang. It was a case of win and loot the world or lose and starve. He calculated that Germany could pull herself through until about April, 1919; then if peace were not in effect something drastic must be done. When the Germans began appealing for food they made much the same estimate—March or April and then starvation. Spartacism, own brother to Bolshevism, had broken out in Berlin, had been suppressed with difficulty by Noske's own machine guns. Bolshevism had come to the surface in the Allied countries. It vastly complicated the Clyde and Belfast strikes of December and January. Everywhere Russian agents were at work. "My Western bringing up," said Hoover in one of his circular letters to the staff, "taught me not to kick an enemy after I have got him down." But he had a reason more appealing to some of the gentlemen about the council tables of Paris. Starving men are not afraid of machine guns. Let Germany go unrelieved and blockaded until April, and she would blow up in anarchy—an anarchy that might spread.

There was only one practical way for Germany to get food—lift the blockade for provision ships and let her pay in some of her accumulated gold. In certain quarters that suggestion was ill received. The ready asset of gold was wanted for indemnities and reparation funds. When the first suggestion slipped out one part of the European press stormed and raved. Germany was lying. Germany had immense stores of food. Hoover sat tight. By January he had put the matter up to the Council of Four. They tell me that his summary was a masterpiece, and that when he had finished Messrs. Orlando, Lloyd George and Clemenceau had nothing to say. The order went forth.

Mad Clear Through

But in those days of intrigues and counter-intrigues between governments there were also intrigues and counterintrigues inside of governments. Though the Council of Four had spoken he still found himself blocked. The tide of Bolshevism in the western Allied nations was receding a little. Hoover himself has said that he believes the peak was reached about February. But it smoldered under the surface in Germany. The Spartacists and those keen directing heads in Russia were only waiting for the wind of hunger to blow it into a blaze. It was March before Hoover beat down the last obstacle, brought Allies and Germans to a coldly formal meeting in Brussels, whereat the quantity of food and its price were arranged. Others did the talking. Hoover sat quiet.

"Now you can go ahead, Mr. Hoover," said one of his associates as they left the meeting hall.

"Yes," replied Hoover simply, and walked away with his hat pulled down over his eyes. As a matter of fact the food was already on the way. Months before, Hoover had drafted his plan. In anticipation of this agreement a greater quantity of wheat and fats than the Allies needed at the time had been started from America. Had the negotiations failed it could have been diverted elsewhere. Within a week the first of the relief ships was unloading at Hamburg. Had Hoover waited until the agreement was actually signed relief might have come too late.

Similarly, when through hard negotiations involving both friendly and enemy governments he found the way clear to relieve Poland through Dantzic, he had foreseen the situation. When the first British cargoes of breadstuffs began unloading the Americans had already been on the job for a month and 20,000 tons of foodstuffs had already gone to Warsaw. The British started with the pistol; so did Hoover, but he had a flying start.

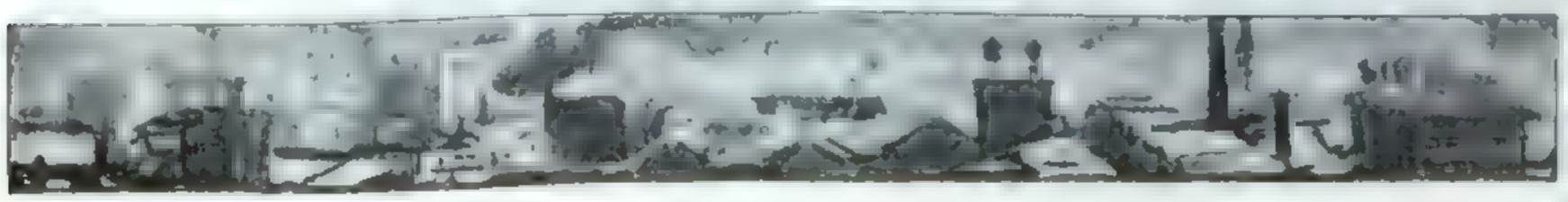
Some twenty years hence, when the open covenants of the Council of Four are revealed to the world, we may have a more dramatic account than I can give here of Hoover's last important appearance before that august body. He had been on a quick swinging trip through the suffering Balkans and the fringes of Russia. In Hungary, just rescued—and by American relief—from Bela Kun, he had found most of the food resources still in the grip of conquering neighbors, had encountered an open plot to turn the new republic into a monarchy, with one of the accursed reactionary dynasty of Hapsburg on the throne. I hear that he astonished the Council of Four that day—the quiet Mr. Hoover seemed for the first time to have lost his temper. I hear that he spoke with an eloquence which no one had ever suspected in him, and that the sardonic M. Clemenceau, who dearly loves a row, was very much interested.

Asking Hoover a Settled Habit

Proceeding from the council, Hoover summoned our correspondents and put it up to them as Americans. "He was pale and drawn," said one of them, "like a man who has been through a hard trip. He looked a little abnormal to me. I didn't realize until he spoke that it was because he was mad clear down to the ground. It came out too fast for me to take it down, but I remember what he said at the last: 'Do a set of red-blooded Americans intend to stand by and see a Hapsburg king put on the throne of a republic?'" It didn't happen. Doubtless Wilson was just waiting for some such support. What measures were taken the world may not know until scholars get a chance to go poking round in the records; by which time we shall all be dead or indifferent. But the Hapsburg dynasty faded out of the picture, and Hungary got back her food.

That is the only episode of Hoover's five years in the relief of Europe which I can describe as dramatic. He was more characteristic on his final exit. Far ahead, as he usually does, he had seen that Europe must not for her own good be carried by America beyond the harvest of 1918. He saw that only one sore spot remained—the children, in need of milk and special foods. He had saved from the profits of the American Relief Administration enough money to set afoot that work—the only piece of official relief which we continue to do in Europe. He had, as a side line to his work, organized a system of American technical advisers to the new struggling governments. The peace conference was virtually over by now, but his European associates of the Economic Council were still at work. They had grown used, in pinches, to ask as a final resort, "Mr. Hoover, what shall we do?" No one probably will ever know how much they leaned on the detached, disinterested good sense of this practical Yankee. So at the end they met with him again to put the same old question regarding the whole state of Europe. Hoover reviewed it all for them, bringing the problem down through production and transportation to the root of the whole question—coal. He showed them what could be done about coal, and what could not be done. Finally he laid out a plan, not for relieving the situation—that were impossible—but for making the best of it until it relieved itself.

That was his valedictory. A few days later, with only some of the old C. R. B. crowd to see him off, he started back for his rest among the live oaks and poppies of Palo Alto. In the five years there finished he had lived what I consider the most romantic story of the Great War.



Did You Ever Whip Cream?

I guess, if the truth were known, we would find that a lot of men are on intimate terms with kitchen aprons and machinery. Ever notice how cream acts? You crank the egg beater about 1000 r.p.m. and nothing seems to happen. Then, just as you are about to advise the boss that the cream is no good, it suddenly stiffens.

Mennen lather works the same way. About one man in a hundred fails to get best results because he won't take the time to build up a firm lather.

These friends of yours who rave about the marvelous results they get with Mennen's devote about three minutes to brisk brushing, using a lot of water—three times as much water as ordinary lather will hold.

The meanest beard that ever sprouted, curls up and quits after three minutes' exposure to Mennen lather.

The reason I am trying to get men to use Mennen's rightly is that experience has taught me that all the printed advertising in the world doesn't equal the selling power of satisfied users. Once a man really knows Mennen's, he is a better advertisement than I ever wrote.

In our giant size 50 cent tube are the makings of shaves so gorgeous that words fail me when I try to describe them, but you must do your part.

Remember—the proper amount of Cream—plenty of water—hot or cold—no rubbing with fingers—and three minutes of brush action.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

BOTH were so comfortable they just couldn't keep awake.

Daddy pulled out the Leg Rest. Then he pushed the *button* in the arm of the Royal so the back could recline . . . and look what happened!

* * *

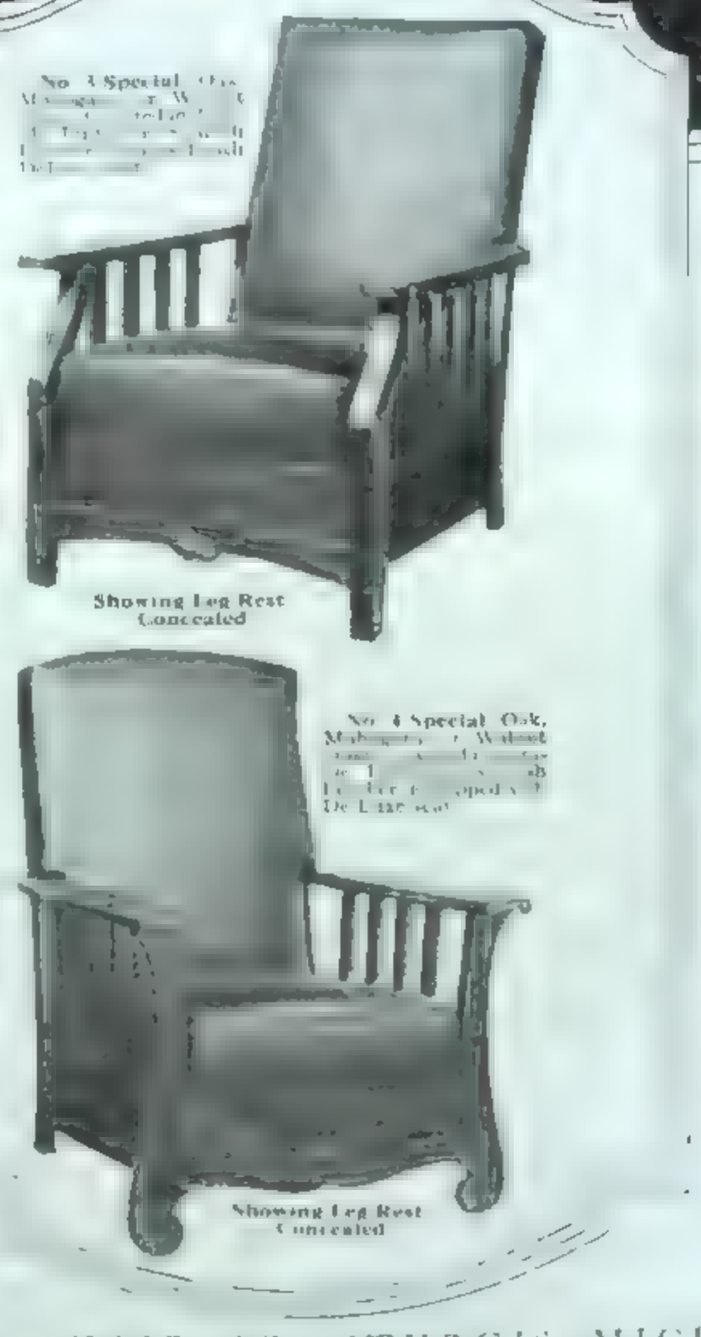
That same thing is happening in hundreds of thousands of American homes.

Royal Easy Chairs have warmed their way into an intimate place in the family life of more homes than have probably all other makes of easy chairs combined.

For no equally convenient and artistic easy chair ever approximated the Royal in *comfort*. None has ever permitted such perfect relaxation for tired nerves and body.

So today Royals are heralded as the "World's Easiest Easy Chairs."

And all is due to the Push Button and the Leg Rest, both being patented features and findable only in Royal Easy Chairs.



THE Push Button, concealed in right chair-arm, enables the occupant to change from an upright to a full reclining position without moving from the chair. When lightly pressed, it releases the back, which either drops gently with the weight of the body to the position desired, or automatically rises. In any position the back securely locks when the button is released.

Leg Rest, also concealed when not in use, draws out—affords rest for the feet without recourse to other furniture.

Made in handsome overstuffed Colonial and Period designs. Mahogany or Oak finish. Luxuriously upholstered in Tapestries, Velours and Leather (real and fabricated).

For sale at leading dealers. To get the genuine look for name "Royal" on Push Button. See the two special values at the left—this week being demonstrated by possibly 5,000 furniture dealers in co-operation with this advertisement.

Meanwhile write for our free booklet, "Royal Ease."

ROYAL EASY CHAIR CO., STURGIS, MICH., U.S.A.

Royal Easy Chairs

TRADE MARK

"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

THE BOOK OF SUSAN

(Continued from Page 27)

he knew she'd been—what she shouldn't be—up here."

"Hunt's mistress, you mean?" snapped Phil.

"Yes, sir," whispered Jimmy, his face purple with agonized shame.

"And then?"

"Susan's a wonder," continued Jimmy, taking heart now his Rubicon lay behind him. "Most girls would have thrown a fit. But Susan seems to feel there's a lot *to* Mr. Young, in spite of all that rotten side of him. She saw right away he believed that about her, and so he couldn't be blamed much for getting sore. Anyway, he must have a white streak in him, for Susan talked to him—the way she can—and he soon realized he was in all wrong. But the *reason* he was in wrong—that's what finished things between Susan and Mr. Phar! I guess you won't blame me for wanting to punch his head."

"No," I threw in; "I shouldn't blame you for wanting to punch mine!"

"Give us the reason, Jimmy," insisted Phil, his grave, Indianlike face stiffened to a mask.

"Mr. Young didn't get that lie from Mr. Phar," admitted Jimmy, "but he did take it straight to him, when he first heard it, thinking he ought to know."

"Do you mean to tell me Maltby confirmed it?" I cried.

"Well," Jimmy hesitated, "it seems he didn't come right out and say, 'Yes, that's so!' But he didn't deny it either. Sort of shrugged his shoulders, I guess, and did things with his eyebrows. Whatever he did or didn't, Mr. Young got it fastened in his head then and there that Susan ——"

But this time Jimmy simply couldn't go on; the words stuck in his throat and stayed there.

Phil's eyes met mine and held them, long.

"Hunt," he said quietly at last, "it's a fortunate thing for Susan—for all of us that I have long years of self-discipline behind me. Otherwise I should go to New York to-morrow, find Maltby Phar, and shoot him."

Jimmy's blue eyes flashed toward Phil a startled but admiring glance.

"What do you propose to do, Hunt?" demanded Phil.

"Think," I replied; "think hard—think things through. Wednesday morning I shall leave for New York."

xxvi

MY PROPHECY was correct. Wednesday, at 12:03 A.M., I left for New York, in response to the shocking telegram from Lucette. I arrived at Gertrude's address, an august apartment house on upper Park Avenue, a little before half past two, dismissed my taxi at the door, noting as I did so a second taxi standing at the curb just ahead of my own, and was admitted to the dignified public-entrance hall with surprising promptness, considering the hour, by the mature buttons on duty. Buttons was a man nearing sixty, at a guess, of markedly Irish traits, and he was unexpectedly wide-awake. When I gave him my name and briefly stated the reason for my untimely arrival his deepset eyes glittered with excited curiosity, while he drew down deep parallels about his mouth in a grimacing attempt at deepest sympathy and profoundest respect. I questioned him. Several persons had gone up to Mrs. Hunt's apartment, he solemnly informed me, during the past two hours. He believed the police were in charge.

"Police?" I exclaimed, incredulous.

He believed so. He would say no more.

"Take me up at once!" I snapped at him. "Surely there's a mistake. There can be no reason for police interference."

His eyes glittered more shrewdly, the drawn parallels deepened yet further as he shot back the elevator door.

It was unmistakably a police officer who admitted me for the first and last time to Gertrude's apartment. On hearing my name he nodded, then closed the door firmly in the face of buttons, who had lingered.

"He's been warned not to tip off the press," said the police officer, "but it's just as well to be cautious."

"The press? What do you mean?" I asked. "Is it a New York custom for police to enter a house of mourning?" I was aware as I spoke of repressed voices murmuring in an adjoining room.

"I'm Sergeant Conlon," he answered, "in charge here till the coroner comes. He should make it by seven. If you're the poor lady's husband you'll be needed. I'll have to detain you."

As he ended, the murmur ended in the adjoining room, and Lucette walked out from it. She was wearing an evening gown—blue, I think—cut very low, and a twinkling ornament of some kind in her hair. She has fine shoulders and beautiful hair. But her face had gone haggard; she had been weeping; she looked ten years older than when I had last seen her.

"What is it? What is it?" I demanded of her. "I know nothing but your telegram!"

"Looks like murder," said Sergeant Conlon, dry and short. "I wouldn't talk much if I was you, not till the coroner gets here. I'm bound to make notes of what you say."

For the merest hundredth of a second my scalp prickled, my flesh went cold; but sheer incredulity was still strong upon me; it beat back the horror. It was simply not real, all this.

"At least," I managed, "give me facts—something!"

Then unreality deepened to utter nightmare, passing all bounds of reason. Lucette spoke, and life turned for me to sheer prattling madness; to a gibbering grotesque!

"Susan did it!" she cried, her voice going high and strident, slipping from all control. "I know it! I know she did! I know it! Wasn't she with her? Alone with her? Who else could have done it? Who else? It's in her blood!"

Well, of course, when a woman you have played tag with in her girlhood goes mad before you, raves ——

How could one act or answer? Then, too, she had vanished; or had I really seen her in the flesh at all? Really heard her voice, crying out ——

Sergeant Conlon's voice came next; short, dry, businesslike. It compelled belief.

"I've a question or two for you, Mr. Hunt. This way; steady!"

I felt his hand under my elbow.

Gertrude's apartment was evidently a very large one; I had vaguely the sensation of passing down a long hall with an ell in it, and so into a small, simply furnished but tasteful room—the sitting room for her maids, as I later decided. Sergeant Conlon shut the door and locked it.

"That's not to keep you in," he said; "it's to keep others out. Sit down, Mr. Hunt. Smoke somethin'. Let's make ourselves comfortable."

The click of the shot bolt in the lock had suddenly, I found, restored my power of coordination. It had been like the sharp handclap which brings home a hypnotized subject to reason and reality. I was now, in a moment, not merely myself again, but peculiarly alert and steady of nerve, and I gave matter-of-fact assent to Sergeant Conlon's suggestions. I lit a cigarette and took possession of the most comfortable chair. Conlon remained standing. He had refused my cigarettes, but he now lighted a long, roughly rolled cigar.

"I get these from a fellow over on First Avenue," he explained affably. "He makes them up himself. They're not so bad."

I attempted a smile and achieved a classic reaction. "They look—efficient," I said. "And now, sergeant, what has happened here? If I've seemed dazed for the past ten minutes, it's little wonder. I hurried down in response to a telegram saying my wife —— You know we've lived apart for years?" He grunted assent. "Saying she had died suddenly. And I walked in, unprepared, on people who seem to me to be acting parts in a crook melodrama of the crudest type. Be kind enough to tell me what it's all about!"

Sergeant Conlon's gray-blue eyes fixed me as I spoke. He was a big, thickset man, nearing middle age; the bruiser build, physically; but with a solidly intelligent-looking head and trustworthy eyes.

"I'll do that, Mr. Hunt," he assented. "I got Mrs. Arthur to send you that telegram; but I'll say to you first-off, now you've come, I don't suspect you of bein' mixed up in this affair. When I shot that 'Looks like murder' at you, I did it deliberate. Well—that's neither here nor there; but I always go by the way things strike me. I have to." He twirled a light chair round to face me and seated himself, leaning a little forward, his great stubby

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HONEST ALL THROUGH

A POPULAR EMERSON Model
-The Greyhound-
"Honest all Through"
even to the Heel
which is a

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DEPENDABLE CIGARS

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OWL 8c

2 for 15c

50 in box, $3.50

hands propped on his square knees. "Here's the facts then—what we know are facts: It seems Mrs. Arthur—she's been visitin' Mrs. Hunt for two weeks past. She went to the opera to-night with a Mr. Phar; she says you know him well." I nodded. "Durin' the last act of the opera they were located by somebody in the office down there and called out to the phone—an accident to Mrs. Hunt see?—important." Again I nodded. "Mrs. Arthur answered the phone, and Doctor Askew -he lives in this house, but he's Mrs. Hunt's reg'lar doctor—well, he was on the wire. He just told her to hurry back as fast as she could—and she and Mr. Phar hopped a taxi and beat it up here. Doctor Askew met them at the door, and a couple of scared maids. The doc's a good man—big rep—one of the best. He'd taken charge and sent on the quiet for us. I got here with a couple of my men soon after Mrs. Arthur."

"But —"

"I know, *I* know!" he stopped me off. "But I want you to get it all straight. Mrs. Hunt, sir, was killed—somehow—with a long, sharp-pointed brass paper knife—a reg'lar weapon. I've examined it. And someone drove that thing—and it must 'a' took some force, believe me!—right through her left eye up to the handle—a full inch of metal plumb into her brain!"

I tried to believe him as he said this; as, seeing my blankness, he repeated it for me in other words. For the moment it was impossible. This sort of thing must have happened in the world, of course—at other times, to other people. But not now, not to Gertrude. Certainly not to Gertrude; a woman so aloof, so exquisite, self sheltered, class sheltered, not merely from ugliness, from the harsh and brutal, but from everything in life even verging toward vulgarity, coarse passion, the unrestrained.

"That's the way she was killed, Mr. Hunt—no mistake. Now—who did it—and why? That's the point."

At my elbow was a table with a reading lamp on it, a desk set, a work basket, belonging, I suppose, to one of the maids, and some magazines. One magazine lay just before me—The Reel World—a by-product of the great moving-picture industry. I had been staring—unseeingly, at first—at a flamboyant advertisement on its cover that clamored for my attention, until now, with Conlon's question, it momentarily gained it. The release of a magnificent superfeature was announced, in no quavering terms. "The Sins of the Fathers" it shrieked at me! "All the thrilling human suspense"; "virile, compelling"; "brimming over with the kind of action and adventure your audiences crave"; "it delivers the wallop!"

Instantly with a new force Lucette's outcry swept back upon me. "Susan did it! Wasn't she with her? Alone with her? *It's in her blood!*"

And at once every faculty of my spirit leaped, with an almost supernatural acuteness, to the defense of the one being on earth I wholly loved. All sense of unreality vanished. Now for it—since it must be so! Susan and I, if need be, against the world!

"Go on, sergeant. What's your theory?"

"Never mind my theory! I'd like to get yours first—when I've given you all I know."

"All right then! But be quick about it."

"Easy, Mr. Hunt! It's not as simple as all that. Well, here it is: Somewhere round ten o'clock a Miss Blake—a magazine writer livin' on West Tenth Street—your ward, I understand?"

"Yes."

"Well, she calls here, alone, and asks for Mrs. Arthur. Mrs. Hunt's personal maid—English; she's no chicken either—she lets her in and says Mrs. Arthur isn't here—see—and didn't the door boy tell her so? Yes, says Miss Blake, but she'll wait for her anyway. The maid—name of Iffley—says she thought that was queer, so she put it to Miss Blake that maybe she'd better ask Mrs. Hunt. Oh, says Miss Blake, I thought she was out too. But it seems Mrs. Hunt was in her private sittin' room; she'd had a slight bilious attack, and she'd got her corsets off and somethin' loose on, the way women do, and was all set for a good read. So the maid didn't think she could see Miss Blake, but anyhow she took in her card—and Mrs. Hunt decided to see her. That maid Iffley's an intelligent woman; she's all broke up, but she ain't hysterical like the cook—who didn't see nothin' anyway. The parlor maid was havin' her night off, but she's back now too, and I've got 'em all safe where they can't talk to outsiders yet. I don't want this thing in the papers to-morrow, not if I can help it; I want to keep it dark till I know better where I'm gettin' off."

"Right!" I approved. "What's the maid's story?"

"Well, I've questioned her pretty close, and I think it's to be relied on. It hits me that way. Mrs. Hunt, she says, when she took in Miss Blake's card, was lyin' on her couch in a long trailin' thing—what ladies call a negligée."

"Yes?"

"And she was cuttin' the pages of some new book with that paper knife I spoke of."

"Yes?"

"And her dog, a runty little French bull, was sleepin' on the rug beside the couch."

"What does that matter?"

"More'n you'd think! He's got a broken leg—provin' some kind of a struggle must 'a' ——"

"I see. Go on!"

"Well, Mrs. Hunt, the maid says, looked at Miss Blake's card a minute and didn't say anythin' special, but seemed kind of puzzled. Her only words was, 'Yes, I ought to see her.' So the maid goes for Miss Blake and shows her to the door, which she'd left ajar, and taps on it for her, and Mrs. Hunt calls to come in. So Miss Blake goes in and shuts the door after her, and the maid comes back to this room we're in now—it's round the corner of the hall from Mrs. Hunt's room—see? But she don't much more than get here—just to the door—when she hears the dog give a screech and then go on cryin' like as if he'd been hurt.

"The cook was in here, too, and she claims she heard a kind of jarrin' sound, like somethin' heavy fallin'; but Iffley—that's the maid, they call her Iffley—says all she noticed was the dog. Anyway, she listened a second, then she started for Mrs. Hunt's room—and the cook, bein' nervous, locked herself in here and sat with her eyes tight shut and her fingers in her ears. Fact. She says she can't bear nothin' disagreeable. Too bad about her, ain't it!"

"And then?" I protested crossly.

"Well, Mr. Hunt, when the Iffley woman turned the hall corner the door of your poor wife's room opens and Miss Blake walks out. She had the paper knife in her right hand, and the knife and her hand was all bloody; her left hand was bloody too; and we've found blood on her clothes since. There was a queer vacant look about her—that's what the maid says. She didn't seem to see anythin'. Naturally, the maid was scared stiff -but she got one look in at the door anyway—that was enough for her. She was too scared even to yell, she says. Paralyzed—she just flopped back against the wall half faintin'.

"And then she noticed somethin' that kind of brought her to again! Mr. Hunt, that young woman, Miss Blake, she'd gone quiet as you please and curled herself down on a rug in the hallway—that bloody knife in her hand—and she was either dead or fast asleep! And then the doorbell rang, and the Iffley woman says she don't know how she got past that prostrate figger on the rug—her very words, Mr. Hunt—that prostrate figger on the rug—but she did, somehow; got to the door. And when she opened it, there was Doctor Askew and the elevator man. And then she passed out. And I must say I don't much blame her, considerin'."

"Where's Miss Blake now?" I sharply demanded.

"She's still fast asleep, Mr. Hunt—to call it that. The doc says it's—somethin' or other—due to shock. Same as a trance."

I started up. "Where is Doctor Askew? I must see him at once!"

"We've laid Miss Blake on the bed in Mrs. Arthur's room. He's observin' her."

"Take me there."

"I'll do that, Mr. Hunt. But I'll ask you a question first—straight. Is there any doubt in your mind that that young lady—your ward—killed Mrs. Hunt?"

I met his gray-blue glance directly, pausing a moment before I spoke. "Sergeant Conlon," I replied, while a meteor shower of speculation shot through me with the rapidity of light waves, "there is no doubt whatever in my mind: Miss Blake could not—and so did not—kill my wife."

"Who did, then?"

(Continued on Page 85)

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(Continued from Page 82)

"Wait! Let me first ask you a question, sergeant: Who sent for Doctor Askew?"

"That's the queerest part of it; Miss Blake did."

"Ah! How?"

"There's a phone in Mrs. Hunt's sittin' room. Miss Blake called the house operator, gave her name and location, and said not to waste a moment—to send up a doctor double-quick!"

"Is that all she said?"

"No. The operator tells me she said Mrs. Hunt had had a terrible accident and was dyin'."

"You're certain she said 'accident'?"

"The girl who was at the switchboard—name of Joyce—she's sure of it."

I smiled, grimly enough. "Then that is exactly what occurred, sergeant—a terrible accident; hideous. Your question is answered. Nobody killed Mrs. Hunt—unless you are so thoughtless or blasphemous as to call it an act of God!"

"Oh, come on now!" he objected, shaking his head, but not, I felt, with entire conviction. "No," he continued stubbornly, "I been turnin' that over too. But there's no way an accident like that could 'a' happened. It's not possible!"

"Fortunately," I insisted, "nothing else is possible! Are you asking me to believe that a young, sensitive girl with an extraordinary imaginative sympathy for others—a girl of brains and character, as all her friends have reason to know—asking me to believe that she walked coolly into my wife's room this evening, rushed savagely upon her, wrested a paper knife from her hand, and then found the sheer brute strength of will and arm to thrust it through her eye deep into her brain? Are you further asking me to believe that having done this frightful thing she kept her wits about her, telephoned at once for a doctor—being careful to call her crime an accident—and so passed at once into a trance of some kind and walked from the room with the bloody knife in her hand? What possible motive could be strong enough to drive such a girl to such a deed?"

"Jealousy," said Sergeant Conlon. "She wanted you—and your wife stood in her way. That's what I get from Mrs. Arthur."

"I see. But the three or four persons who know Miss Blake and me best will tell you how absurd that is, and you'll find their reasons for thinking so are very convincing. Is Mr. Phar still about?"

"He is. I've detained him."

"What does he think of Mrs. Arthur's nonsensical theory?"

"He's got a theory of his own," said Conlon; "and it happens to be the same as mine."

"Well?"

"Mr. Phar says Miss Blake's own father went mad—all of a sudden; cut some fancy woman's throat, and his own after! He thinks history's repeated itself, that's all. So do I. Only a crazy woman could 'a' done this—just this way. A strong man in his senses couldn't 'a' drove that paper knife home like that! But when a person goes mad, sir, all rules are off. I seen too many cases. Things happen you can't account for. Take the matter of that dog now—his broken leg, eh? What are you to make of that? And take this queer state she's in. There's no doubt in my mind, Mr. Hunt—the poor girl's gone crazy, somehow. You nor me can't tell how nor why. But it's back of all this—that's sure."

Throughout all this coarse nightmare, this insane break in Nature, as I have called it and must always regard it, let me at least be honest. As Conlon spoke, for the tiniest fraction of a second a desolating fear darted through me, searing every nerve with white-hot pain. Was it true? Might it not conceivably be true? But this single lightning thrust of doubt passed as it came. No, not as it came, for it blotted all clearness, all power of voluntary thought from my mind, but it left behind it a singular intensity of vision. Even as the lightning pang vanished and, while time yet stood still, a moving picture that amounted to hallucination began to play itself out before me. It was like

. . . *that last*
Wild pageant of the accumulated past
That clangs and flashes for a drowning man.

I saw Susan shutting the door of a delicately paneled Georgian room, and every detail of this room—a room I had never entered in the flesh—was distinct to me. Given time, I could have inventoried its every object. I saw Gertrude lying on—not a couch, as Conlon had called it—on a chaise longue, a book with a vivid green cover in her left hand, a bronze paper knife with a thin, pointed blade in her right. She was holding it with the knuckles of her hand upward, her thumb along the handle, and the point of the blade turned to her left, across and a little in toward her body. She was wearing a very lovely negligée, a true creation, all in filmy tones of old gold. On a low-set tip-table at her elbow stood a reading lamp, and a small coal-black French bull lay asleep on a superb Chinese rug—lay close in by the chaise longue, just where a dropped hand might caress him. A light silky-looking coverlet of a peculiar dull blue, harmonizing with certain tones of the rug, was thrown across Gertrude's feet.

As Susan shut the door the little bull pricked up his bat ears and started to uncurl, but Gertrude must have spoken to him, for he settled back again—not, however, to sleep. It was all a picture; I heard no sounds. Then I saw Gertrude put down her book on the table and swing her feet from the chaise longue, meaning to rise and greet Susan. But as she attempted to stand up the light coverlet entangled her feet and tripped her; she lost her balance, tried with a violent, awkward lurch of her whole body to recover herself, and stamped rather than stepped full on the dog's forepaws. He writhed, springing up between her feet—the whole grotesque catastrophe was, in effect, a single, fatal gesture!—and Gertrude, throwing her hands instinctively before her face, fell heavily forward, the length of her body, prone. I saw Susan rush toward her —— And the psychic reel flickered out, blanked. I needed to see no more.

"Don't you agree with me, Mr. Hunt?" Conlon was asking.

"No," I said bluntly. "No madwoman would have summoned a doctor. Miss Blake called it a terrible accident. It was. Her present state is due to the horror of it. When she wakes it will all be explained. Now take me to her."

Conlon's gray-blue glance fixed me once more. "All right," he grunted, "I've no objections. But I'd 'a' thought your first wish would 'a' been to see your wife."

"No," I replied. "Mrs. Hunt separated from me years ago, for reasons of her own. I bore her no ill will; in a sense I respected her, admired her. Understand me, Sergeant Conlon. There was nothing vulgar in her life, and her death in this stupid way—oh, it's indecent, damnable! A cheap outrage! I could do nothing for her living, and can do nothing now. But I prefer to remember her as she was. She would prefer it too."

"Come on, then," said Conlon; pretty gruffly, I thought.

He unlocked the door.

XXVII

IT WAS a singular thing, but so convincing had my vision been to me that I felt no immediate desire to verify the details of its setting by an examination of Gertrude's boudoir. It had come to me bearing its own credentials, its own satisfying accent of truth. One question did, however, fasten upon me, as I followed Conlon's bulky form down the hall to Lucette's bedroom. Whence had this vision, this psychic reel, come to me? What was its source? How could the mere fact of it—clearing, as it did, at least all perplexities from my own mind—have occurred? For the moment I could find no answer; the mystery had happened, had worked, but remained a mystery.

Like most men in this modern world I had taken a vague, mild interest in psychical research, reading more or less casually, and with customary suspension of judgment, anything of the sort that came in my way. I had a bowing acquaintance with its rapidly growing literature; little more; and until now I had had no striking psychical experiences of my own, and had never, as it happened, attended a seance of any kind, either popular or scientific. Nevertheless, I could to put it so -speak that language. I was familiar with the described phenomena, in a general way, and with the conflicting theories of its leading investigators; but I had—honestly speaking—no pet theories of my own, though always impatient of spiritistic explanations, and rather inclined to doubt, too, the persistent claim that thought transference had been incontrovertibly established. On the whole, I suppose I was inclined to favor commonsense mechanistic explanations of such

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phenomena, and to regard all others with alert suspicion or wearily amused contempt.

Now at last, in my life's most urgent crisis, I had had news from nowhere; now, furthermore, the being I loved and would protect, must protect, had been thrown by psychic shock into that grim borderland, the abnormal; that land of lost voices, of the fringe of consciousness, of dissociated personalities, of morbid obsession and wild symbolic dreams. Following on Conlon's heels, then, I entered a softly illumined room—a restrained Louis Seize room, a true Gertrude room, with its cool French-gray paneled walls; but entered there as into sinister darkness, as if groping for light. The comfortably accustomed, the predictable, I felt, lay all behind me; I must step warily henceforth among shifting shadows and phosphoric blurs. The issues were too terrifying, too vast, for even one little false move; Susan's future, the very health of her soul, might depend now upon the blundering clumsiness or the instinctive tact with which I attempted to pick and choose my way. It was with a secret shuddering of flesh and spirit that I entered that discreet, faultless room.

Susan was lying on the low single French bed, a coverlet drawn over her; they had removed her trim tailored hat, the jacket of her dark suit, and her walking boots, leaving them on the couch by the silk-curtained windows, where they had perhaps first placed her. She had not dressed for the evening before coming up to Gertrude's; it was evidently to have been a businesslike call. Her black weblike hair—smoky, I always called it, to tease her; it never fell lank or separated into strings—had been disordered, and a floating weft of it had drifted across her forehead and hung there. Her face was moon white, her lips pale, the lines of cheek and chin had sharpened, her eyes were closed. It was very like death. My throat tightened and ached.

Doctor Askew stood across the bed from us, looking down at her.

"Here's Mr. Hunt," said Conlon, without further introduction. "He wants to see you." Then he stepped back to the door and shut it, remaining over by it, at some distance from the bed. His silence was expressive. "Now show me!" it seemed to say. "This may be a big case for me and it may not. If not, I'm satisfied; I'm ready for anything. Go on, show me!"

Doctor Askew was not, as I had expected to find him, old; nor even middle-aged—an expectation caught, I presume, from Conlon's laconic "One of the best—a big rep"; he was, I now estimated, a year or so younger than I. I had never heard of him and knew nothing about him, but I liked him at once when he glanced humorously up at Conlon's "He wants to see you," nodded to me, and said: "I've been hoping you'd come soon, Mr. Hunt. I've a mind to try something here—if you've no objection to an experiment."

He was a short man, not fat, but thickset like Conlon; only, with a higher-strung vitality, carrying with it a sense of intellectual eagerness and edge. He had a sandy, freckled complexion, bronzy, crisp-looking hair with reddish gleams in it, and an unmistakably red, aggressive mustache, close-clipped but untamed. Green-blue eyes. A man, I decided, of many intensities; a willful man; but thoughtful, too, and seldom unkind.

"Why did you wait for my permission?" I asked.

"I shouldn't have—much longer," he replied, his eyes returning to Susan's unchanging face. "But I've read one or two of your essays, so I know something of the feel of your mind. It occurred to me you might be useful. And besides, I badly need some information about this"—he paused briefly—"this very lovely child." Again he paused a moment, adding: "This is a singular case, Mr. Hunt—and likely to prove more singular as we see it through. I acted too impulsively in sending for Conlon; I apologize. It's not a police matter, as I at first supposed. However, I hope there's no harm done. Conlon is holding his horses and trying to be discreet. Aren't you, Conlon?"

"What's the idea?" muttered Conlon from the doorway; Conlon was not used to being treated thus, *de haut en bas*. "Even if that poor little girl's crazy we'll have to swear out a warrant for her. It's a police matter all right."

"I think not," said Doctor Askew, dismissing Conlon from the conversation. "Have you ever," he then asked me, "seen Miss Blake like this before?"

I was about to say "No!" with emphasis, when a sudden memory returned to me—the memory of a queer crumpled little figure lying on the concrete incline of the Eureka Garage; curled up there, like an unearthed cutworm, round a shining dinner pail. "Yes," I replied instead; "once—I think."

"*You think?*"

I sketched the occasion for him and explained all its implications as clearly and briefly as I could; and while I talked thus across her bed Susan's eyes did not open; she did not stir.

Doctor Askew heard me out, as I felt, intently, but kept his eye meanwhile—except for a keen glance or two in my direction—on Susan's face.

"All right," he said when I had concluded; "that throws more or less light. There's nothing to worry us, at least, in Miss Blake's condition. Under psychical trauma—shock—she has a tendency to pass into a trance state—amounting practically to one of the deeper stages of hypnosis. She'll come out of it sooner or later—simply wake up—if we leave her alone. Perhaps, after all, that's the wisest thing for us to do."

On this conclusion he walked away from the bed, as if it ended the matter, and lit a cigarette.

"Well, Conlon," he grinned, "we're making a night of it, eh? Come, let's all sit down and talk things over." He seated himself on the end of the couch as he spoke, lounging back on one elbow and crossing his knees. "I ought to tell you, Mr. Hunt," he added, "that nervous disorders are my specialty; more than that, indeed—my life! I studied under Janet in Paris, and later put in a couple of years as assistant physician in the Clinic of Psychiatry, Zurich. Did some work, too, at Vienna—with Stekel and Freud. So I needn't say a problem of this kind is simply meat and drink to me. I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world!"

I was a little chilled by his words, by an attitude that seemed to me cold-bloodedly professional; nevertheless, I joined him, drawing up a chair, and Conlon gradually worked his way toward us, though he remained standing.

"What I want to know, doc," demanded Conlon, "is why you've changed your mind?"

"I haven't," Doctor Askew responded. "I can't have, because I haven't yet formed an opinion. I'm just beginning to—and even that may take me some time." He turned to me. "What's *your* theory, Mr. Hunt?"

I was prepared for this question; my mind had been busying itself foresightedly with every possible turn our conversation was likely to take. All my faculties were sharpened by strain, by my pressing sense that Susan's future, for good or evil, might somehow be linked to my lightest word. I had determined, then, in advance, not to speak in Conlon's presence of my inexplicable vision, not to mention it at all to anyone unless some unexpected turn of the wheel might make it seem expedient. I could use it to Susan's advantage, I believed, more effectively by indirection; I endeavored to do so now.

"My theory?" I queried.

"As to how Mrs. Hunt met her death. However painful, we've got to face that out, sooner or later."

"Naturally. But I have no theory," I replied; "I have an unshakable conviction."

"Ah! Which is——"

"That the whole thing was accidental of course; just as Miss Blake affirmed it to be, over the telephone."

"You believe that because she affirmed it?"

"Exactly."

"That won't go down with the coroner," struck in Conlon. "How could it? I'd like to think it, well enough—but it don't with me!"

"Wait, Conlon!" suggested Doctor Askew sharply. "I'll conduct this inquiry just now, if you don't mind—and if Mr. Hunt will be good enough to answer."

"Why not?" I replied.

"Thank you. Conlon's point is a good one, all the same. Have you been able to form any reasonable notion of how such an accident could have occurred?"

"Yes."

"The hell you have!" exclaimed Conlon excitedly, not meaning, I think, to be sarcastic. "Why, you haven't even been in there"—he referred to Gertrude's boudoir—"or seen the body!"

"No," I responded, "but you and Doctor Askew have, so you can easily put me right. Extraordinary as the whole thing is—the one deadly chance in perhaps a million—there's nothing impossible about it. Merely from the facts you've given me, Sergeant Conlon, I can reconstruct the whole scene come pretty near it at any rate. But the strength of my conviction is based on other grounds; don't lose sight of that! Miss Blake didn't kill Mrs. Hunt; she's incapable of such an action; and if *she* didn't, no one else did. An accident is the only alternative."

"Well, then," grunted Conlon, "tell us about it! It'll take some tellin'!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Doctor Askew before I could begin. "Sorry, Mr. Hunt but you remember perhaps—when you first came in—I had half a mind to try something—an experiment." I nodded. "Well, I've made up my mind. We'll try it right now, before it's too late. If it succeeds it may yield us a few facts to go on. Your suppositions can come afterward."

I felt, as he spoke, that something behind his words belied their rudeness, that their rudeness was rather for Conlon's benefit than for mine. He got up briskly and crossed to the bedside. There, after a moment, he turned and motioned us both to join him.

As we did so, tiptoeing instinctively: "Yes—this is fortunate," he said; "she's at it again. Look."

Susan still lay with shut eyes, as I had first seen her, her arms extended outside the coverlet; but she was no longer entirely motionless. Her left arm lay relaxed, the palm of her left hand upward. I had often seen her hands lie inertly thus in her lap, the palms upward, in those moments of silent withdrawal which I have more than once described. But now her right hand was turned downward, the fingers slightly contracted, as if they held a pen, and the hand was creeping slowly on the coverlet from left to right; it would creep slowly in this way for perhaps eight inches, then draw quickly back to its point of starting and repeat the maneuver. It was uncanny, this patient repetition—over and over—of a single restricted movement.

"Is she dyin'—or what?" came from Conlon in a husky whisper.

"Far from it!" said Doctor Askew, his abrupt, crisp speech in almost ludicrous contrast to Conlon's sudden awe. "Get me some paper from that desk over there, Conlon. A pad if possible."

He drew out a pencil from his pocket as he spoke. Conlon hesitated an instant, then obeyed, tiptoeing ponderously, with creaking boots, over to a daintily appointed writing table, and returning with a block of linen paper. Doctor Askew, meanwhile, holding the pencil between his teeth, had lifted Susan's unresisting shoulders—too roughly, I thought—from the bed.

"Stick that other pillow under her," he ordered me, sharply enough in spite of the impeding pencil. "A little farther down—so!"

Susan now lay, no less limply than before, with her trunk, shoulders and head somewhat raised. Her right hand had ceased its slow, patient movement.

"What's the idea?" Conlon was muttering. "What's the idea, doc?"

Whatever it was it was evident that Conlon didn't like it.

"Got the pad?" demanded Doctor Askew. "Oh, good! Here!"

He almost snatched the pad from Conlon and tore the blotter cover from it; then he slipped it beneath Susan's right palm and finally thrust his pencil between her curved fingers, its point resting on the linen block, which he steadied by holding one corner between finger and thumb. For a moment the hand remained quiet; then it began to write. I say "it" advisedly; no least trace of consciousness or purposed control could be detected in Susan's impassive face or heavily relaxed body. *Susan* was not writing; her waking will had no part in this strange automatism; so much, at least, was plain to me, and even to Conlon.

"It's not her that's doin' it," came his throaty whisper again. "Who's pushin' that hand?"

"It's not sperits, Conlon," said Doctor Askew ironically; "you can take my say-so for that." With the words he withdrew the scribbled top sheet from the pad, glanced at it and handed it to me. The hand journeyed on, covering a second sheet as I read. "That doesn't help us much, does it?" was

(Continued on Page 89)

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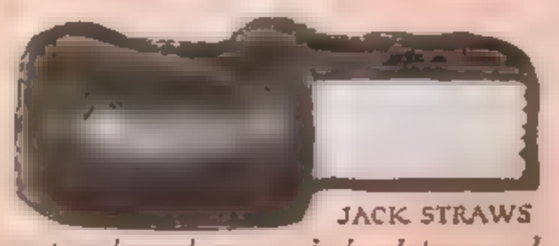


JACK STRAWS

A crisp molasses honeycomb chocolate covered

RASPBERRY HEART

A tender raspberry in cream fondant

BUTTER SCOTCH

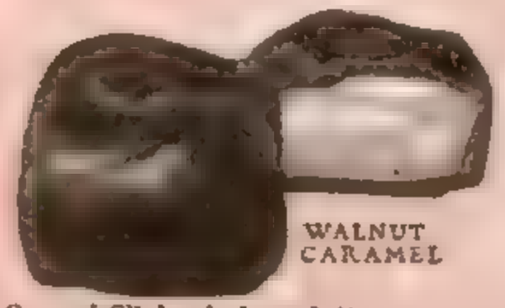
Fresh dairy butter, vanilla, sugar

TETE A-TETE

Chopped walnuts in "buttery" butterscotch

NOUGATINE

Honey, egg, fruits and nuts

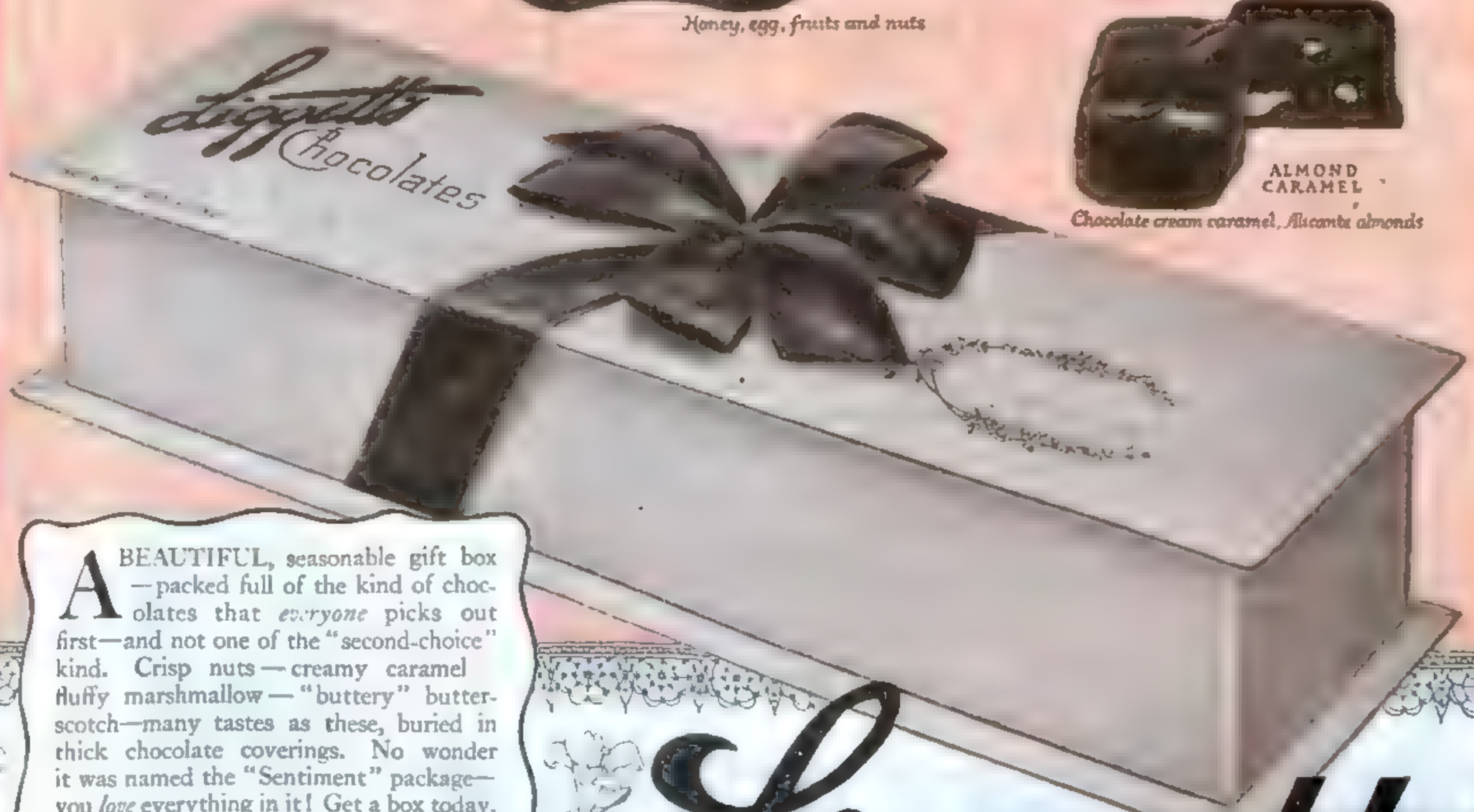


WALNUT CARAMEL

Caramel filled with chopped Mayette walnuts

ALMOND CARAMEL

Chocolate cream caramel, Alicante almonds



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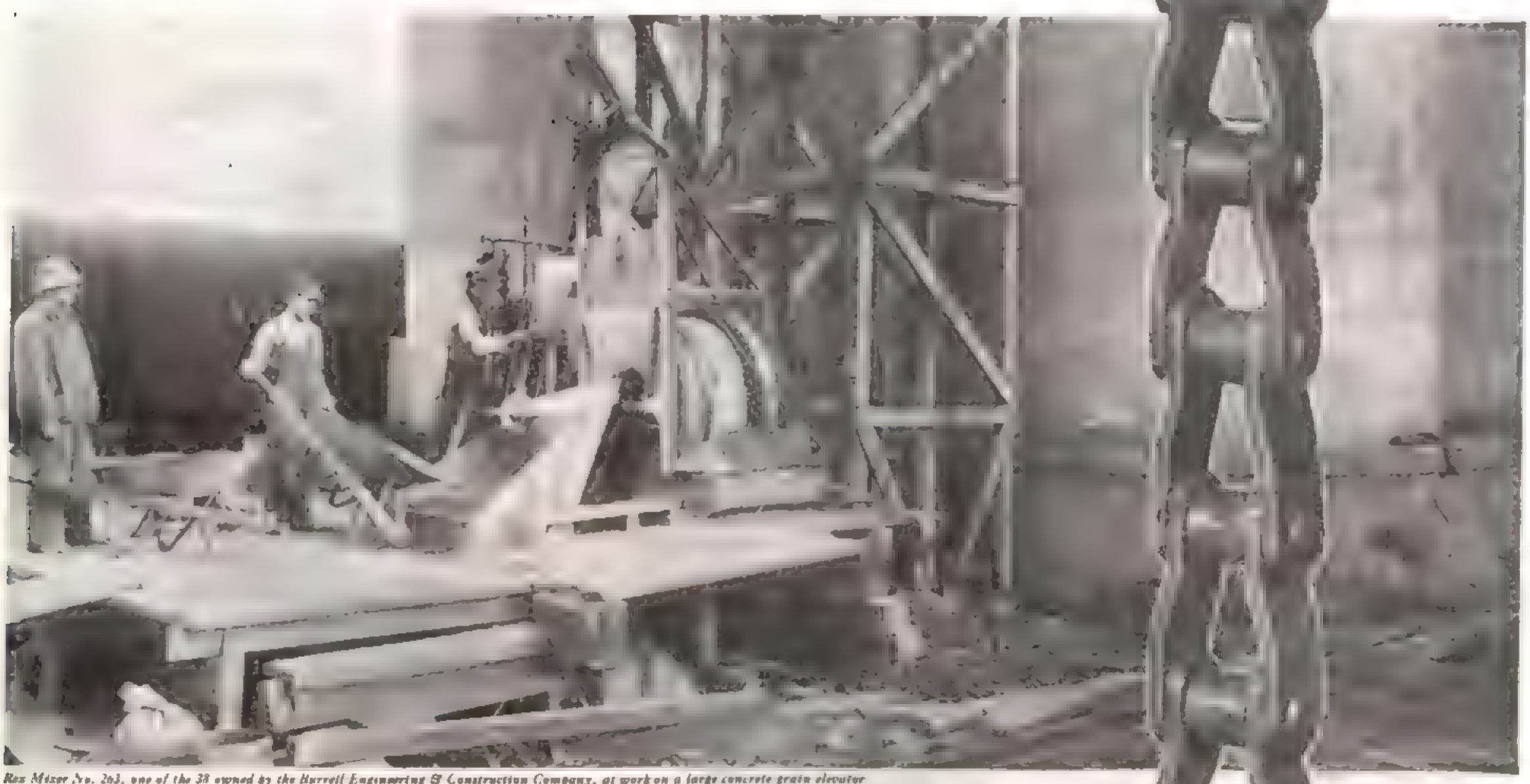

Rex Mixer No. 263, one of the 38 owned by the Burrell Engineering & Construction Company, at work on a large concrete grain elevator

Ten Years—A "Dead" Mixer—And 37 Others

One of the largest builders of concrete grain elevators in the country, the Burrell Engineering and Construction Company, of Chicago, bought their first Rex Concrete Mixer, No. 263, on Oct. 18, 1909.

The performance of this mixer on the first job to which it was assigned led the Burrell Company to buy a second Rex Mixer.

Then followed the third—the fourth—the fifth—until today there are 38 Rex Mixers in the Burrell battery, ranging from 7- to 28-cubic foot capacity—they have adopted the Rex as their standard.

Officially, Rex Mixer No. 263 is long since "dead." For the Burrell Company figures depreciation at 25% a year.

That means that this Rex Mixer "died" on the books of the company in July, 1913—more than six years ago.

Actually, however, it is very much alive and is giving the same high character of dependable work on a job down in Oklahoma, as it did the day it was first put in use.

Low repair costs, continuous service, the ability to give a good "mix"—these are the standards by which this engineering and construction company of national repute judges a concrete mixer.

Not only have Rex Mixers and Pavers measured up to these standards: they have surpassed them, as is shown by the fact that more than one of the 38 Rex Mixers used by Burrell have long since been written off the books.

They can do the same for you.

Rex Building Mixers are made in the following sizes—4-S, 7-S, 14-S, 21-S, and 28-S; Rex Paving Mixers are made in 10-E, 14-E and 21-E sizes, the numbers referring to cubic foot capacity of mixed concrete

All Rex Pavers and Building Mixers are equipped with Rex Chain

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(Continued from Page 86)

Doctor Askew's comment, when I had devoured the first sheet.

"No," I replied; "not directly. But I'll keep this if you don't mind."

I folded the sheet and slipped it into my pocket. Doctor Askew removed the second sheet.

"Same sort of stuff," he grunted, passing it over to me. "It needs direction." And he began addressing—not Susan, to Conlon's amazement—the *hand!* "What happened in Mrs. Hunt's room to-night?" he demanded firmly of the hand. "Tell us exactly what happened in Mrs. Hunt's room to-night! It's important. What happened in Mrs. Hunt's room to-night?"

Always addressing the hand, his full attention fixed upon it as it moved, he repeated this burden over and over: "We must know exactly what happened in Mrs. Hunt's room to-night! Tell us what happened in Mrs. Hunt's room to-night. What happened in Mrs. Hunt's room to-night?"

Conlon and I both noted that Susan's breathing, hitherto barely to be detected, gradually grew more labored while Doctor Askew insisted upon and pressed home his monotonous refrain. He had so placed himself now that he could follow the slowly penciled words. More and more deliberately the hand moved; then it paused.

"What happened in Mrs. Hunt's room to-night?" chanted Doctor Askew.

"This ain't right," muttered Conlon. "It's worse'n the third degree. I don't like it."

He creaked uneasily away. The hand moved again, hesitatingly, briefly.

"Ah," chanted Doctor Askew—always to the hand—"it was an accident, was it? How did it happen? Tell us exactly how it happened—exactly how it happened. We must know. How did the accident happen in Mrs. Hunt's room to-night?"

Again the hand moved, more steadily this time, and seemingly in response to his questions.

Doctor Askew glanced up at me with an encouraging smile. "We'll get it now—all of it. Don't worry. The hand's responding to control."

Though sufficiently astonished and disturbed by this performance, I was not, like Conlon, wholly at sea. Sober accounts of automatic writing could be found in all modern psychologies; I had read some of these accounts—given with all the dry detachment of clinical data. They had interested me, not thrilled me. No supernatural power was involved. It was merely the comparative rarity of such phenomena in the ordinary normal course of experience that made them seem awe-inspiring. And yet the hand there, solely animate, patiently writing in entire independence of a consciously directing will! My spine, too, like Conlon's, registered an authentic shiver of protest and atavistic fear. But, throughout, I kept my tautened wits about me, busily working; and they drove me now on a sudden inspiration to the writing table, where I seized pen and paper and wrote down with the most collected celerity a condensed account of—for so I phrased it—"what must, from the established facts, be supposed to have taken place in Mrs. Hunt's boudoir, just after Miss Blake had entered it." I put this account deliberately as my theory of the matter, as the one solution of the problem consistent with the given facts and the known characters involved; and I had barely concluded when I was startled to my feet by Doctor Askew's voice—raised cheerily above its monotonous murmur of questions to the hand—calling my name.

"What are you up to, Mr. Hunt? My little experiment's over. It's a complete success."

He was walking toward me with a handful of loose scribbled sheets from the linen block.

"How is she now?" I inquired anxiously, as if she had just been subjected to a dangerous operation.

"All right. Deep under. I shan't try to pull her out yet. Much better for her to come out of it naturally herself. I suggest we darken the room and leave her."

"That suits me," I just caught from Conlon, over by the door.

"She'll be quite safe alone?"

"Absolutely. I want to read this thing to Conlon and Mrs. Arthur and Mr. Phar, before the coroner gets here. I rather think they'll find it convincing."

"Good," I responded. "But, first of all, let me read them this. I've just jotted down my analysis of the whole situation. It's a piece of cold constructive reasoning from the admitted data, and I shall be greatly surprised if it doesn't on the whole agree with what you've been able to obtain."

Doctor Askew stared at me a moment curiously. "And if it doesn't agree?" he asked.

"If it don't," exclaimed Conlon with obvious relief, "it may help us, all the same. This thing can't be settled by that kind of stuff, doc." He gave a would-be contemptuous nod toward Doctor Askew's handful of scrawled pages. "That's no evidence—whatever it says. Where does it come from? Who's givin' it? It can't be sworn to on the Book, that's certain—eh? Let's get out-a here and begin to talk sense!" Conlon opened the door eagerly, and creaked off through the hall.

"Go with him," ordered Doctor Askew. "I'll put out the lights." Then he touched my elbow and gave me a slight nod. "I see your point, of course. But I hope you've hit somewhere near it."

"Doctor," I replied, "this account of mine is exact. I'll tell you later how I know that."

"Ah!" he grunted, with a green-blue flash of eyes. "What a lucky devil I am! But I've felt all along this would prove a rewarding case."

Up to this point I have been necessarily thus detailed, but I am eager now to win past the cruder melodrama of this insanely disordered night. I am eager to win back from all these damnable and distracting things to Susan. This book is hers, not mine; it is certainly not Sergeant Conlon's or Doctor Askew's. So you will forgive me, and understand, if I present little more than a summary of the immediately following hours.

We found Maltby and Lucette in the drawing-room, worn out with their night-long vigil; Maltby somnolent and savage; Lucette still keyed high, suffering from exasperated nerves which—perhaps for the first time in her life—she could not control. They were seated as far apart as the room permitted, having long since talked themselves out, and were engaged, I think, in tacitly hating one another. The situation was almost impossible; yet I knew I must dominate it somehow, and begin by dominating myself—and in the end, with Conlon's and Doctor Askew's help, I succeeded. Conlon, I confess, proved to be an unexpected ally all through.

"Now, Mrs. Arthur, and you, Mr. Phar," he stated at once as we entered the drawing-room together, "I've brought Mr. Hunt in here to read you his guess at what happened last evenin'. Doctor Askew'll be with us in a minute, and he's got somethin' to lay before you. . . . No; Miss Blake's not come round yet. The doc'll explain about her. But we'll hear from Mr. Hunt first, see? I've examined him and I'm satisfied he's straight. You've known him long enough to form your own opinions, but that's mine. Oh, here's the doc! Go on, Mr. Hunt."

With this lead I was at length able to persuade Lucette and Maltby to listen, sullenly enough, to my written analysis. My feeling toward them both, though better concealed, was quite as hostile as theirs toward me, but I saw that I caught their reluctant attention and that Maltby was somewhat impressed by what I had written, and by my interjected amplifications of the more salient points. I had been careful to introduce no facts not given me by Sergeant Conlon, and when I had finished, ignoring Lucette's instant murmur of impatience and incredulity, I turned to him and said: "Sergeant, is there anything known to you and not known to me—any one detail discovered during your examination of Mrs. Hunt's boudoir, say—which makes my deductions impossible or absurd?"

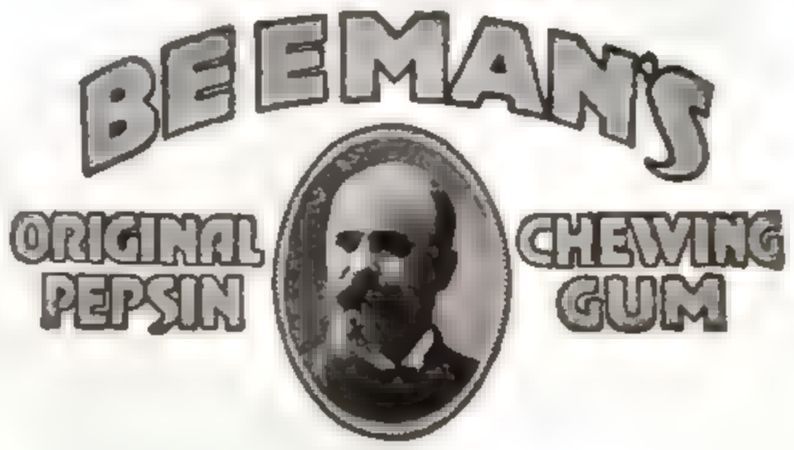
He reflected a moment, then acknowledged: "Well, no, Mr. Hunt. Things might 'a' happened like that; maybe they did. But just sayin' so don't prove they did!"

"May I ask you a few questions?"

"Sure."

"Had Mrs. Hunt's body been moved when you arrived? I mean, from the very spot where it fell?"

"It had and it hadn't. The doc here found her lyin' face down on the floor, right in front of the couch. He had to roll her over on her back to examine her. That's all. The body's there now like that, covered with a sheet. Nothin' else has been disturbed."



Sleepless Nights Make Wasted Days

Men and women whose digestion is faulty seldom enjoy good restful sleep.

When sleeplessness is due to hasty and improper mastication of food it is time to give consideration to the regulation of the diet, and it will be found helpful also to acquire the habit of chewing Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal and just before retiring.

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"You win," writes one user. "I have tried every grease cup on the market, and when I get yours I am going to throw them all away."

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Everyone who sees Searing Grease Cups in operation wants to buy them at once.

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A few easy turns on a thumb screw (not the old style screw cap) force the grease to the bearing with a pressure of more than 600 pounds. No grease can possibly ooze out around the edge of the cup. No worn or dirt-clogged bearings! No squeaking steering gears or spring shackle bolts!

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"The body was lying face down, you say?"

"Yes," struck in Doctor Askew; "it was."

"At full length?"

"Yes."

"Isn't that rather surprising?"

"Unquestionably."

"How do you account for the position?"

"There's only one possible explanation," replied Doctor Askew, as if giving expert testimony from a witness box: "a sudden and complete loss of balance, pitching the body sharply forward, accompanied by such a binding of the legs and feet as to prevent any instinctive movement toward recovery."

"Thank you. Were there any indications of such binding?"

"Yes. Mrs. Hunt's trailing draperies had somehow wound themselves tightly about her legs below the knee, and I judge her feet were further impeded by a sort of coverlet which I found touseled up on the rug beneath them."

"Grant all that!" growled Maltby. "It points to just the opposite of what we'd all like to think is true. If Mrs. Hunt had risen slowly to greet a caller in the usual way—well, she wouldn't have gotten herself tangled up. She was the last woman in the world to do anything awkwardly. But if she leaped to her feet in terror—what? To defend herself or try to escape? Don't you see?"

"Of course we see!" cried Lucette. "It proves everything!"

"Hardly," I replied. "Try to imagine the scene, Maltby, as you seem to believe it occurred. I won't speak of the major impossibility—that Susan, a girl you've known and have asked to be your wife, could under any circumstances be the author of such a crime! We'll pass that. Simply try to picture the crime itself. Susan, showing no traces of unnatural excitement, is conducted to my wife's boudoir. She enters, shuts the door, turns, then rushes at her with so hideous an effect of insane fury that Gertrude springs up, terrified. Susan—more slightly built than Gertrude, remember!—grapples with her, tears a paper knife from her hand, and plunges it deep into her eye, penetrating the brain. Suppose, if you will, that madness lent her this force. But, obviously, for the point of the knife to enter the eye in that way Gertrude must have been fronting Susan, her chin well raised. Obviously the force of such a blow would have thrown her head, her whole body backward, not forward; and if her feet were bound, as Doctor Askew says they were, she must have fallen backward or to one side, certainly not forward at full length, on her face."

"You've said somethin' this time, Mr. Hunt!" exclaimed Conlon. "There's a lot *to* that!"

Maltby was visibly impressed; but not Lucette. "As if," she said, "Susan wouldn't have arranged the body—afterward—in any way she thought to her advantage!"

"There wasn't time!" Doctor Askew objected impatiently. "And," he went on, "it happens that all this is futile! I have proof here, corroborating Mr. Hunt's remarkably acute theories in the most positive way."

But before reading what Susan's hand had written he turned to Sergeant Conlon, requesting his close attention, and then gave him briefly a popular lecture on the nature of automatic writing as understood by a tough-minded neurologist with no faith in the supernatural. It was really a masterly performance in its way, for he avoided the jargon of science and cut down to essentials.

"Conlon," he said, "you've often forgotten something, tried to recall it and finally given it up. We all have. And then some day, when you least expected it and were thinking of something else, that forgotten something has popped into your mind again—eh? All right. Where was it in the meantime, when you couldn't put your finger on it? Since it eventually came back it must have been preserved somewhere. That's plain enough, isn't it? But when you say something you've forgotten 'pops into your mind' again, you're wrong. It's never been out of your mind. What too many of us still don't know is that a man's mind has two parts to it. One part, much the smallest, is consciousness—the part we're using now, the part we're always aware of. The other part is a big dark storehouse where pretty much everything we've forgotten is kept. We're not aware of the storehouse or the things kept in it, so the ordinary man doesn't know anything about it. You're not aware of your spleen and wouldn't know you had one if doctors hadn't cut up a lot of people and found spleens in every one of them. You believe you've got a spleen because we doctors tell you so. Well, I'm telling you now that your mind has a big storehouse, where most of the things you've forgotten are preserved. We mind doctors call it your unconscious mind. All clear so far? . . . Good.

"Now then—when a man's hypnotized it means his conscious mind has been put to sleep, practically, and his unconscious mind has, in a sense, waked up. When a man's hypnotized we can fish all sorts of queer things from his big storehouse, his unconscious mind; things he didn't know were there, things he'd forgotten. And it's the same with what we call trances. A man in a trance is a man whose conscious mind is asleep and whose unconscious mind is awake.

"That's exactly Miss Blake's condition now. The shock of what she saw last evening threw her into a trance; she doesn't know what's going on round her—but her unconscious mind has a record, a sort of phonograph record of more or less everything that's ever happened to her, and if she speaks or writes in this trance state she'll simply play one of these stored-up records for us; play it just like a phonograph, automatically.

"Her will power's out of commission, you see; in this state she's nothing more nor less than a highly complicated instrument. And the record she plays may be of no interest to anybody; some long-forgotten incident or experience of childhood, for example. On the other hand, if we can get the right record going—eh?—we've every chance of finding out exactly what we want to know!" He paused, fixing his already attentive pupil with his peculiarly vivid green-blue glance.

"Now, Conlon, get this—it's important! I must ask you to believe one other thing about the unconscious mind—simply take it on my say-so as a proved fact: When the conscious mind is temporarily out of business—as under hypnotism or in trance—the unconscious mind, like the sensitive instrument it is, will often obey or respond to outside suggestions. I can't go into all this of course. But what I ask you to believe about Miss Blake is this: In her present state of trance, at my suggestion, she has played the right record for us! She has automatically written down for us an account of her experiences last evening. And I assure you this account, obtained in this way, is far more reliable and far more complete than any she could give us in her normal, conscious, waking state. There's nothing marvelous or weird about it, Conlon. We have here"—and he slightly rattled the loose sheets in his hand—"simply an automatic record of stored-up impressions. Do you see?"

Conlon grunted that he guessed maybe he saw; at any rate he was willing to be shown.

Then Doctor Askew read us Susan's own story of the strange, idiotically meaningless accident to Gertrude. As it corresponded in every particular with my vision I shall not repeat it; but it produced an enormous impression on Sergeant Conlon and Maltby, and even on Lucette. Taken in connection with my independent theory of what must have occurred, they found Susan's story entirely convincing; though whether Lucette really found it so or had suddenly decided—because of certain uncomfortable accusations against herself made by Susan's hand—that the whole matter had gone quite far enough and any further publicity would be a mistake, I must leave to your later judgment.

As for the coroner, when at length he arrived, he too—to my astonishment and unspeakable relief—accepted Susan's automatic story without delay or demur. Here was a stroke of sheer good luck, for a grateful change—but quite as senseless in itself, when seriously considered, as the cruel accident to Gertrude. It merely *happened* that the coroner's sister was a professional medium and that he and his whole family were ardent believers in spiritualism, active missionaries in that cause. He had started life as an East Side street urchin, had the coroner, and had scrambled up somehow from bondage to influence, fighting his way single-fisted through a

(Continued on Page 92)

Facts You Should Know About the Wheels of Your Motor Car

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Wheel Talk Number Four

Frequently, a motor car owner who has almost an engineer's knowledge of the motor and other essential features of his car knows little or nothing of the vastly important part the Wheels play in the comfort, ease and economy of his motoring.

That is vastly important knowledge. The scientifically designed Wheel not only adds to the Beauty of the Car, but also safeguards life and property, saves tires and gasoline and eliminates many of the dangers, delays and annoyances of motoring.

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DISTEEL WHEELS

The Wheels That Complete The Car

(Continued from Page 90)

hard school that does not often foster illusions; but I have never met a more eagerly credulous mind. He accepted the automatic writing as evidence without a moment's cavil, assuring us at once that it undoubtedly came as a direct message from the dead.

Doctor Askew's preliminary explanations he simply brushed aside. If Miss Blake in her present trance state, which he soon satisfied himself was genuine, had produced this message, then her hand had been controlled by a disembodied spirit—probably Mrs. Hunt's. There was no arguing with the man, and on my part, heaven knows, no desire to oppose him! I listened gratefully for one hour to his wonder tales of spirit revelations, and blessed him when he reluctantly left us—with the assurance that Gertrude's death would be at once reported as due to an unavoidable accident. It was so announced in the noon editions of the evening papers. Sergeant Conlon and his aids departed by the service elevator and were soon replaced by a shocked and grieved clergyman and a competent undertaker. The funeral—to take place in New Haven—was arranged for; telegrams were sent; one among them to Phil. Even poor Miss Goucher was at last remembered and telephoned to—only just in time, I fear, to save her reason. But of her, more in its place. And meanwhile, throughout all this necessary confusion, Susan slept on. Noon was past, and she still slept. And Doctor Askew and I watched beside her and talked together.

At precisely seven minutes to three—I was bending over her at the moment, studying her face for any sign of stirring consciousness—she quietly opened her eyes.

"Ambo," were her first words, "I believe in God now; a God, anyway. I believe in Setebos."

XXVIII

IN MY unpracticed, disorderly way—in the hurry of my desire to get back to Susan—I have again overstepped myself and must, after all, pause to make certain necessary matters plain. There is nothing else for it. I have, on reflection, dropped too many threads—the thread of my own vision, the thread of those first two or three pages scrawled by Susan before her hand had fully responded to Doctor Askew's control, other weakly fluttering, loose-ended threads! My respect for the great narrative writers is increasing enormously as I bungle onward. "Order is heaven's first law," and I wish to heaven it might also more instinctively be mine.

Just after the coroner's departure Maltby left us, but before he left I insisted upon a brief talk with him in Lucette's presence. I was in no mood for tact.

"Maltby," I said, "I can't stop now for anything but the plain statement that you've been a bad friend—to Susan and me. As for you, Lucette, it's perfectly clear now that Susan believes you responsible for spreading a slanderous lie about her. Between you, directly or indirectly, you've managed to get it believed down here that Susan has been my mistress and was forced to leave New Haven because the scandal had grown notorious.

"That's why Susan came here, determined to see you, Lucette; that's why Gertrude received her. Gertrude was never underhanded, never a sneak. My guess is that she suspected you of slandering Susan, but wasn't sure; and then Susan's unexpected call on you ——"

Lucette flared out at this, interrupting me: "I'm not particularly interested in your guesswork, Ambrose Hunt! We've had a good deal of it already. Besides, I've a raging headache, and I'm too utterly heartsick even to resent your insults. But I'll say this: I've very strong reasons for thinking that what you call a lying slander is a fact. Mr. Phar can tell you why—if he cares to."

With that she walked out of the room, and I did not see her again until we met in New Haven at Gertrude's funeral, on which occasion, with nicely calculated publicity, she was pleased to cut me dead.

When she had gone I turned on Maltby.

"Well?" I demanded.

Maltby, I saw, was something more than ill-at-ease.

"Now see here, Bos," he began, "can't we talk this over without quarreling? It's so stupid, I mean—between men of the world." I waited, without responding. "I'll be frank with you," he mumbled at me. "Fact is, old man, that night—the night Phil Farmer said Susan wanted to see you—was waiting for you in your study—remember? You promised to rejoin me shortly and talk things out. But you didn't come back. Naturally, I've always supposed since then ——"

"You have a scoundrelly imagination!" I exclaimed.

His face, green pale from loss of sleep, slowly mottled with purplish stains.

"Years of friendship," he stumbled, thick-voiced, through broken phrases. "Wouldn't take that from anyone else. Not yourself. Question of viewpoint, really. I'd be the last to blame either of you if —— However ——"

"Maltby," I said, "you're what I never thought you—a common or garden cad. That's my deliberate opinion. I've nothing more to say to you."

For an instant I supposed he was going to strike me. It is one of the major disappointments of my life that he did not. My fingers ached for his throat.

Later, with the undertaker efficiently in charge of all practical arrangements, and while Susan still hid from us behind her mysterious veil, I talked things out with Doctor Askew, giving him the whole story of Susan as clearly and unreservedly as I could. My purpose in doing so was twofold. I felt that he must know as much as possible about Susan before she woke again to what we call reality. What I feared was that this shock—which had so profoundly and so peculiarly affected her—might, even after the long and lengthening trance had passed, leave some mark upon her spirit, perhaps even some permanent cloud upon her brain. I had read enough of these matters to know that my fear was not groundless, and I could see that Doctor Askew welcomed my information—felt as keenly as I did that he might later be called upon to interpret and deal with some perplexing borderland condition of the mind. It was as well at least to be prepared. That was my major purpose. But connected with it was another, more self-regarding. My own vision, my psychic reel, greatly disturbed me. It was not orthodox. It could not be explained, for example, as something swiftly fabricated from covert memories by my unconscious mind and forced then sharply into consciousness by some freak of circumstance, some psychic perturbation or strain.

My vision of the accident itself—of the manner of its occurrence—might conceivably have been such a fabrication subconsciously elaborated from the facts given me by Conlon; not so my vision of its setting. I had seen in vivid detail the interior of a room which I had never entered and had never heard described; and every detail thus seen was minutely accurate, for I had since examined the room and had found nothing in it unfamiliar, nothing that did not correspond with what my mind's eye had already noted and remembered. Take merely one instance—the pattern and color scheme of the Chinese rug beside the chaise longue. As an amateur in such matters I could easily, in advance of physically looking at it, have catalogued that rug and have estimated its value to a collector. How then to account for this astounding clairvoyance? I could not account for it without widening my whole conception of what was psychically possible. Seated with Doctor Askew in the room where Susan lay withdrawn from us, from our normal world of limited concrete perceptions, I was oppressed as never before by the immensity and deluding vagueness of the unknown. What were we, we men and women? Eternal forces or creatures of an hour? An echo from days long past returned to me, Phil's quiet firm voice demanding—of Maltby, wasn't it? Yes, yes, of course—demanding of Maltby: "What is the world, may I ask? And what is Susan?"

Doctor Askew cross-questioned me closely as we sat there, a little off from Susan, our eyes seldom leaving her face. "You must have patience," he kept assuring me in the midst of his questioning. "It will be much better for her to come out of this thing tranquilly, by herself. We're not really wasting time."

When his cross-questioning was over he sat silent for a long time, biting at his upper lip, tapping one foot—almost irritably, I thought—on the parquet floor.

"I don't like it," he said finally in his abrupt way. "I don't like it because I believe you're telling the truth. If I could only persuade myself that you are either lying or at least drawing a long bow"—he gave a little disgusted snort of laughter—"it would be a great relief to me!"

"Why?"

"Why? Because you're upsetting my scientific convictions. My mind was all tidied up, everything nicely in order, and now you come raging through it with this ridiculous tale of a sudden hallucinating vision—of seeing things that you'd never seen, near heard described—whose very existence you were completely unaware of! Damn it! I'd give almost anything to think you a cheerful liar or self-deceived! But I can't."

"Still, you must have met with similar cases?"

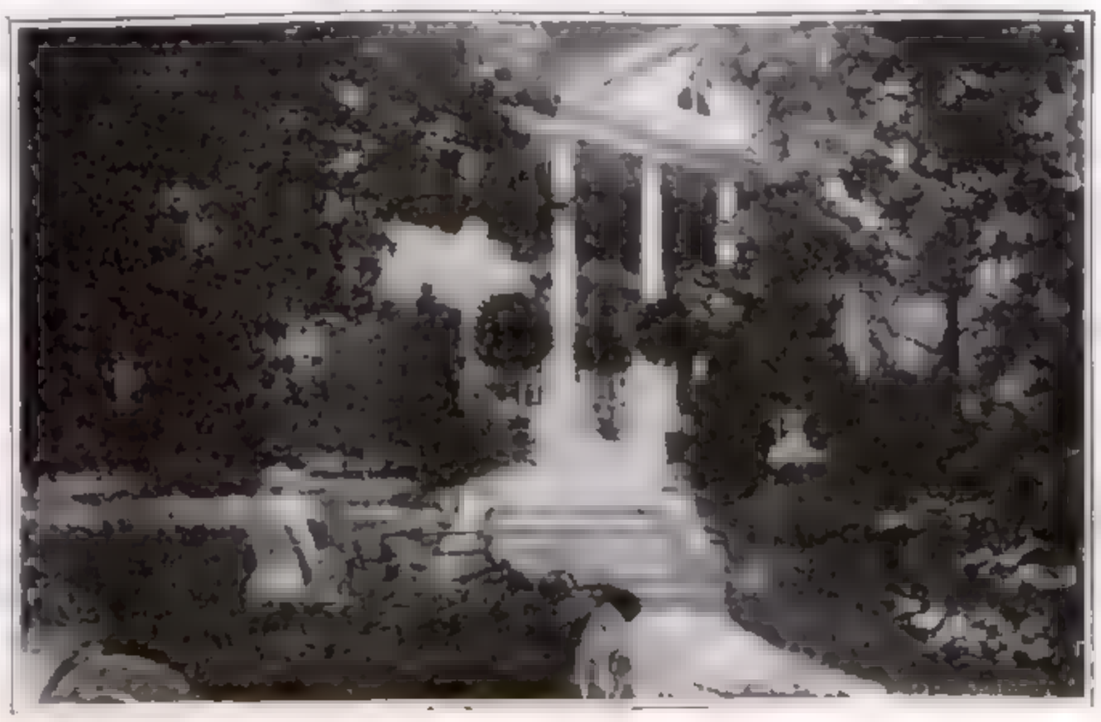
"Never, as it happens, with one that I couldn't explain away to my own satisfaction. That's what irritates me now. I can't explain you away, Mr. Hunt. I believe you had that experience just as you describe it. Well, then, if you had—what follows?" He pulled for a moment or two at a stubby end of red mustache.

"What does?" I suggested.

"One of three things," he replied, "all equally impossible. Either your vision—to call it that—was first recorded in the mind of another living person and transferred thence to yours—or it was not. If it wasn't, then it came direct from God or the devil and was purely miraculous! With your kind permission we'll rule that out. But if it *was* first recorded in the mind of another living person, then we're forced to accept telepathy—complete thought transference from a distance—accept it as a fact. I never have so accepted it, and hate like hell to do it now! And even if I could bring myself to accept it, my troubles have only begun. From whose mind was this exact vision of the accident to Mrs. Hunt transferred to yours? So far as I can see, the detailed facts of it could have been registered in the minds of only two persons—Miss Blake and your wife. Isn't that so?"

I agreed.

"All right. See where that leaves us! At the time you receive this vision Miss Blake is lying here in a deep trance, unconscious; and your wife is dead. Which of these incredible sources of information do you prefer? It's a matter of indifference to me. Either way my entire reasoned conception of the universe topples in ruins!"



"But surely," I protested, "it might have come to me from Miss Blake, as you suggest, without our having to descend to a belief in spirit communication. Let's rule that out too!"

"As you please," smiled Doctor Askew, pretty grimly. "If you find it easier to believe your vision came from Miss Blake, do so by all means! Personally, I've no choice. I can accept the one explanation quite as readily as the other. Which means that as a thinking being I can accept neither! Both are—absurd. So I can go no further—unless by a sheer act of faith. I'm baffled, you see—in my own field; completely baffled. That's what it comes to. And I find it all devilishly annoying and inconvenient. Don't you?"

I did not reply.

For a time I mused drearily enough, turning many comfortless things over in my mind. Then I drew from my pocket the three sheets scribbled by Susan's hand before it had responded to Doctor Askew's insistent suggestions.

"Doctor," I asked, handing him the scribbled pages, "in view of all I've told you, doesn't what Miss Blake has written here strike you as significant? You see," I added, while he glanced through them, "how strongly her repressed feelings are in revolt against me—against the tyranny of my love for her. Doesn't it seem improbable, then, to say the least of it, that my vision could have come from that direction?"

He was reading the pages through again, more slowly. "Jimmy?" he queried to himself. "Oh, yes—Jimmy's the boy you spoke of. I see I see." He looked up, and I did my best to smile.

"That's a bitter dose of truth for me, doctor; but thank God it came in this way—came in time!"

Except for the punctuation, which I have roughly supplied, the three pages read as follows:

"A net. No means of escape from it. To escape—somehow. Jimmy —— Only wretchedness for Ambo—for us both. How can he care! Insufferably self-satisfied; childishly blind. I won't—I won't—not after this. No escape from it—my net. But the inner net—Ambo's—binding him too. Some way out. A dead hand killing things. My own father. How he killed and killed—always—more than he knew. Blind. Never felt that before as part of me—of me. Wrong way round though—it enfolds—smothers. I'm tangled there—part of it—forever and ever. Setebos—God of my father—Setebos knows. Oh, how could I dream myself free of it like others—how could I! A net—all a net—no breaking it. Poor Ambo—and his love too—a net. It shan't hold me. I'll gnaw through—mouselike. I must. Fatal for Ambo now if it holds me. Fatal—Setebos—Jimmy will ——"

"Hum," said Doctor Askew quietly.

"That doesn't help me much," I complained.

"No," he responded; "but I can't see that all this has any bearing on the possible source of your vision."

"I only thought that perhaps this revelation of a repressed inner revolt against me ——"

"Yes, I see. But there's no reasoning about the unthinkable. I've already said I can make nothing of your vision—nothing I'm yet prepared to believe." He handed the three sheets back to me with these words: "But I'm afraid your interpretation of this thing is correct. It's a little puzzling in spots—curious, eh, the references to Setebos. Still, if I were you, Mr. Hunt, I should quietly withdraw from a lost cause. It'll mean less trouble all round in the end." He shook his head impatiently. "These sexual muddles—it's better to see 'em out frankly! They're always the devil anyway. What silly mechanisms we are—how Nature makes puppet-fools of us! That lovely child there—she admires you and wants to love you, because you love her. Why shouldn't she? What could be a happier arrangement—now? You've had your share of marital misfortune, I should say. But Nature doesn't give a damn for happy arrangements! God knows *what* she's after, I don't! But just at present she seems to be loading the dice for Jimmy—for Jimmy, who perhaps isn't even interested in the game! Well, such—for our misery or amusement—is life! And my cigarettes are gone. How about yours?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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SCHIEBER LAND

(Continued from Page 11)

brought to every table at half past nine, and all the electric lights were switched off because of the coal shortage. The effect was excellent, until one went round the corner to the all-night joints and found all lights burning with unabated brilliancy.

The Germans themselves protest that it is unfair to make much of the revelry, because the people who indulge in it are not, as they put it, Germans. They are all foreigners and Schiebers Swedes and Danes and Dutchmen and Swiss and Americans. No decent German woman would defile herself by going to such places, they claim. That is unquestionably true. As for all the reveling being done by foreigners, that is true to a very small degree. It does not alter the fact that the Germans aren't playing the game. If there is a coal shortage in Germany it doesn't matter whether a German wastes the coal or a Swede or a Dutchman. It's wasted, and that's all there is to it. If there is a food shortage and children are starving nobody has the right to eat more than his share. During a shortage in America or England most persons share alike. They aren't willing to do that in Germany. And the fact remains that throughout last winter Germany had sufficient food to ration all alike, and to deliver the ration. In some other countries—Poland, for one—there wasn't enough food to deliver a minimum ration if all had been rationed alike.

The Flight of Capital

On the day I arrived in Berlin, shortly before Christmas, the hotels and restaurants were striking against an honest observance of the food laws. The government had passed a law that people should not buy food except on food cards. It was utterly ignored by everyone who had enough money to buy food from the Schiebers; and the government didn't strain itself to enforce the law. None the less, the law existed; and if the government had cared to enforce it almost everybody in Germany could have been incarcerated in the nearest calaboose. The hotels and restaurants always saw to it that their guests were plentifully supplied with meat and sugar and eggs and butter and milk; and in order to purchase such things they had to buy illegally. The thought of what might happen to them in case the law were enforced was an extremely poignant one; so they struck to have the law repealed. They said that if they lived up to the law they couldn't feed their guests.

The strike consisted of closing every restaurant in town for two days. Not a hotel served a particle of food in any dining room or private room during these two days. Not a café was open. It was one of the most enthusiastic strikes I have ever seen. There was no cheating on it. In my innocent, childish way I started out to persuade a restaurant to feed me; but after two hours of fruitless hunting I staggered hungrily back to my hotel and hung round the room of the Associated Press representatives until they felt obliged to share their lunch with me. I also persuaded them to invite me to return for dinner. I could, it is true, have got food in a grocery store; but if I had depended on a hotel or restaurant I shouldn't have eaten. This first strike was only a two-day strike; but the hotels and restaurants planned to follow it with longer and longer strikes until the government finally repealed its law against the illicit buying of food. There were signs, however, that when the next strike took place the striking restaurants would do a little cheating and arrange things so that persons who knew the ropes could get food. This would give rise to the complex situation of people striking for the right to be dishonest and of not even being able to be honest in their effort to be dishonest, if you know what I mean.

Not only are the wealthy Berliners spending money on food and champagne while the poor go without, but all the Berliners seem to be getting rid of all the money they can as fast as they can. They are not overparticular how they get rid of it. Almost any way seems to appeal to them. Some of them send it out of the country in large bales. This is known as the Flight of Capital. Others gamble it away. There are lots of gambling houses in Berlin, and it is popularly reported that the croupiers are so busy hauling in money with their little rakes that several of them have developed housemaid's knee in their elbows. This sounds a bit exaggerated; but the information cost me nothing, and I pass it on for what it's worth. There are also three race tracks in Berlin; and the betting that has gone on at these tracks since the war would make the most hardened New Orleans bookmaker cry like a child. The amount of money that changed hands in one day on the three tracks was 4,000,000 marks. Charwomen, laborers, Schiebers—people of all sorts were begging piteously to have their money taken away from them. Great numbers of the betters never saw the races and merely went out to the tracks to get their money up. Charwomen discussed the merits of the different horses as fluently as stable owners.

Two hundred and fifty thousand people went to the Berlin race tracks in one day. On race days every imaginable conveyance was pressed into service to take the people to the tracks. Fashionable folk were glad of the opportunity to go out in the workmen's carts. A taxicab could make almost as much in two trips as a laborer could earn in a month. At the tracks another severe jolt was administered to the popular belief that Germans drink nothing but beer; for beer was almost an unknown quantity. Everybody drank wine—Moselle or Rhine wine or saccharin-sweetened champagne.

The German government sits down rather heavily on the betting figures, because it is evidently none too proud of its share in encouraging the money-scattering orgy. There is a law against gambling, so that gambling houses are illegal. Yet the race-track gambling is permitted and the government shares in the bets, taking a clean fifty per cent. As I say, the government is averse to giving out information on the subject, so I am unable to quote exact figures. The government also squats cozily on the state lottery figures. The lotteries are extremely popular with the people, and they throw their money into them with the utmost abandon; but the government hates to admit that it is encouraging gambling to such an extent. The Prussian state lotteries take place every month. The capital prize is 500,000 marks, and there are many other prizes, of course. Almost everybody plays the lottery.

Every cabaret, every dance hall, every theater and every moving-picture theater in Berlin, as well as all over Germany, is crowded every night. The theaters are presenting plays whose standards of morality are low enough to walk under the door of a safe-deposit vault. In Berlin there are three plays in particular that are so obscene and degenerate that it is difficult to conceive of any government permitting them to run. These plays—Pandora's Box, Erdgeist and Schloss Wetterstein—are playing nightly to standing room only. Erdgeist, which was forbidden under the old régime because of its nastiness, has played for a solid year to packed houses. The French stage some plays that are extremely loose, to put it conservatively; but they seldom go in for straight filth. Some German communities—notably Munich—have rebelled against the offensiveness of recent German film productions and installed a censorship. In Berlin there is one moving-picture theater that seats 5000 people.

In nine weeks last winter it is said to have made a net profit of 400,000 marks. There are 325 moving-picture theaters in Berlin, and the cost of tickets is from a little more than two marks to a little more than eight marks a seat. Yet they are crowded afternoon and evening. There are more than fifty regular theaters in Berlin; and they, too, don't know what it is not to be doing a capacity business.

The stock market is another place where the Berliners have a delightful time tossing away their money. There is far more stock-market speculation than there was during the war, and it's nothing at all but speculation. That is clearly shown by the prices of American railway shares, in which there is heavy dealing

The day before I left Berlin last winter certain American railway shares were quoted at 270 marks a share, which at that time was equivalent to about $5.50. Yet the same stock on the New York Stock Exchange was selling for many times that price. The reason for this strange difference in price is that the German-owned shares in these railroads have drawn no dividends and may not draw any.

They are sort of outlaw shares which may or may not be of value some day. All dealing in them is pure speculation. The most active stock on the Berlin Stock Exchange last winter was Shantung Railway preferred. On December twenty-ninth it leaped up 300 points to a price of 3600 marks. It slides up and down from 300 to 400 marks a day. That also is pure speculation.

Most of the gay and carefree spending on the part of Germans with money is caused by their disinclination to have the money wrenched from them by the German tax on capital, which is very heavy. A somewhat decayed specimen of German aristocracy who had made several fruitless attempts to get out of the country with the remains of his fortune appeared one day in the Adlon Hotel in Berlin dressed up like a Christmas tree. The gorgeousness of his appearance caused some comment in the bar. He assured the commenters that the clothes he was wearing weren't a circumstance to the ones he had at home.

The Stamp Collector's Paradise

"The government thinks they're going to get my money," said he, "but they aren't. I've bought twelve suits of clothes at 2000 marks a suit, and eight pairs of shoes at 1000 marks a pair, and more neckties and shirts and other wearing apparel than I've ever had before in all my life. I shall buy still more, and I shall buy jewelry and the finest wines and the best food to be obtained; and when the government comes round to collect my money from me I shall show them the receipts for all my purchases, and they won't get anything at all."

Roaring with laughter over his astuteness the decayed specimen ordered another quart of champagne and proceeded to guzzle it with keen enjoyment.

When the Germans with money grow weary of spending it for the ordinary run of articles they blow it in on postage stamps, but since there seem to be about as many stamp stores in Berlin as there used to be saloons in Milwaukee I gather that there are as many German stamp collectors as there were Milwaukee beer drinkers. On most of the business streets every fifth shop seems to deal exclusively in postage stamps, and in every shop there are usually from two to five people engaged in gratifying their mad craving for stamp collecting.

The situation is greatly complicated by the enormous number of war stamps that have been issued during the past five years. Whenever the army of any country occupied a slice of another country it got out a special set of stamps. Whenever any section of a country altered its form of government somebody felt called on to evolve some new stamps for the occasion. Places that never got more than a three-line mention in any American newspaper have broken out with postage stamps that are considered very nifty by the German stamp hounds. For example, there is Lubom. I am not familiar with Lubom, though it sounds interesting. If anybody threw Lubom into my face at a moment's notice and wanted to know what it was, I should make a quick stab and say that it was an Austrian mineral water.

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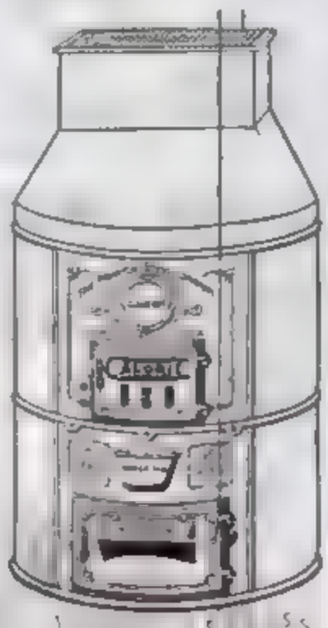

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Nevertheless it is a place that has issued postage stamps during the recent unpleasantness, as also are Cheeny and Sosnovice and Zarki and Przedborz

Przedborz has some dandy stamps which are keenly gone in for by the Germans. Two very popular Przedborz stamps are the two and four groszy stamps, which can be had in Berlin for thirty marks. I do not know how much a groszy is, though I suppose that such a lack of knowledge is a very pitiful thing. The Ukraine got out some stamps, as did the West Ukrainian People's Republic, or Volksrepublik. Hungary had her troubles with an issue which is known to the German collectors as the Kriegswohltätigkeitsausgabe. Then came the Hungarian Republic, and after that the Hungarian Soviet Republic. Austria adds her bit to the mess by getting out stamps for the Austrian Field Post, the Austrian Field Post in Serbia, the Austrian Field Post in Montenegro, the Austrian Field Post in Rumania, the Austrian Field Post in Italy and the Republic of German-Austria.

Then there are the Italian Besetzungs. A Besetzung, as I understand it, is a sitting down. There were the Italian sittings down in Austria, Fiume and Istria, and all of them required stamps. Some day, perchance, Italy will get out some stamps to celebrate her sitting down on D'Annunzio. And then of course there were the German sittings down in Belgium, Lithuania, Dorpat, Russian Poland, Rumania and various other places.

Some of these stamps come high. A set of seventeen of the Italian Besetzung in Austria costs 2000 marks. Forty-three stamps of the Italian Besetzung in Fiume and Istria bring 1500 marks. A complete set of Jugo-Slav stamps costs 450 marks. A set of nineteen Polish Corps stamps costs 5000 marks. A set issued during the Rumanian Besetzung in Siebenbürgen brings 400 marks; while one perfect gem, issued by Turkey, and known to German collectors by the endearing diminutive "Kriegswohltätigkeitsausgabe mit kleinem sechszackigem Stern und Halbmond aufdruck," sets one back 400 marks for the one stamp. But the Germans pay the prices. If they've got it they'll spend it for anything.

Prices in Marks and in Dollars

There is another side to the picture, however, and a very much larger side. As in most countries, the bulk of the people have no investments, no income from investments and no savings. They are getting along on salaries or on what they earn from day to day, and they are making very hard going of it; for the prices they are forced to pay for the necessities of life, when they buy in the open market, are enormous. Their problem is a bad one, though not so terrible as it is in Poland and in Austria.

I have heard people—Americans usually—speak of prices in Germany as being ridiculously low because of the large number of German marks that can be purchased for a dollar. This of course is unfair, because the Germans are paid in marks; and the mark to them is still equivalent to twenty-four cents, though it is equivalent to only two cents to an American. When I was in Berlin I received forty-seven German marks for each one of my American dollars. My room in the best hotel in Berlin—one of the best hotels, by the way, in Europe—cost less than a dollar a day. At a little restaurant that is frequented by the American newspapermen I could get a satisfying repast of soup, goose liver, potato, beer, bread, butter, coffee and cheese for about sixty cents. I could buy a suit of clothes for twenty-five or thirty dollars.

But all these things were very different propositions for the average German. Ten thousand marks a year is a pretty fair salary in Berlin. A German who earned that salary would have to pay out two months' earnings if he wanted a good suit of clothes. Let's suppose that $3000 a year is a fair average of earnings in America. If a man earning $3000 a year in America had to pay $500 for a suit of clothes he'd be in about the same position that the average German is in to-day. He would also be in a state of turmoil that would make all previous turmoils look like a Dorcas Society meeting. He would be very apt to rush out on the street with ferocious cries, tear up the cobblestones and throw them through the nearest plate-glass window. Why the Germans don't do it I don't know. Some people say it's because they're a beaten people, and therefore sunk in a sort of despair that numbs them. Others say it's because law and order have been so ingrained in them for such a long time that they are incapable of erupting. Whatever the reason, they show few signs of kicking over the traces.

Orderly Mobs

One sees the outward manifestations of fear of an outbreak in the barbed-wire entanglements that are placed at the entrances of public buildings, ready to be swung into place by the armed guards at a moment's notice. But outbursts on the part of the people are rare. The Germans are not good rioters. They have occasional demonstrations; but they usually do their demonstrating in an orderly manner. If the demonstration shows signs of cutting into their dinner hour they cut out the demonstration and go home to eat. They also do not care to demonstrate in the rain. It's "Home, James," for any German mob if the weather becomes inclement. A large mob of Germans were rioting about something in Berlin early in the winter. The riot consisted of standing on the broad walks of a park and shouting "*Hoch*" or "*Raus*" or something similar at regular intervals. But they were very careful to keep off the grass.

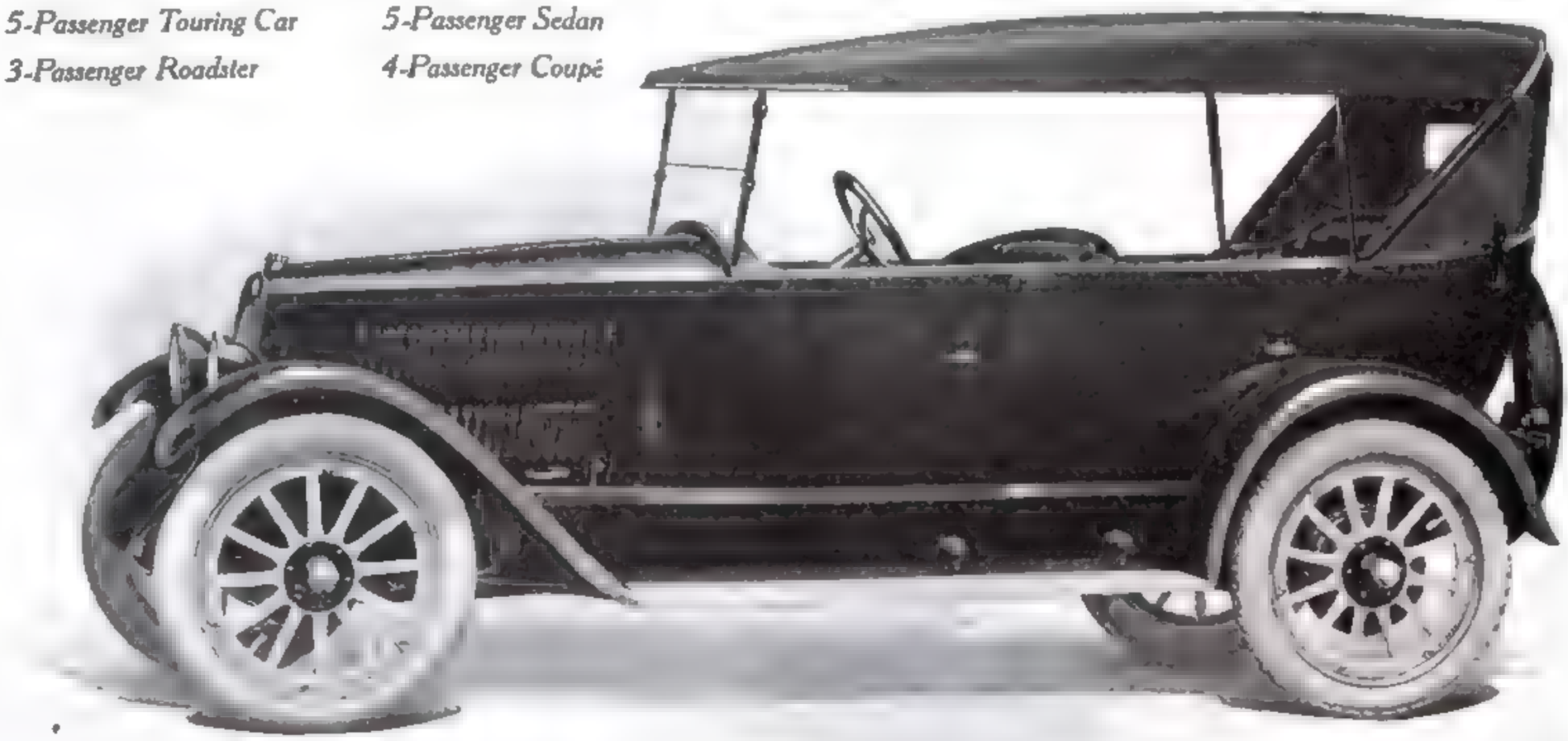
In the middle of the riot a small boy broke away from the mob and ran across the grass. Every head in the mob turned toward him, and a score of angry voices shouted to him to get back on the walk where he belonged.

A few days before I left Berlin 39,000 workers marched through the streets in protest against the meagerness of their salaries. They marched without a sound, except for the scuffling of their heavy feet on the snowy pavements. Not a word, not a shout, merely a dull and silent protest. The Bolshevik menace, though

(Continued on Page 100)

Types From Schools in Berlin's Poorest Sections

5-Passenger Touring Car *5-Passenger Sedan*
3-Passenger Roadster *4-Passenger Coupé*



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Mitchell introduces to car design a logical advancement.

All tendencies of recent years, as you know, have been towards motive lines. Yet many awkward lines remained.

Someone had to conceive the final step; bringing the radiator into harmony with other body lines. It alone remained straight up and down.

It has been Mitchell's opportunity to introduce this inevitable feature—and the result must be seen to be fully appreciated—for it appeals not only to the eye but to one's sense of logical proportions of a swift moving object, like an automobile.

Some will say this is a minor thing—that it is not radically different.

Mitchell has not aimed for the freakish nor to attract those of passing fancy. What is offered is a basic development, just like the slanting of the windshield, just like the other many items which make today's cars so different from those five years ago.

Mechanically right

Yet style is not the sole attraction in the New Mitchell. Nor all the costly details of finish.

For the chassis construction has its appeal to the mechanically inclined, and its dependability to those who like to take mechanics for granted.

While no basic changes have been made—because of the success of the recent Mitchells—nevertheless numerous refinements and improvements have been incorporated.

Much we credit to the superb factory organization—its careful workmanship, its minute inspections, its certainty of high-quality production.

Much is due to the fact that we build complete cars — even bodies — which means a 100 per cent Mitchell unit under personal supervision.

Know before you buy

It is to your distinct advantage to know this New Mitchell before you make any choice—to know its beauty, its responsive performance, its roominess and comfort, its sturdy construction and its moderate price.

Then make comparisons. See if you can find a like car at a like price. To even approximate all that Mitchell offers will cost you much more, we think. And even then you would be deprived of the exclusive Mitchell features.

Orders should be placed well in advance. For the success of the New Mitchell is taxing our production. And it is the ambition of every Mitchell Dealer to deliver your car on schedule. So don't wait, please, until the last minute. See the New Mitchell today.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wisconsin

RACINE Mitchell WISCONSIN U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 98)

widely press-agented in the vicinity of Berlin, seems to be somewhat exaggerated.

The great Spartacist uprising of a year ago could have been handily squelched by 200 New York policemen; and if the bullets could be eliminated a life-size reproduction of the entire uprising could be presented in the Harvard Stadium. There may be and probably will be a few Spartacist or Communist outbreaks—"Spartacism" and "Communism" being other ways of saying "Bolshevism"—but if there are any it is a good bet that they won't grow to such proportions that they couldn't be produced on the stage of the New York Hippodrome.

As in all countries at the present time the man who is having the hardest sledding is the clerk and the small government official. His salary hovers between 5000 and 7000 marks a year, unless he is an unmarried man from eighteen to twenty-two years of age, in which case he receives from 3500 marks to 4200 marks a year.

Now I talked with a great many people in Berlin in an effort to find out on how small an amount of money a man could live. Practically everyone whom I asked said that nobody could live with a semblance of decency on less than 8000 marks a year. A few put 7000 marks a year as the absolute minimum. All of them agreed that they couldn't see how it was possible to live on 6000 marks a year. Yet there are many people in Berlin and other German cities who are doing so. How they do it nobody knows, least of all the people themselves. They live entirely on their government rations, buy the cheapest sort of clothes and exist somehow.

Profiteering Everywhere

I was talking one day with the Berlin manager of a big steamship office, which sells nothing nowadays except railroad tickets. He began to talk, as everybody in Central Europe always does, of the frightful living costs. "I used to buy my collars for eight marks a dozen," said he; "and now they're ten marks apiece. A pair of shoes used to cost eighteen marks, and now they cost 300. An apartment that used to cost eighty marks a month now costs 350." He sighed despondently. "The people are living on what they had before the war," he continued. "Otherwise they couldn't live. After they've used up everything God knows what will happen to them."

I spoke with a government official who occupies a responsible position. His family consists of his wife and four children, one of whom is away at school. His salary is 1000 marks a month. He has given up his home and lives in two rooms in a boarding house.

The two rooms and the meals cost 110 marks a day. Anybody with a comprehensive knowledge of higher mathematics can see from this that his bill for one year at the boarding house would be 40,150 marks, which doesn't leave much out of his 12,000-mark salary to spend on clothes, shoes, street-car fares, amusements, charity and sundries. He has a private income, however, and so he gets along.

If a woman wanted a single room and board in a fairly good part of Berlin she would find it very difficult to get it at a smaller rate than twenty marks a day. That figures out to 7300 marks a year for the room and food alone. That is one of the reasons why the streets of Berlin are full of unfortunate women, and why the dance halls and cabarets are crowded with them nightly.

Here, for example, is a typical case: A young German woman was married to a lieutenant in the German Army. He was killed, leaving her with two small children. She draws a government pension of 150 marks a month. She has a position as typist, which pays her 300 marks a month. She has sent her children to relatives, and she is engaged to be married to one of her husband's brother officers. But she must either go on the street or starve. Our government investigators in Berlin state that there are between 20,000 and 30,000 war widows in Berlin alone who are in the same position.

An American in Berlin went out to Potsdam to take dinner with a retired German officer who had been wealthy before the war. He lived in a beautiful home, magnificently furnished. "We don't often ask our friends to dinner," said the old officer, "because we don't like to have people see the extremities to which we have been reduced. We have only asked you because you could give us news of our friends." He made no further apologies. When dinner was served it consisted of a plate of hash and a bottle of rare old wine, nothing more.

Two days later the same American went to the home of a Schieber for dinner. The Schieber met him at the train with an expensive automobile. His home was full of servants. The table groaned, as the saying goes, beneath meats, asparagus, fruits, rich desserts and fine wines. The Schieber was proud of his luxurious surroundings. "I want you to smoke a cigar that cost eighty-six marks," said he to his guest. "You must have some more of this Tokayer; it was laid down in 1846, and it is the best in Berlin." Food troubles don't exist for the Schiebers, and the government is too weak to enforce its own food laws.

The German laborer is fairly well off. The unskilled laborer earns from sixteen to forty marks daily. An engine driver receives 180 marks a week, so that his year's work nets him slightly more than 9000 marks. Laborers live in the east end of Berlin, and are able to get a two or three room apartment for 500 or 600 marks a year. The clerks, who refuse to live in the east end, have to pay double and even triple that amount.

Everybody in Germany who makes an attempt to live on the government rations guards his food cards as though they were precious jewels. There are cards for meat, cards for potatoes, cards for sugar, cards for coal, cards for butter and cards for bread. A meat card permits its possessor to buy half a pound of meat a week at the government price; and half a pound of meat a week is just a little more than enough to provide a goldfish with adequate nourishment. The butter that a butter card allows one to buy every week will just about butter one slice of bread. The coal cards and sugar cards are all right in theory; but in practice they frequently fall down with a dull thud because there is no sugar or coal to be had on them. The Schiebers and the war profiteers are getting all of it. With the help of butter cards one can get a pound of butter for seven marks; but without the cards one must pay thirty-two marks for the same amount. Theoretically there is no butter except at the government-regulated price. Actually there is all of it that one wants. On bread cards a person can get a loaf of bread for a trifle more than a mark and a half; without cards a loaf of bread costs five and a half marks.

Passwords for Bread Cards

There was so much stealing of bread cards and counterfeiting of them that the government issued cards of various colors, and placed a password, such as "Steamboat" or "Tomato Soup" or "Shakspere" or "Overcoat" on each one. At the end of each week the government publishes the color and the password of the card for the following week. If any sort of card has been counterfeited or stolen in large numbers that particular sort can be withdrawn from circulation without difficulty. If a man isn't satisfied with his half pound of meat a week at two and half marks he can easily go out and buy more, but it will cost him fifteen marks a pound. He cheats when he buys it, and the man who sells it to him cheats, and the government cheats in permitting it to be done. I never carried a food card of any sort with me during my stay in Berlin; but after I had learned how to wink at the waiter I would get whatever I wanted. Yet I was supposed to have cards in order to get nearly all the things I ate.

Food can be distributed to the people in very much larger quantities and at far lower prices than the present unregulated prices, for all the food dealers were making money almost as easily as the government makes it on their printing presses. For example, a Berliner borrowed 50,000 marks on which to start a restaurant. Practically all his food was bought illegally—"under the hand," they say in Berlin. In four months he repaid the man who loaned him the money and had enough left to enlarge his restaurant.

So much money is being printed in Germany that one rarely sees a bill of high denomination that is not brand-new. What becomes of all the old money I couldn't find out. It is being shipped out of the country in large quantities so that it won't be taken by the government; but not all of the old money can have participated in this Flight of Capital. At any rate, one doesn't see it. But the nice new fifty-mark bills are everywhere. They are piled up in the banks like cordwood, fresh every day. There isn't a wrinkle or a smudge on them, and they are as sticky and as odorous of printer's ink as though they were less than half an hour off the presses.

Every city in Germany took a hand at printing its own money during the war. All the leading artists assisted in the money-making orgy, so that some very attractive specimens were produced. All the cities have legends connected with them, such as the legend of Gilda von Googleburg, who haunts Googleburg Castle, or the Pied Piper of Hameln, or the Terrible Hans von Stein of Steinfels. These legends were frequently depicted on the war money of the different cities; so that though the money is no good at all as money it makes nice pictures to paste up in the nursery for the purpose of amusing as well as instructing the little ones.

The Hole in the West

One who enters Germany by way of Treves and Coblenz, let us say, gets out at the various stations and buys food or post cards. At Treves the innocent-faced Fräulein behind the counter, observing that he is one of those boobish outlanders, hands him a fistful of money, which the helpless outlander tries in vain to count. If he has started with a dollar in American money and has bought enough post cards and stamps to apprise his friends in Philadelphia; Boston; Kennebunkport; Indianapolis; Carmel, California; and Glen Ridge, New Jersey, that he is still staggering weakly on his way, he gets back the equivalent of ninety-two cents in American money, or about forty-two marks.

About half of the forty-two marks which innocent-faced Fräulein hands out will be in regular German money, and the other half will be in the phony or near-money which the city of Treves issued just to show that it could make money as well as anyone else. There will be enough of it to fill two pockets; and it will all look alike to the boobish outlander. When he gets to Coblenz, however, and attempts to give a cab driver some of the money he accumulated in Treves the cab driver at once throws a harrowing and convulsive fit. The Treves money is worth nothing except in Treves. One must therefore pay the cabman in good German money; and after one has done so one receives about two quires of money in exchange. Half of this will be good, and the other half will be money issued by the city of Coblenz for reasons best known to itself. When one has passed on from Coblenz to Cologne one unsuspiciously attempts to get rid of the Coblenz money, only to find that Coblenz money is about as highly esteemed in Cologne as a nice case of typhus fever would be.

As a result of all this the progress of a newcomer in Germany bears a vague resemblance to a hare-and-hound chase; for as he proceeds from city to city he is forced to throw away the phony money he has unwittingly acquired, which is causing his pockets to bulge like the stuffed owl of song and fable.

In Germany, as in all other parts of Europe, one has almost as much trouble in locating a place to sleep as he would have in locating a pair of ear muffs in Borneo. There is the shortage of buildings caused by the lack of construction during the years of war. In the good residential section of Berlin, for example, 5000 buildings were erected every year. Since there has been no building for five years the west end of Berlin alone lacks 25,000 buildings. In addition to this, refugees from various places have been pouring into Germany since the armistice. The French have chased the Germans out of Alsace, the Poles have run them out of German Poland and the Ukrainians have ejected them from South Russia. Then there are the Germans who have been sent back by England and the United States, and who have left former German colonies, to say nothing of the Russians who have fled from the Bolsheviks and find that the favorable rate of exchange in Germany makes it possible for them to settle down there and exist on their capital for three or four years before they finally go broke. Owing to the fact that the government has fixed the prices which may be charged for houses and apartments the cost of them remains fairly reasonable, if they can be found. Usually, however, they can't be found either for love or for money.

Foreigners wishing apartments frequently pay a bonus which amounts to an entire year's rent. The landlords have also learned the wartime Washington dodge of insisting that a tenant buy the furniture in order to get the apartment. They charge nominal prices for rentals, but when it comes to selling the furniture they charge a matter of 40,000 marks for articles that couldn't be worth more than 5000 marks at a liberal estimate. Travelers can usually be squeezed in at a good hotel if they adopt the startlingly original system of allowing the room clerk to catch a fleeting glimpse of 200 or 300 marks, artfully disposed in the palm of the hand in such manner that the figures can be plainly seen. In fact, travelers can get almost anything they want in Germany if they are willing to hand out money. There is always a hand stretched out to take it.

In most of the German cities one goes round and bribes at will; but in the occupied area along the Rhine one keeps his money and allows the military authorities to work their will on him. The occupied area is known to the Germans as The Hole in the West. Through The Hole in the West come contraband goods on which the Germans can collect no duty, and through it go out German money and art treasures and commodities that are needed at home. Consequently Cologne, for example, which is the vortex of the hole, is crammed with traders of every nationality, as well as with the British Army. In order to get sleeping accommodations one must go to the billeting office and take whatever is handed out.

Spoiling for a Fight

I drifted into the billeting office of Cologne round midnight on a cold December evening, and one of the officials took me to his home and soaked me the exorbitant sum of fifteen marks for a night's lodging and breakfast the next morning, fifteen marks representing about thirty cents at the then rate of exchange. Before inserting myself between the two feather mattresses which represent the German idea of the height of comfort I sat with my host and his wife and daughter for about an hour and received a commodious earful regarding the German plans for the total wrecking of France in the not distant future. This was the first I had heard of it, and it intrigued me greatly. It was not the last I heard of it, however. Wherever I went in Germany the Germans assured me that the day was coming when France would be beaten to a creamy consistency and poured out of the kitchen window. Germany may be whipped, and she may realize it to the full, as some people claim; but taking the German people by and large, they are quite unaware of being in any position which will make it impossible for them to knock the stuffing out of France with one hand tied behind their backs as soon as they consider that the time is opportune. I asked my host in Cologne—as I asked all the other people with whom I discussed the matter—when he thought that France would be ripe to knock off the tree, so to speak. He made the same reply that all the others made. "When England and America stand not by France," said he, "then we will fight again." And then he leered at me and clenched his fist and went through the motions of delivering a corkscrew punch, significant, I assume, of the mulelike wallop which France is to receive.

I wish that the people who think the last war has been fought, and who are therefore averse to preparedness and universal military training, could wander through Central Europe for a few weeks. Everybody is spoiling for a fight. Boundaries are vague. All the nations want something that they haven't got. The people are hungry and cold and desperate. The situation of constant ferment which formerly existed in the Balkans has, with the creation of new small states, spread throughout Central Europe. The attitude of each nation seems to be that of a small boy who has been prevented from beating up an enemy by a number of the enemy's friends. "You wait till I get you alone," he says. "You just wait till I get you alone!" They're waiting, in Central Europe, to get each other alone. Each nation fairly burns to entice another nation up an alley and beat it to a pulp.

(Continued on Page 104)

The Hammer with Balance and Striking Power

The weight in a chunk behind the striking face gives more power and greater accuracy to the blow. Extra curved claws, short split and nipper-like edges grip and hold any nail, head or no head.

Plumb Hammers, Hatchets, Axes and Sledges are sold throughout the United States and Canada. Get them from your nearest dealer.

Made *for* mechanics *by* mechanics

Who knows best how a tool should be made? The man who uses it, every time!

Mechanics designed Plumb Hammers; it was a mechanic who suggested placing the head off center in the Ball Pein Hammer to give greater weight behind the striking face, that did 95 per cent. of the work. Another advised the ball of the hammer be cone shaped to spread a rivet and not "mash" it. Still another suggested an oblong eye to take a wider, stronger handle to prevent handle breakage.

These and other practical suggestions were embodied in models and submitted to good mechanics in all parts of the country. Then patterns were designed and finally, when the *best* hammer was made, costly steel dies, that assure uniformity and accuracy for the entire line, were cut.

Each Plumb Hammer has a practical and mechanical reason for every *distinctive feature*. Every Hatchet, every Axe and every Sledge has been submitted to workmen in every industry for criticism and suggestions for improvement. Each Plumb tool is designed to do the most work with the least labor.

To all this has been added the expert work of our Engineering Department, supplemented with sixty years of Plumb manufacturing experience to make users of Plumb Hammers, Hatchets, Axes and Sledges say, "They're worth more."

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A. St. Louis, Mo.

Plumb Prices

Nail Hammer $2.00
Machinists' Ball Pein Hammer . . $1.75
Automobilists' Ball Pein Hammer $1.50

PLUMB
DOUBLE LIFE

Hammers Hatchets Sledges and Axes

This actual photograph shows former desert land in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, now producing the finest variety of commercial long-staple cotton obtainable

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Growing Greater Mileage On Desert Land

ON several thousand acres in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, this company today is producing the finest variety of commercial long-staple cotton in the world.

While this accomplishment is of general interest as beginning the reclamation of an immense agricultural empire, it is primarily important to users of our tires.

Cotton is an indispensable element in modern tire construction; superior cotton enhances the strength, flexibility and endurance of the product it enters.

In converting the immemorial wastes of the desert into fertile and profitable acreage, Goodyear is really growing greater mileage on hitherto abandoned land.

Through every stage of their development Goodyear Cord Tires have benefited by work of such a character as is represented in this Arizona enterprise.

Not one element of their composition, not one principle of their construction, but has been carried steadily forward by invention, experiment and toil.

Today the harvest of such endeavor is seen in the capacity of Goodyear Cord Tires to deliver a kind of performance unapproached in any earlier type of tire.

Because Goodyear Tires and the sincere conservation service behind them afford uncommon satisfaction, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Offices Throughout the World

CORD TIRES

DO you think there are only two kinds of cigars—

The tasteless, flavorless kind and the strong, heavy ones?

No, there is a third kind—the Girard

A cigar from which all surplus oils are removed. Made of real Havana tobacco, perfectly matured, mellowed by age alone.

In Girards you have all the rich tropic flavor, all the pleasure and satisfaction, but no unpleasant after effect.

For solid enjoyment, steady nerves—pleasure combined with health—smoke Girard, America's foremost cigar.

Sold by progressive dealers everywhere.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf, Philadelphia
Established 49 years

Never gets on your nerves

GIRARD

Continued from Page 100

France seems to be the only nation against which the Germans bear any ill will. So far as America and England are concerned, she has already forgiven and forgotten practically all things—though both nations, the Germans recall, wronged and harmed her severely. Almost all the German business men and officials with whom I talked found the opportunity to ask me why there still existed in America such a strong dislike for Germans. I told all of them that much of our distrust rose from the discovery on the part of Americans that Germans could neither be trusted nor believed during the war, and that nothing sticks so tenaciously as a reputation for dishonesty. I also made some reference to their methods of making war, as well as to the frequent assurances which came out of Germany from responsible officials that America was to be made to bear the entire cost of the war so far as Germany was concerned.

In each case I was assured that all the stories of German atrocities were due to British propaganda, and that the war was started by Russia. When I ventured to give them the diplomatic though unmistakable rag I was reminded that the war was over anyway, and that it was inhuman of America not to let bygones be bygones. My answer to that was that they had asked my why Germany was distrusted in America, that I had answered them as inoffensively as possible, and that any argument concerning the unsoundness of American opinion was not passionately craved by any American at the present juncture.

Once in a while one of the old-line Prussians gets to brooding over the situation and erupts against an American. It happened to a couple of friends of mine while I was in Berlin. One—a former major in the American Army—was riding in a street car and conversing with a friend in English, when a Prussian tapped him on the shoulder and growled: "If you have got to talk, talk German." The American was held down by his friend and bloodshed was averted. The other—an American newspaper man—was quietly talking to a friend in the lobby of the Adlon when another Prussian stepped up to him and informed him that he was in Germany and needn't speak English. After the newspaper man had recovered from the shock he assured the Prussian in sonorous phrases and well-rounded periods that if it pleased him to speak in Chinese, Hindu or Arabic he would so speak, and that any Prussian who sought to make him speak otherwise would wake up out on the sidewalk with his nose pushed round into his right ear or thereabout.

The Right Time to Buy Embassies

These incidents, however, are freaks. Americans in all parts of Germany receive nothing but the most courteous treatment and the kindest consideration. True, the German shopkeepers see them coming miles away and raise all prices for their benefit; but they can scarcely be blamed for so doing, even though a clause in the peace treaty stipulates that no nation is to be discriminated against. All shops add twenty-five per cent to the marked price when selling to foreigners whose currency has not depreciated. Some stores add much more, and do it brazenly. A department store in Berlin raises its prices 125 per cent to Americans. The hotels, also, were last winter attempting to agree on a scale of excess charges to be levied on the citizens of the countries that are profiting by the low commercial value of the mark.

It is an ill wind that blows the dust from nobody's eyes; and it is to be hoped that the United States will take advantage of the very high purchasing power of the dollar in foreign countries, and buy embassies and consulates wherever we have need for them. From the policy which the United States has adopted in the past in regard to its embassies and consulates a person might be justified in thinking that we had scarcely enough money in the United States Treasury to buy a week's supply of eggs for the White House. One who knew nothing about the United States would, after scanning the buildings in which our diplomats are lodged all over the world, have good reason to think that America was some little squirt republic halfway between Tierra del Fuego and Zenda, where the prisoner came from. We don't own our embassies or our consulates and the buildings we rent in the various capitals of Europe are not within speaking distance of the crest of the wave, as one might say.

It has been a shame and a disgrace in the past that a country of the standing of the United States should not own its embassies and consulates, and that it should adopt such a penny-pinching policy that its representatives must occupy second rate quarters. There probably isn't a man in the United States Senate or House of Representatives who isn't aware of the fact that owning one's own home is more economical than renting it. Probably all of them were heartily in favor of the own-your-own-home movement which gained such impetus last year. Yet none of them has ever been known to become riotously enthusiastic over the proposition of the United States' owning its own homes in foreign countries.

The situation to-day, however, makes it more than a shame and a disgrace that the United States shouldn't own its embassies and consulates. With the value of the dollar where it is the failure of the Government to purchase buildings abroad becomes a crime against economy. The taxpayers of the United States should administer a swift kick—or even a series of swift kicks—to every legislator who votes against the purchasing of these buildings or who displays any lack of interest in purchasing them at this time. They should then turn him out of office with such brisk intense turns that he would become dizzy and fall down and break his political neck.

Neglected Opportunities

Let me explain the matter more fully: Before the war the yearly rental of the building in Berlin which the United States used as its embassy was 60,000 marks. At that time 60,000 marks represented $15,000. That same building could have been bought in January, 1920, for 1,250,000 marks, or $25,000 at the then rate of exchange. In other words, it could have been bought, and probably can still be bought, at less than its prewar rental for a period of two years. If you knew a man who was renting a $20,000 house at $1200 a year and who had a chance to buy the house for $2000, but who neglected to take advantage of the opportunity, you—unless you're a lady—probably know what you would call him. That is exactly what our legislators will be if they don't authorize the purchase of embassies and consulates, and authorize it quickly.

There has been a great deal of wild talk recently about the size of the German Army. Such figures as 1,500,000 have been tossed about freely, and the intimation has been that Germany has that number of men ready to spring, fully armed and equipped, at the solar plexus of any enemy. This belongs to that class of conversation loosely designated as hot air or bunk. There is a considerable amount of evidence which tends to show that there are organizations of officers in Germany who would act as the nucleus of a very large force of men; but as far as effective fighting forces go, Germany is not, as one might say, there. In fact, she is very far from there.

Reliable sources of information indicate that Germany could mobilize an army of 400,000 men, with such arms of the service as infantry and artillery in pretty good shape. All auxiliary arms, however, are in poor shape. The air service and the signal service are out of training. Specialists, such as bombers and mine throwers, have had no instruction. The motor-transport service is very bad. These points are very important ones; for if there is a lack of instruction for specialists and if the auxiliary arms are weak an army may be technically referred to, in military parlance, as on the fritz.

In addition to all this the entire German railroad service is bad. It is not only bad, it is superbad. If I had not seen the railways of Poland I should say that the German railroad service was bad enough to be classed as entirely decayed or rotten. At any rate, it is very, very bad. It is bad as to equipment and bad as to personnel. And if a nation wishes to mobilize its army it won't get very far with that sort of railway service. If the railway succeeded in bearing up under the strain of mobilizing the army—which it wouldn't—it would never have enough punch left to put the army's supplies in place. And Germany hasn't a sufficient amount of supplies to create reserves. If by any chance she did

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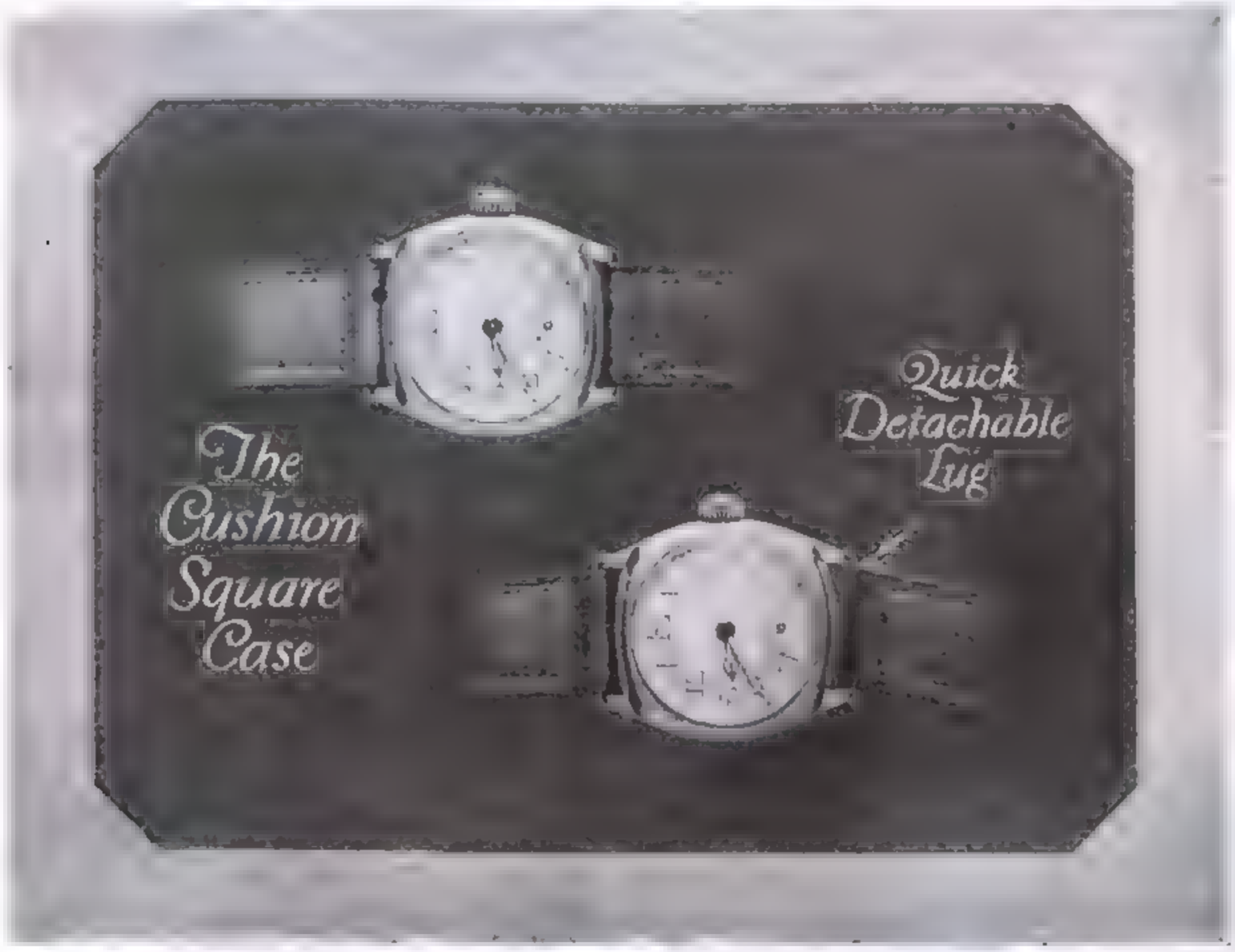
Wadsworth Cases

FOR FINE WATCHES



An interesting feature of this case, and of all Wadsworth [illegible] is the detachable pin bar (obtainable only in Wadsworth cases) which permits of easy replacement of the strap.

Simply press down the plunger in pin bar (see illustration to right) with an ordinary pin and the strap slips off, as shown. A new strap can be sewn in [illegible] before being put on the case. The [illegible] prevents the sewing the strap off the case when [illegible] and the [illegible]

Refinements that lend utility —and beauty—to your watch

A SIMPLE THING—this detachable strap—but it is little things like this that add to the utility and appearance of your watch. And Wadsworth has contributed many such refinements to the making of watch cases.

For instance, Wadsworth popularized wrist watches for women by making them very attractive through the introduction of the odd shape in filled as well as gold cases, and by adding beautiful decorations of engraving and hand chasing. The old art of enameling was introduced on filled cases by Wadsworth. Likewise the use of green gold for filled cases was introduced and added by Wadsworth to give variety and added beauty.

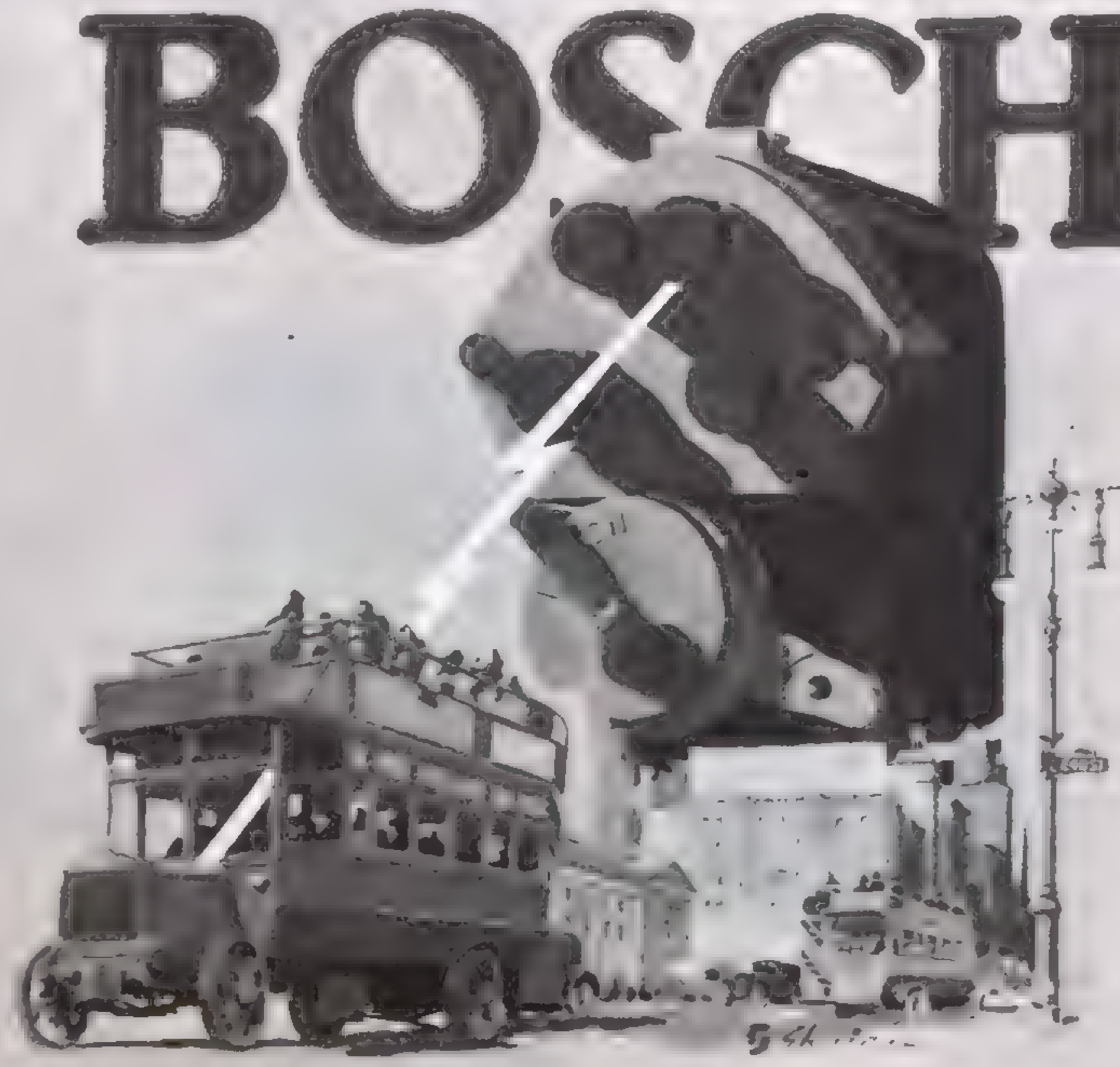
So to Wadsworth is due much of the credit for the development of style and artistic beauty in cases. For thirty years Wadsworth has been making cases for the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful, most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

When you buy a watch, select any standard movement that your jeweler recommends and have him "dress" it in a Wadsworth case. The name Wadsworth in a watch case is your guarantee of correctness and beauty of design—of highest quality materials and best workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

Factories: Dayton, Ky.

BOSCH



FORTY MILLION MILES OF SERVICE

Through teeming traffic with a stop and start at nearly every corner, the big green, dependable Fifth Avenue Buses have rolled up a total of more than forty million miles on Bosch High Tension Magneto Ignition. Your engine can have the same sure and economical power stream. The nearest Bosch service station will install a Bosch High Tension Magneto on any automobile, truck, tractor or motorcycle in a few hours' time.

Be Satisfied Specify Bosch

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works—Springfield, Mass. *Branches*—New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco *300 Service Stations in 300 centers*

AMERICA'S SUPREME IGNITION SYSTEM

MOTOR TRUCKS · TRACTORS · AIRPLANES · MOTOR CARS · MOTOR BOATS · MOTOR CYCLES · GAS ENGINES

(Concluded from Page 104)

succeed in creating reserves the population of the nation would go back on the government, for to get the reserves she would have to take the supplies from the people, and if she did that the people would have nothing at all in the line of food. If by hook or crook Germany should succeed in achieving a military victory anywhere at the present time it would be the emptiest thing imaginable, for it would leave her economically helpless.

The one thing that Germany wants and must have, in order to achieve a victory later on, is to get on her feet again. She doesn't intend to do any fighting—unless Poland should collapse—for at least fifteen years; and the people who rave about the German Army of 1,500,000 men are at liberty to put that in their pipes and apply a match to it.

Traveling in Germany is anything but pleasant. The British military authorities run a train from Cologne to Berlin; and if one puts on a uniform and goes round to various military missions with documents to prove that the heart of the world will probably be broken unless he is allowed to ride on that train he has a fair chance of getting a comfortable berth in a comfortable sleeper. But all other trains are a snare and a delusion. German time-tables during the past winter were based largely on rumors; and trains were due to arrive at their destinations when they got there, and not before. The coaches were not the absolute height of luxury, as many of them lacked windows and a large part of them had leaky roofs; while their heating systems in frequent instances seemed to be suffering from an attack of arteriosclerosis and were functioning in a very evil manner.

When I traveled from Berlin to the Polish border I was unable to find anyone in Berlin who could tell me anything at all about my train, except concerning the hour at which it started. They could tell me lots about that, the only trouble being that each person told a different story. I finally took the word of the Polish consulate. In order to be sure of a seat on the train I drove out to Charlottenburg, which is the suburb of Berlin where the train makes up.

The Earthquake by Choice

When the train headed in toward Berlin there was only one other person in the coach with me. He was an Austrian diplomatic courier, and he was carrying four large gunnysacks filled with foodstuffs in addition to his regular luggage. When he had succeeded in stuffing the sacks into the luggage racks there was room for no more luggage anywhere except on the floor. At the next station four more people got in with large quantities of luggage and sacks of food. Since there were seven seats in the compartment there was room for only one more person, and scarcely that because of the manner in which every available inch of the compartment was filled with luggage.

At the Berlin station the door was torn open by a seething mob, and hoarse voices asked how many seats there were. Everybody in the compartment shouted "*Ein!*" whereat three very large people hurled themselves among us with several traveling bags. The two largest ones stood up or leaned heavily on other people's knees or sprawled on their baggage all the way from Berlin to Bentschen—a journey of seven hours. One of them, I regret to say, was a woman. I felt no particular urge to give her my seat, because she was twice as broad as I am, and if she had tried to squeeze herself into the space I occupied she would have smothered the person beside her. Besides, I was holding two suitcases that didn't belong to me on my lap, and if she had sat in my seat she would have had to hold the suitcases; and since she didn't have any lap to speak of she would have had to hold them on her head, which would have been nothing if not unpleasant.

Every little while one of the travelers would get out a bottle of wine and a sandwich and allay his hunger pangs. When time hung heavily on their hands they would take things out of their pockets and show them to each other. All of the males in the car had postage stamps secreted on their persons. The fattest man in the compartment, who left the train just before we reached the Polish border, with the evident intention of escaping the customs authorities by walking from Germany into Poland, had a set of Russian stamps with a Polish superscription. He had paid 3000 marks for them. When he displayed them to the assemblage of stamp ferrets they were greeted with a volley of "*Achs!*" that almost blew out the windows. Three of the travelers had diplomatic passports about the size of a blanket for a baby's crib, and the examination of them by the other travelers whiled away many a tedious moment. Traveling has its bright spots, even in Germany, after one has been through it and come out safely; but that is also true of an earthquake, a typhoon or a war. If I had my choice between enduring an earthquake and standing for a day of travel on a German train I'd be inclined to pick the earthquake.

Conditions Improving

The preliminaries to travel in Germany, as in all other countries, are as painful as the actual traveling. To go to Poland one must go to the Polish consulate and spend hours in getting a visé for his passport, after which German police headquarters must be haunted for the best part of a day in order to get the German permission to leave the country.

One must fill out a long pedigree which tells everything except the size of his hat and the way he likes his lamb chops cooked. With this he must march upstairs and downstairs and along interminable corridors, interviewing gruff, pipe-smoking Prussians who spend most of their time hunting for misplaced commas and blurred letters in the passport, so that they can declare the whole business illegal.

To go through this ordeal without the aid of an interpreter is one of the most nerve-racking experiences in the world. All of the lineal descendants of Oscar D. Bonehead, founder of the great Bonehead family, appear to have been gathered together in the foreign-passport offices; and their family traits crop out so frequently that it is with the utmost difficulty that one restrains himself from permitting his loaded walking stick to drop on their heads with a resonant and hollow plunk.

The German people are not having a pleasant time of it, but their condition is improving every minute. They are eager to work; and as soon as they can get raw material in sufficient quantity they will be working day and night. And if they can get credits from America the value of the mark will rise, so that food can be bought more cheaply by the government and consequently sold more cheaply to the people. Thus wages would be stabilized and much of the unrest would disappear.

In the meantime there are a number of things that Germany could do if she cared to. She could stand a few Schiebers up against the wall and shoot them; she could see that waste and cheating are stopped so long as she finds it necessary to talk about starving children; and she could begin to impress on everyone in the nation the mossy but still valuable precept that honesty is the best policy.

In the Matter of Dress

one never offends by neglecting style. Your Glasses, too, should reflect your good taste. They will look as if made for you alone when your favorite optical specialist fits your eyes and features with

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What Car Ever Equalled These Hudson Feats?

100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 seconds, averaging 74.67 miles per hour, seven-passenger stock touring car.

75.67 miles in one hour, with driver and passenger, in seven-passenger stock touring car.

102.53 miles per hour, for one mile, with stock chassis.

Acceleration, from standing start to 50 miles an hour, in 16.2 seconds.

The above records are officially certified by the American Automobile Association, the only recognized automobile contest authority in America.

Hudson Also Holds These Unmatched Records

In the greatest hill-climb test ever made, a Super-Six special against a field of 20 specially built cars made the best time to the "Roof of the World," climbing up 12.25 miles to an altitude of 14,100 feet in 18 min., 24.2 seconds.

San Francisco to New York and return, 7,000 miles in 10 days, 21 hours, 3 minutes. No car ever equalled its time in either direction. None except Hudson ever completed the two-way trip, against time.

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In eight races, with a total of 21 Super-Six entries Hudson specials won 3 firsts, 5 seconds, 2 thirds, a fourth and 2 fifths. All other entries finished in the money, except one that while running second was put out by skidding into the rail.

[3031]

# of Hudson Endurance?

And What Tests Are of Greater Importance?

In every performance asked of a motor, these Hudson records reveal greater ability than any other car has ever shown.

They have stood for five years. They are not held by hairbreadths, but by big, convincing margins, before which argument is dumb. They prove the master type, with limits of speed, power and endurance that none has matched to this day.

Yet if they stood for only contest supremacy, they would have small importance to you.

In all the years your Hudson serves, you will hardly require its full capacity. You do not want 80-mile-an-hour speed. You will scarcely encounter a situation to tax its limit of power.

These Qualities Count in Every-Day Service

Of course, there is pride in possession of car qualities you know are unequalled. And this performance mastery gives innumerable advantages. For instance, you travel faster within the speed limits. That is because you are away quicker. You pick-up faster. You have power that levels hills with ease. You have smoothness that makes the long journey comfortable and free of fatigue.

But you will have far more occasions to admire Hudson's superb riding ease, its good looks, and its trustworthy dependability, than its more spectacular qualities of great speed and power.

So, it is chiefly as they reveal its basic principle of supremacy—the control of vibration—that the Super-Six's world famous records are important.

The exclusive Super-Six motor adds no weight or size. Yet it added 72% to power, and 80% to efficiency. It almost doubles endurance. It does this by converting to useful power, the destructive force of vibration, which, uncontrolled, quickly undermines motor endurance.

That is why the Super-Six can go faster, farther and lasts longer.

These are official proofs. All can verify them.

Endurance Gave It Mastery on the Speedway

Nothing shows the dominance of the Super-Six principle more clearly than its success in high-speed racing. It was never intended for a racing car. Yet, pitted against the world's fastest cars, some of which cost as high as $25,000, the Super-Six won, time after time, because it could maintain the terrific pace without self-destruction.

Ever since Hudson made those records it has been the largest selling fine car in the world. Each year the demand increases. By no possibility will we be able to supply all who want Hudsons. At this writing, firm orders from individual buyers call for all the cars many dealers will receive for months. You should place your order now for your Hudson, even though delivery is not desired until summer.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

[1031]

HUDSON SUPER SIX

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

Two months later, on the second of September, Ambassador Meyer, in a private letter addressed to President Roosevelt from Kissingen, writes—I quote again from the same book, pages 307 and 308:

"If the socialist or anarchist can once disabuse the minds of these eighty million peasants of the idea that the Czar is their Little Father, and that they can expect no further assistance from him, but must look to the people for redress, then events which have so far transpired would appear legitimate in comparison to what would probably take place throughout the land. One must live in Russia to understand it. It is impossible to draw any conclusions from experiences and results in other countries. Every step or attempt that has been carried on in a revolutionary way has been made without reference to what has gone on before or what is to follow. They do not know what they want, except that they want everything at once—what has taken other nations generations to acquire. Professor Vinogradoff said the other day:

"'The Russian nation will realize, as other nations have done before, that a living organism cannot transform bones and sinews at pleasure, that the future has deeper roots in the past than the present is inclined to grant.' . . . The Czar does not seem yet to realize that in the long run the will of the people will eventually assert itself. Everything that he grants is done either too late or when it is self-evident that it is forced from him. Unless he changes his course and adopts a policy satisfactory to the nation it is merely a question of how long the army remains loyal."

It will be observed from these extracts that both Mr. Meyer and the Austrian Ambassador, Baron Aehrenthal—that is to say, the two ablest ambassadors at the time in St. Petersburg—were taking a very pessimistic view of the situation in Russia and were both laying special stress on the question of how long the army would remain loyal. This is a most important question, to which I shall have to revert at length later on. As to the divergence of opinion between these two very clear-sighted diplomats in regard to the question of the advisability of putting in power the Cadet Party, I would say that Mr. Meyer would perhaps have modified his opinion if he had seen the leaders of that party at work when the March revolution, which they had themselves inspired, literally thrust power upon them and their Octobrist allies. As a matter of fact, however, the idea of resorting to the formation of a ministry composed exclusively of members of the Cadet Party had been taken up by General Trepoff, the prefect of the palace, a staunch adherent of the autocratic régime and in high favor at court, possibly in the hope that a Cadet ministry would, by the intransigent attitude it was sure to adopt, very soon provoke an open breach with the sovereign, which might lead to the establishment of a temporary military dictatorship and perhaps the repeal of the constitution.

This plan was defeated by Stolypin, who had just been appointed Prime Minister. Though his endeavors to form a coalition ministry with representatives of the Octobrist and Cadet parties, on whose patriotic and unselfish devotion to the cause of reform he had thought it possible to count, had failed for the same reason that had caused the failure of Witte's attempt in the same direction, Stolypin was nevertheless firmly resolved to uphold the constitution at any cost. This curious incident, of which only vague rumors were current at the time, is exhaustively treated in the very interesting reminiscences of Mr. Iswolsky—Revue des Deux Mondes, July 1, 1919—who as a member of the cabinet stood in particularly close personal and political relationship to Stolypin and was in a position to be fully acquainted with all the details of this affair.

Returning to the subject of the immediate causes which brought about the failure of the first attempt at placing the new constitution on a working basis, I can do no better than repeat the weighty words in which Ambassador Meyer summarized, in a letter to President Roosevelt, his impression of the ceremony of the opening of the first Duma which he had just witnessed: "Russia is entering upon a great experiment, ill prepared and uneducated." The truth of this remark, expressing a most judicious and clear-sighted appreciation of existing conditions, cannot be questioned. It relates to both sides—to the government no less than to the Duma. Not that this is intended to imply a disparaging reflection on either the one or the other. They were both what the historic development of the country had made them, neither better nor worse. They were both under the bane of what has been the curse of our country ever since Peter the Great's revolutionary reforms—the fatal separation of the numerically insignificant but intrinsically all-important educated minority from the overwhelming majority of the masses by an unbridgeable gulf of mutual noncomprehension.

The inexperience and unpreparedness for the practice of representative institutions, as well as this noncomprehension of the mentality of the peasantry, showed itself on the part of the government before even the opening of the Duma, in the quite unreasonable extension of the suffrage far beyond the limits established in England as recently as by the Reform Bill of 1832, in the expectation that by filling as many seats in the Duma as possible with peasant deputies the government would secure a solid block of conservative supporters.

This singular illusion, in which even as perspicacious a statesman as Count Witte seems to have shared, was very generally entertained and not only by the bureaucracy, apparently unconscious of the fact that the innate land hunger of the peasantry had been artificially raised to the highest pitch by the active revolutionary propaganda of the socialists, as well as oblivious of the further fact that the wave of anarchic agrarian crimes of incendiarism and bloodshed was only beginning to subside.

As a matter of fact, the solid mass of two hundred peasant deputies in a house of five hundred members, solely interested in the division among them of the lands of the estate owners, was ready to give its support to any party that would promise it the satisfaction of these demands. And that was evidently the reason which caused the Cadet Party to adopt as one of the planks of its platform not only the distribution among the peasantry of the lands belonging to the state, to the imperial family—the so-called appanages—and to the convents, but also the forcible expropriation, for the benefit of the peasants, of the lands of large and medium estate owners. In this connection I would observe here briefly that it is not, as will be shown farther on, the insufficiency of land in possession of the peasants that is the cause of poverty and distress among the peasantry, and that the division among them of the lands of the estate owners, if equitably operated, could not by any means remove that cause by appreciably increasing their holdings. Not being in possession of my notes I can only, in support of this latter contention, quote from memory some statistical data, which I believe, however, will be found in a general way substantially correct:

Of all the land in European Russia forty-three per cent is held by the peasantry, thirty-six per cent is owned by the state, twelve per cent belongs to the estate owners, and nine per cent to the Cossacks, to corporations, to the appanages of the imperial family, to towns, convents and churches.

In their relations to the Duma the government from the very beginning displayed its utter inexperience in parliamentary practice, which, of course, could not be wondered at, not to mention Prime Minister Goremykin's haughty attitude in reading his declaration and the very tone of that document. The government had neglected to prepare for the opening of the new parliamentary institutions some important bills to be at once submitted for the consideration of the Duma. The first, and for some time the only, bill introduced was a demand for the appropriation of a paltry sum for the installation of a bathing establishment, if my memory does not play me false, in the building of one of the provincial universities. This extraordinary attempt at starting the legislative machinery was perhaps due to the playful initiative of some bureaucratic underling thoughtlessly indorsed by his responsible chief; but it must have produced the effect of an intentional slight or even a sneering joke at the expense of the Duma, and it presumably caused not a little irritation. The consequence was that the legislative apparatus having been once started without having been furnished anything important to work on by the government, the Duma took the initiative in its own hands and the different parties introduced each its own more or less wild scheme for the settlement of the vexed agrarian question.

Meanwhile the rostrum of the Duma was being zealously utilized as a tribune from which to launch forth to the world the most violent diatribes against the luckless government, whose members were but seldom found in their seats, preferring to have themselves represented by some assistant functionaries. Allowance must, of course, be made for the novelty of the situation, offering for the first time in the life of the nation an opportunity for blowing off long pent-up steam. But if one stops to consider the absurd inadmissibility of the Duma's demands put forward in their address in reply to the speech from the throne one cannot help agreeing with what Ambassador Meyer wrote in one of his letters to President Roosevelt:

"They do not know what they want, except that they want everything at once—what has taken other nations generations to acquire." And yet, one should be loath to blame them for it. What more natural, what more laudable, indeed, than that the leaders of liberal opinion should have deeply felt the condition of inferiority, in comparison with other nations, to which cultural and political backwardness condemns the Russian people, and that they should have been burning with an ardent desire to raise their own people to the level of more advanced nations?

Is it not excusable that lack of political experience, which they never had any chance of acquiring, should have prevented their realizing that their noble aim could never be reached by any short cut instead of by the highroad of slow and gradual evolution, the path trodden by other nations in the course of centuries? Were they not, besides, egged on by the powerful stimulus of enthusiastic approbation by public opinion in foreign countries, where generally prevailing ignorance of Russian conditions apparently caused people to believe that all that Russia needed was the overthrow of czarism and autocracy in order

(Continued on Page 113)

The Rumiantzeff Museum, Moscow

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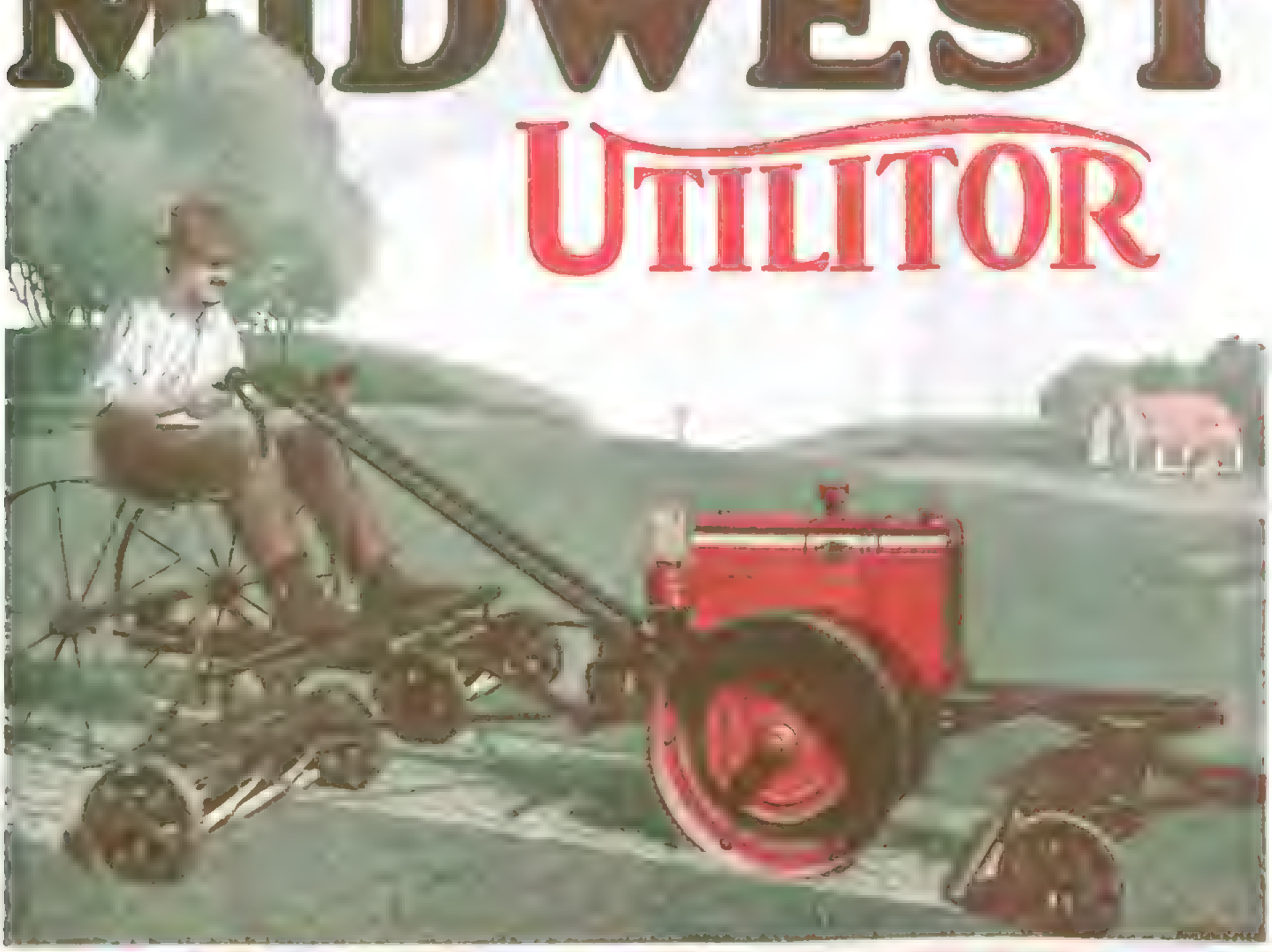

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Dependable Power

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(Continued from Page 110)

to be turned at once into a constitutional monarchy on a democratic basis like England or a democratic republic like France. The harm done on these lines by well-meaning friends has certainly been an element that has had its share in shaping the destinies of our unfortunate country.

The climax of absurdity was reached when immediately after the dissolution of the Duma—which was an act unquestionably within the rights pertaining to the sovereign by virtue of the constitution—the members belonging to the Cadet Party, with the president of the Duma, Professor Muromtseff, at their head, repaired to Viborg, a town in Finland, a few hours distant from St. Petersburg, outside the limits of the jurisdiction of Russian courts and police, and there held a stormy meeting, which after prolonged heated debates ended in the adoption of a resolution in the shape of an appeal to the people advising them to refuse military service and the payment of taxes. This appeal was embodied in a document which was signed by all the deputies present and became known as the Viborg Manifesto.

As an illustration of the childlike simple-mindedness with which this act of, to say the least, questionable loyalty had been performed by the participants in the meeting, might serve a story told me later by a young American, who, being an excellent Russian scholar and personal friend of some of the Duma members, had been admitted to be present at the meeting. Returning to town, he found himself in the train alone in a compartment with a member of the Duma, who seemed to be greatly elated by what had passed at the meeting and what he evidently considered to have been an act of great civic courage. When, however, he asked my American friend what he thought of it and had been told that the act of inviting the people to refuse military service and the payment of taxes seemed to him to come perilously near being an act of high treason he changed color and, visibly perturbed, said that it had never occurred to him to look upon it in that light.

Dense ignorance of constitutional life and politics and of the play of parliamentary institutions was by no means confined to newborn legislators and the general public; it was fully shared in by the highest circles of the bureaucracy. A curious incident illustrating this condition is mentioned in his reminiscences by Mr. Iswolsky, himself the only Russian statesman of the period, not even excluding Stolypin, who was thoroughly familiar with the working of parliamentary institutions in Western Europe. This incident occurred in connection with the visit to England of a deputation of the Duma invited to take part in the interparliamentary conference in London. In receiving this delegation on the very day when the news had come of the dissolution of the Duma the British Prime Minister, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, greeted them with the exclamation: "The Duma is dead, long live the Duma"; winged words which were flashed by the telegraph all over the world and produced in St. Petersburg quite a commotion. Mr. Iswolsky avers that he had not a little difficulty in persuading his colleagues and even the Emperor himself that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman had certainly not meant any offense and had simply been paraphrasing in applying to the Duma the traditional formula used in France under the kings in announcing the demise of the crown: "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi*," meant to accentuate the idea of the continuity of the monarchical principle.

A year later I had occasion to convince myself by personal experience to what extent unripe political ideas were prevalent with us even in circles where one would least expect it. It happened in this way: One morning at the embassy at Washington a card was brought to me bearing a name which I recognized as belonging to one of the oldest families of our gentry, Mr. S——, member of the Council of the Empire, with a line drawn through these words. When Mr. S—— was shown into my room I noticed that in spite of the early hour he was dressed as for some solemn official occasion, and he approached me with the diffident air of a person not quite sure of the kind of reception he is to meet with, addressing me in the most ceremonious way to explain that he had ventured to intrude only because he deemed it his duty as a loyal subject to pay his respects to the representative of his sovereign.

Guessing at once that I had to deal with someone who was prejudiced against me as a possible political adversary, I therefore shook hands with him in the most cordial manner I could muster, made him sit by my side and laughingly said: "Will you permit me in reply to your ceremonious speech to ask you an unceremonious question? Are you not a Cadet and did you not suspect that I was one of the dreadful reactionaries one had better avoid touching even with a pair of tongs?"

That made him laugh in his turn and confess that I had been about right in my guess. Once the ice was broken we fell into a friendly chat, in the course of which I asked him why he had ceased to be a member of the Upper House, as his card seemed to indicate. He then explained that when the first Duma had been dissolved he had immediately sent in his resignation as an elected member of the council from his province because he considered the dissolution to have been a breach of the constitution, against which he held it to be his duty to protest in the only way open to him.

In reply to this I felt compelled to enter a vigorous protest against the motive that had prompted him to resort to this mode of manifesting his disapproval of the dissolution of the Duma. To begin with, the right to dissolve the legislative assemblies being one of the prerogatives of the crown in all constitutional monarchies, the government's action in this case was taken in unquestionable conformity with constitutional law and practice. It could, therefore, be found fault with solely upon the ground of questionable timeliness or opportunity under existing political circumstances. But then, however great and even justified might have been the dissatisfaction of the opposition in either house with the government's policy in dissolving the Duma, how in the world could the voluntary laying down of his legislative functions by an elected member of the Upper House serve any useful purpose whatever in the struggle for the supremacy of Parliament, in which the party to which he professed allegiance was engaged?

Leaving aside the question whether the initiation of such a struggle was indeed called for, and whether the supremacy of Parliament in the existing conditions of the country's political development would have been at all practicable or even desirable, in trying to analyze the motives of my visitor's action in resigning his seat in the Upper House one is in the presence of a mental attitude which, though in this case purely individual—but displayed by a man of independent means, unassailable social position, highly cultivated mind, and in every respect representative of the uppermost layer of our Intelligentzia—might well be taken as a fair illustration of that trait of the national character which finds expression in Tolstoy's doctrine of nonresistance to evil, in meek renunciation and in weak-kneed readiness to throw up the sponge at the first encounter with a serious obstacle—a trait of character which goes a long way toward explaining the possibility of some of the most astounding features of subsequent tragic developments in the nation's history.

In the course of conversation it developed, furthermore, that Mr. S—— was an enthusiastic adherent of the Cadet Party's agrarian program, including the forcible expropriation of the lands of estate owners—he himself being an owner of very large ancestral acres—and likewise a believer in the doctrine that all land should belong to those who till it themselves, a doctrine which he had put into practice by distributing all his land among his peasants, retaining merely a couple of hundred acres surrounding his mansion as a park. Now such a proceeding on the part of an individual estate owner, if subjected to close analysis, is either an act of generosity, partly at the expense of his heirs and successors, or else, if undertaken for reasons of public policy, a most unwise confession of waning faith in the inviolability of property in land, and therefore an indirect admission of its doubtful righteousness, most welcome and encouraging to the socialistic parties and their propaganda, which were always holding out the prospective spoliation of estate owners as the main allurement in their endeavors to revolutionize the peasantry.

The Moskva River and the Shimmering Spires of Moscow

Of course similar proceedings, of which there were not a few, were the outcome of convictions held in by no means few cases and having their wellspring in the noble though dreamy idealism which, in conjunction with that characteristic freedom of spirit, generous unselfishness and fellow feeling for suffering, contributed so much to create the indefinable but potent charm of Russian life as it was, to which most foreigners who had tasted of it bore willing witness, and its captivating attraction which few were able to resist. And to think that an immortal artist should in his younger days have drawn such an irresistibly fascinating pen picture of that same Russian life which in his later years, by his anarchic teachings, he has done so much to destroy!

But it must never be forgotten that idealistic and dreamily altruistic notions regarding basic principles on which the civilization of mankind has hitherto been founded, and consequent weakening of the resistance to the insidious assaults to which they are nowadays subject, present an evermore threatening danger. A society that is no longer unshaken in its faith in the inviolability of its rights is on the eve of being shorn of the rights that it has no longer spirit enough to be willing to defend, and therefore does not indeed deserve to retain.

As strongly contrasting with the rather cloudy nature of certain ideas on the fundamentals of economic doctrine which one would occasionally meet with among our intellectuals, I cannot help recalling an apparently very insignificant circumstance I had occasion to observe in England some thirty years ago. I had arrived with my family at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, with the intention of spending there the summer and autumn, and I was house hunting when one day on my way to the land agent I noticed on the inclosure of a vacant plot of ground a signboard advertising the lot for rent on a nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-years' lease. Having transacted my business with the land agent, it occurred to me to ask him whether the mention of nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine years as the limit of the duration of the validity of the lease was not merely an advertising device to attract attention. Whereupon he explained that that was by no means the case; that of course such a lease amounted practically to an outright sale, but that there was, nevertheless, what one might call a string to it: in proof of which he told me that in the preceding week a similar lease of some land in the vicinity of Shanklin, concluded in the reign of King Alfred, had run out, and that the land had actually reverted to a lineal descendant of the original owner of the property!

I mention this incident because it serves to illustrate so convincingly the robust and, by the experience of centuries, justified faith of the English people in the stability of the social fabric of their country, a faith the lack of which has been one of the determining factors in causing the political and social structure of another great empire to collapse like a house of cards at the first assault of a small group of demented fanatics and murderous bandits ruthlessly determined to bring about its destruction.

But to cut short painful reflections such as these—which naturally haunt my waking hours and keep me awake at night—and to take up again the thread of my narrative. The new Prime Minister, Stolypin, showed great good sense in not attaching any tragic importance to the so-called Viborg Manifesto, which had fallen flat and

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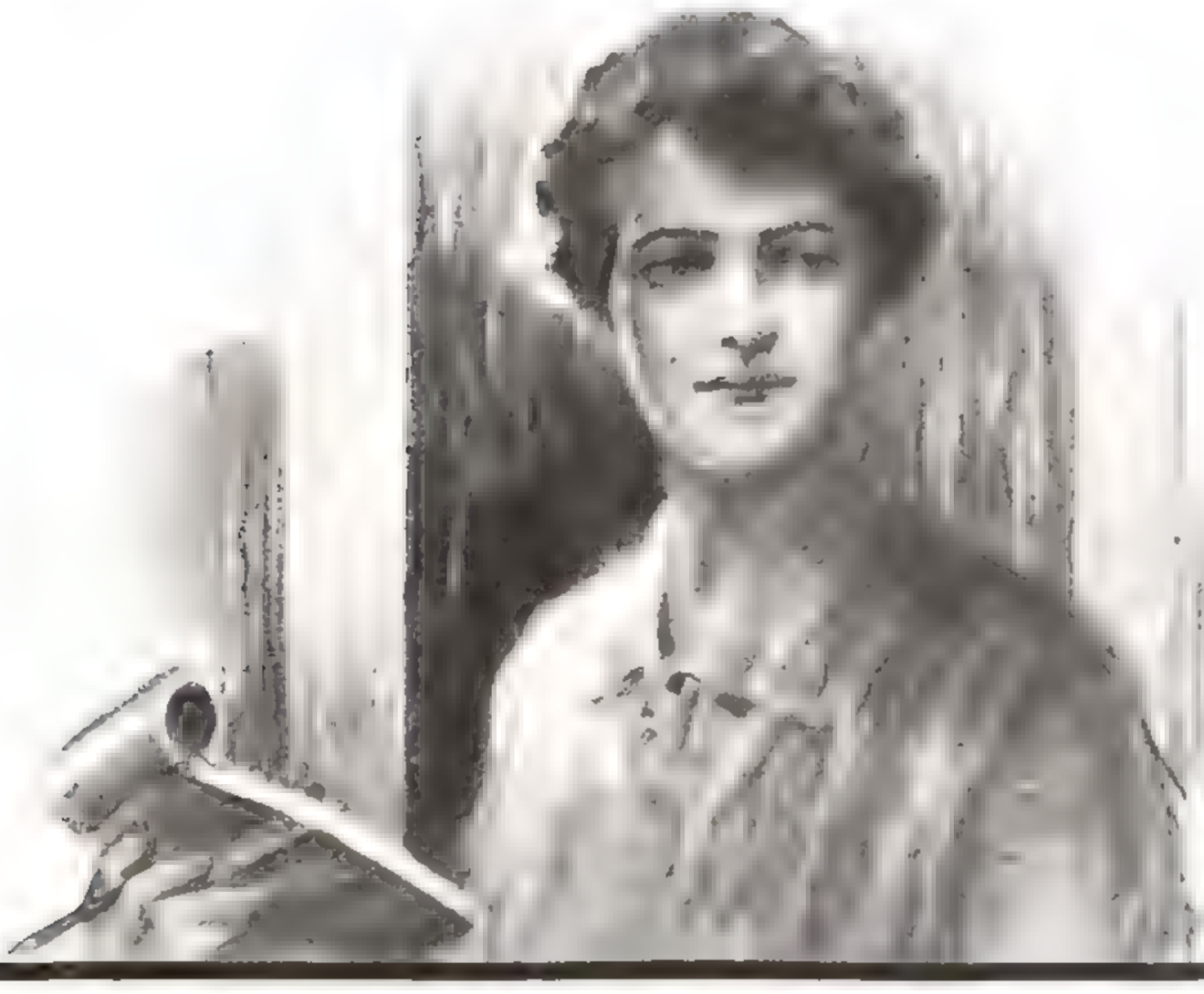

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(Concluded from Page 113)

had failed to elicit any response whatever from the people, and in declining to gratify the ambition of its authors and signatories by awarding them the crown of martyrdom. He confined himself to having legal proceedings instituted against them under some law rendering their offense punishable as a simple misdemeanor. They, or most of them, were in the end sentenced to short terms of imprisonment, which they underwent under the easiest possible conditions as privileged politicals. None of them were any the worse for the experience and some of them seemed even to take a certain civic pride in having undergone the ordeal of imprisonment for their political convictions. Some of the leaders of the Cadet Party, such as Milyukoff and Rodicheff, had not been among the culprits, as they had been at the time attending the Interparliamentary Conference in London, and therefore escaped responsibility for their party's vagaries in connection with the dissolution of the Duma.

From the very first days of his holding the office of Prime Minister, Stolypin had to face a very perilous situation brought about by mutinies in the army and the navy, which were evidently widely contaminated by socialistic propaganda in their ranks. The military authorities, however, succeeded in mastering the movement among the troops without having recourse to extreme measures. Mr. Iswolsky, in his reminiscences, relates an experience he had in these perturbed times in connection with one of the weekly audiences he used to have with the Emperor for the presentation of his report as Minister of Foreign Affairs. I cannot resist the temptation to quote at length his most interesting account of it, as it serves to shed the light of truth on the real character of the unfortunate sovereign, who was destined to meet such an unspeakably horrible fate.

It happened that Mr. Iswolsky had an audience on the day when the mutiny among the sailors and garrison at Kronstadt was at its height and a regular battle was being fought between the loyal troops and the mutineers. The audience took place at the imperial family's favorite summer residence, in a small villa in the park of Peterhof, standing on the very shore of the Gulf of Finland opposite Kronstadt and its many forts, distant about eight or nine miles. The minister was seated, facing the Emperor, at a small table placed in a bay window overlooking the sea. While he was making his report continuous discharges of heavy ordnance, constantly growing in intensity, were distinctly audible. It was the fate of the empire's capital—perhaps the security of the sovereign himself and his family—that was at stake, depending on the issue of the battle. But the Emperor listened to the report of his minister with perfect composure, taking the keenest interest in every detail and never showing the slightest sign of emotion. Struck by the Emperor's attitude, himself laboring under the strongest emotion, he ventured to inquire of His Majesty what it was that enabled him to preserve such a wonderfully calm composure.

The Emperor gave him one of those deeply earnest, kindly looks which always impressed those who came in close contact with him, and said: "If you find me so little troubled it is because I have the firm and absolute faith that the destiny of Russia, that my own fate and that of my family, are in the hands of Almighty God, who has placed me where I am. Whatever may happen, I shall bow to His will, with the consciousness that I have never had any other thought but that of serving the country he has intrusted to me."

He must be callous, indeed, who in the light of the unutterably cruel fate that has overtaken the martyred sovereign, husband and father could read these noble words without being stirred to the depths of his soul by feelings of infinite pity and commiseration.

During the session of the first Duma the Socialist Revolutionaries—these deluded fanatics and perhaps, let us hope, unconsciously worst enemies of their own country and nation—had been interrupting the interminable series of their dastardly assassinations of government functionaries of all classes, down to the humblest ranks of the police force, who were heroically dying in the simple performance of their sworn duty. It seems that they even had had the unblushing audacity to publish in the foreign press a declaration to the effect that "In the presence of the functioning of the Duma and until the political situation should have become clear to the people they were discontinuing their terrorist tactics without, however, ceasing to prepare for the combat; the Central Committee of the party would decide at what moment the revolutionary tactics would have to recommence." I quote this from Mr. Iswolsky's reminiscences in the Revue des Deux Mondes of July 1, 1919, page 115.

That such an infamous declaration by a revolutionary party in a friendly state should have been published, as was said to have been the case, in the columns of some respectable newspapers abroad, unaccompanied by scathing comments pointing out to the public its criminal and revolting character, shows on how little real sympathy Russia could count anywhere in the world, and how great was the generally prevailing ignorance and noncomprehension of Russian conditions; for it must be remembered—and that, I hope, after the experiences of our revolution, can no longer be subject to doubt—that our revolutionary parties, whatever their designations, whether Bolshevists or Menshevists, Socialist Revolutionaries or Social Democrats, under the false pretense of a struggle for liberty and constitutional government never really aimed at anything but the destruction of the political and social fabric of the country for the purpose of erecting on its ruins the Utopian edifice of their dreams.

One of the most fatal consequences of our political backwardness has been that public opinion in more advanced countries has been accustomed to look upon any revolutionary activity working for the overthrow of the Russian Government as a rather meritorious undertaking, worthy of the sympathy of all liberal-minded men, without stopping to consider whether the existing form of government, which had created one of the greatest empires in the world, enjoying perfect financial credit, well deserved by scrupulous fulfillment of all financial obligations, in spite even of being at war with a creditor nation, as was the case during the Crimean War, when our government never failed to meet the payment of interest due on its loans placed in England—by the way, a curious contrast with practices adopted by the foremost civilized nations in the recently concluded World War—which was securing law and order and perfect safety of life and property in every part of the immense empire, and which had placed the country on the high-road to prosperity and the fullest development of its almost boundless natural resources—I repeat, without stopping to consider whether such a form of government was not, after all, the best suited to the Russian people in their actual state of cultural and political development; nay, whether it was not indeed the only possible one under existing circumstances; and last, but not least, without stopping to consider what the ultimate aims of the Russian revolutionists really were and whether these aims were not subversive of the very foundations on which their own social structure is built.

Incidentally I would draw attention to the fact that the same liberal and radical opinion, which never had enough condemnation for the legitimate governments of Russia, is now seemingly adopting a rather lenient attitude toward the most tyrannical government the world has ever seen, maintained by a small band of usurping adventurers with a ruthless cruelty which puts the most sanguinary misdeeds of a Nero or an Ivan the Terrible entirely in the shade.

It could hardly be denied that the moral support which our revolutionists were finding in radical and to some extent even in liberal public opinion abroad was bound to encourage them in their nefarious warfare against the government of their own country. This warfare had its beginning at the time of the great reforms of Alexander II, whose attempted assassination in April, 1866, was, so to speak, the first gun fired in the contest which has been going on ever since in a vicious circle—revolutionary attempts provoking repression, repression provoking redoubled revolutionary activity, and so on, until the final victory of the revolution, with the catastrophal result that the world is witnessing at present.

The Socialist Revolutionaries were as good as their word. The dissolution of the Duma was followed by an almost uninterrupted series of terroristic crimes which lasted several months. The necessarily stern measures resorted to in the repression of these outrages were made the subject of the usual reproaches directed against Stolypin as the head of the government by those who hold that the right to the use of the dagger, the pistol and the bomb is the privilege of the terrorists fighting for an idea; but that it is the duty of governments to defend themselves solely with means of persuasion, because, forsooth, ideas may not be combated with force of arms—except, however, the idea of law and order.

The most abominable of these terroristic crimes was committed in the month of August following the dissolution of the Duma. A formidable explosion, produced by an extremely powerful bomb thrown in the vestibule of the villa which served as the Prime Minister's summer residence, totally wrecked the building, which was a wooden one, destroying about one-third of it. Among the sixty victims of the explosion were some forty visitors awaiting audiences in the minister's reception room. About one-half of them were killed outright, the rest were more or less severely wounded. Two of his children were found under the débris of the destroyed part of the building—his daughter very seriously wounded, his little son less so. Stolypin, who had been in his study adjoining the reception room when the explosion occurred, escaped unhurt.

It seems that the three criminals who had brought and thrown the bomb in the antechamber, shouting, "Long live the Revolution!" had been blown to pieces themselves, so that their identity could not be established.

Mr. Iswolsky relates in his reminiscences that the Prime Minister having immediately moved with his family into his official town residence called the same evening a meeting of the cabinet. He opened the proceedings by declaring that the attempt on his life, in which two of his children had become the victims, would not in any way whatever modify his program, which was: Pitiless repression of any disorder and of any revolutionary or terroristic act; realization with the coöperation of the new Duma of a large program of reforms in a liberal sense; immediate solution by way of imperial decrees, in accordance with Article 87 of the constitution, of the most pressing problems, and first of all of the agrarian question. He furthermore expressed apprehension lest the reactionary party might seize this opportunity for attempts to induce the Emperor to institute a military dictatorship or even to abolish the constitution and to reëstablish the autocratic régime. He wound up by declaring that he was determined to oppose with all his might any such return to the past and would resign rather than swerve from his constitutional program.

This was the man whose noble character, iron will, undaunted courage and unswerving loyalty, had he lived, might have saved the country.

But he was destined to fall a victim, five years later, to a dastardly attempt by the hand of a vile assassin, the vilest of the vile, a double traitor, a revolutionist and at the same time an agent of the secret police.

Editor's Note—This is the sixteenth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue

The Cruise of the Profiteer

THE rollicking wind blew sou'-sou'west;
Full sou'-sou'west it blew;
It sang a song of the sea's unrest;
And picking his teeth in the high crow's nest
The skipper he sang it too.

The ship rolled high and the ship rolled low;
The ship rolled down the sea;
A shark he lifted his eyes of woe;
The skipper he laughed and he says, "Oho!
We're starving the sharks!" says he.

I gripped my teeth in the tops'l shroud
And the jib-boom sheet let fly;
And I joined my laugh to the skipper's loud,
And sneered and jeered with the happy crowd
At the weak shark floating by.

The skipper he spit in the foaming sea;
The skipper he called the roll;
And fore and aft in their dungaree
The gay crew gathered abaft the lee
With never a missing soul.

"Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief
Of the good ship Profiteer,
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief——"
The roll was short and curt and brief,
For when the skipper mentioned "thief"
Everyone answered, "Here!"

The rollicking wind blew nor'-nor'east;
And out of a stormy sky
The blob rain fell on the seething yeast;
The rollicking wind blew nor'-nor'east
And a dead shark floated by.

The sun went down in the weeping west;
The sun came up at dawn;
It fell green-white on a billow's crest;
The sun went down in the weeping west
And a dead shark followed on.

A funeral bird came from the gloom
And perched on the spritsail yard,
A sea mew shrieked like the soul of doom;
And high on the clew of the bobstay boom
The lookout sang ad lib:

"Oh, I am the vampire grocery man!
Ever hear tell of him?
I am the chap with the moving van;
I am the butcher grim;
I am the man who sells you meat;
I am the man that bakes;
I am the fellow that shoes your feet
With paper that comes in flakes;
I am the fellow that works for you;
I am the man that pays;
I am the horrible coal man too,
With prices that always raise!
I am the sinister son of a gun who follows
you far and near;
I am the walloping pirate band, the crew of
the Profiteer!"

And down the deck the happy crew sang to
the ocean drear,
Dancing about and round and round,
Over the deck and round and round—
"Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—
I am the sinister son of a gun who follows
you far and near!
I am the walloping pirate band, the crew of
the Profiteer!"

The skipper gazed at the heaving main;
From morn to night he gazed;
His eye grew red with the mighty strain,
And his ears were cold in the chilling rain
But never a sail he raised.

"Skipper, ahoy! The stormy seas,
Why do you scan and scan?"
"I am the soul of Diogenes,
And I float about like a flu disease,
Hunting an honest man!"

"Skipper, avast! What do you see?
Hast found him yet? What cheer?"
"Never one honest man!" quoth he,
"All of them sail the seas with me
On the good ship Profiteer—

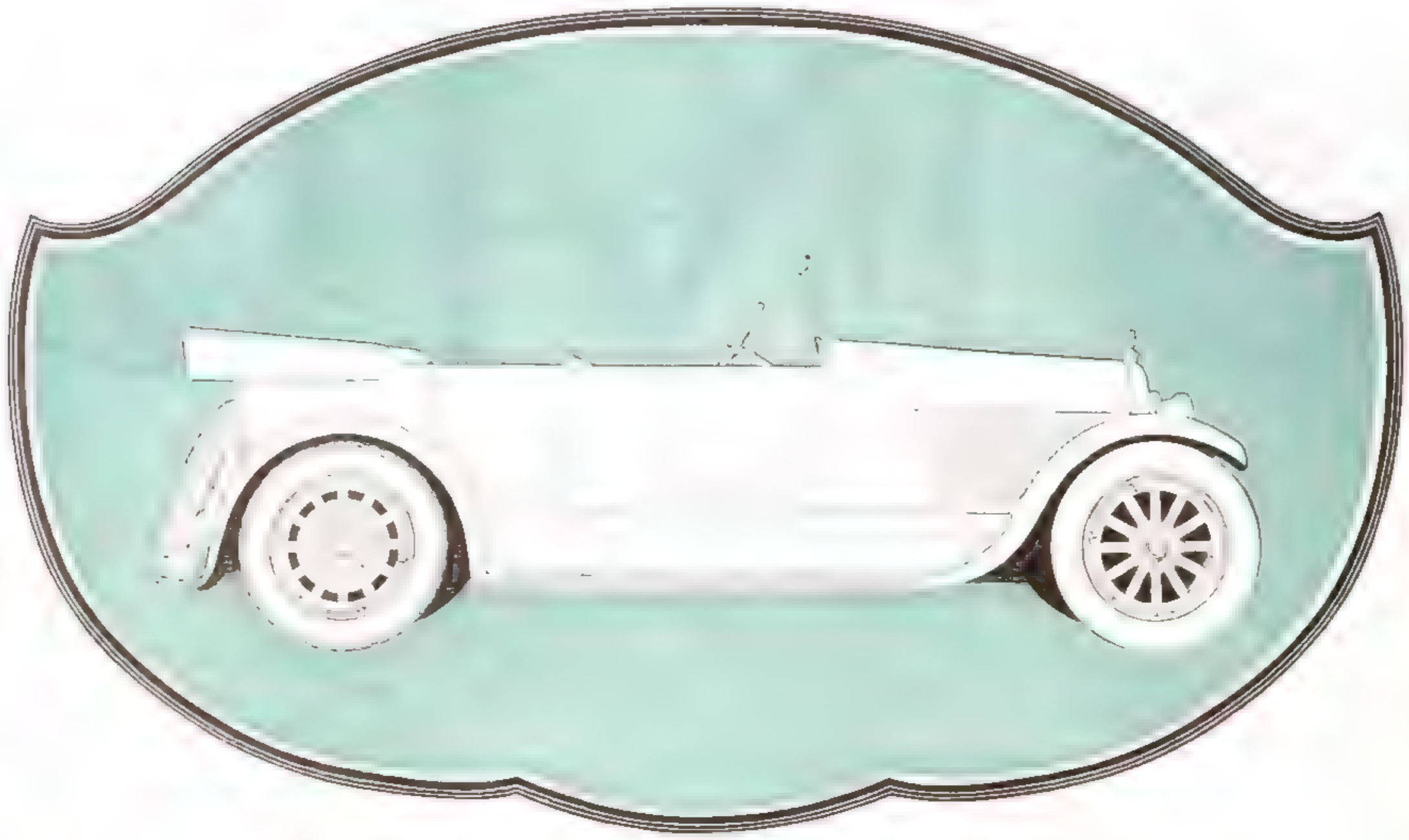
"Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,
Aboard of the Profiteer!
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief
Hail, for the gang's all here!"

The moon came forth from a ragged cloud
And showered the skipper's neck;
The dead shark opened his jaws and loud
Sang this song with the happy crowd
Dancing upon the deck:

"I am the milkman, noisy sprite,
Cursing the early hour;
I am the gas and electric light
Pay or shut off the power!
I am the maker of gasoline
That nobody can afford;
I am the fiendish restaurant man;
I am the sour landlord,
I am the sinister son of a gun who follows
you far and near;
I am the walloping pirate band, the crew of
the Profiteer!"

And down the deck the happy crew sang to
the ocean drear,
Dancing about and round and round,
Over the deck and round and round—
"Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—
I am the sinister son of a gun who follows
you far and near'
I am the walloping pirate band, the crew of
the Profiteer'"

Lowell Otus Reese.



The JORDAN Silhouette Five

EASE of handling is comparative. The ocean liner is easy to handle in the open ocean with leagues of water in which to maneuver. But the Silhouette Five is like the swift white launch darting in and out among the harbor shipping.

It is instantly responsive to the gentlest pressure. The Jordan arrangement of the steering apparatus is a marvel of precise control. The perfect balance of the car, the careful distribution of weight, the length and strength of springs and the delicate suspension of all contribute to unerring forward motion, with no side-sway.

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Women appreciate the ease and restfulness of driving the Silhouette Five as they appreciate its fashionable lines, its harmonious coloring and its perfect appointments.

They welcome a distinctly fine light car—a five passenger car in which quality has been made the compelling ideal.

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Packers and Provisioners

PINK ROSES AND THE WALLOP

(Continued from Page 13)

"What're them fer?" demanded Kid Mack, grinning. "Fer him to hide behind?"

"I don't want yah to get hurt, Kid," replied Andy seriously.

"Take 'em offa him"

"No; no, Kid. I like yah," said Andy. "I take it kind of yah to come over here. And I wouldn't want nothin' to happen, him b'in' a heavy and twenty-five pounds to the good of yah."

"If you want me to pull my punches, say so," replied the Kid, who was a good fellow. "Or are you tryin' to get me mad?"

"Give him all yah got," urged Andy. "He's never been up against real science yet"

Whatever doubts I had harbored on one point, the new man's gameness, were resolved in the first five rounds of the bout. He could take punishment, and he did take it. In spite of a long and reasonably useful left the Kid seemed to penetrate his defense at will, getting away almost, if not quite, unscathed. Shifty Smith was made to seem discouragingly slow.

"Yah can't expect a heavy to be as quick as a topnotch middle," Andy Dunne explained to me. "The Kid ain't hurt him much yet."

The heavyweight's face was an unseemly sight, but I observed that his breathing was easy and slow, and that he kept an attentive though battered eye on Andy Dunne. At the intermission after the sixth round Mack addressed Andy Dunne.

"Say, I'll be puttin' this young wonder o' yours out if this keeps up."

"Go as far as yah like," returned Andy. "What d'yah think of him so far?"

"He's got a bump in both hands," admitted the other critically. "But he don't time his punches. They're easy to get away from."

"Watch his knees," was Andy Dunne's next observation.

It was made not to Kid Mack, but to me, in a somewhat excited whisper. I watched Shifty Smith's knees as the pair got to work again. They appeared to me to be sagging a little. But there was not enough significance in them to sustain interest, and I transferred my attention to higher spheres. Andy's pupil was now trying to force the fighting. He was doing it badly. His leads were like desperate experiments. He seemed to be slashing out half blindly. A wicked but wild swing went a foot wide of the mark, leaving his defense helplessly open; at least so I thought.

So, too, thought Kid Mack. He stepped in swiftly. What happened next I failed to understand, but Shifty Smith's body seemed to be in midair. His huge left glove flattened upon the Kid's chin. It was now that athlete's turn to take flight. He landed in a heap.

Said Andy Dunne to me in an exultant growl: "Did yah watch his knees?"

Regretting that I had not watched his knees I helped pick up the fallen gladiator, Andy meantime murmuring in my ear that I had missed something. Mack came to slowly.

"Don't yah give the trick away, will yah, Kid?" adjured Andy Dunne, massaging the back of the fallen one's neck with a sponge.

"How would I give it away?" gasped the Kid. "I dunno what happened to me. Didn't kick me, did he?"

"Yep. With his left hand."

"You were right about them mitts," admitted the Kid handsomely. "He'd 'a' knocked my head off with the regulation gloves."

"I hope he knocks Gormley's off," growled Andy.

"Ay? Is this the guy that's matched against the Monk next month?"

"That's him."

Kid Mack offered a remark which appeared to ascribe a canine origin to Mr. Gormley. "But he's got an awful wallop," he added.

"Better'n my boy here?"

"More of 'em, and they come oftener. I hope this kid kills him. Say, Andy, do you want me in his corner for the fight?"

"Sure do I!" returned Andy gratefully. "Yahr a good guy, Kid."

"Tha's all right. Charge it up to Gormley. I'll come over here and work with him a coupla times a week. He's new to it, ain't he?"

"Green as paint," answered Andy exactly as if young Percy were not there, as perhaps he was not in spirit if one might judge by his expression, which was vacant and far away.

"Keep him out of the Monk's way," advised the other. "He'll be training down here at Green Cove. If he meets up with this kid he'll get his goat some dirty way. I don't hardly haff to tell you that, though, Andy."

"Not me," said Andy between his teeth.

Hard work, instead of training Shifty down trained him up, as not infrequently happens with fighters of the long and rangy type. Under the biweekly ministrations of Kid Mack his defense tightened up noticeably. The Kid manifested no dread of another knockout.

"He'd haff to catch me off my guard again," said he. "That's a trick that won't work twice. Not on a wise guy."

"Do you think it will work on Monk Gormley?" I asked.

"If Monk ever gets careless it'll be shutters for him. But he's pretty cagy, at that. And some goat-getter! The boy's a high-strung one. If the Monk once gets him up in the air ——"

He made an eloquent flourish of dismissal with his left glove and finished tying his right with his teeth.

Late afternoon road work was part of Shifty Smith's daily stint. Andy held this to be good for nerves as well as body. On the last two miles, part of which was over a board walk high above a swamp, the master and I usually picked him up and jogged home with him. One day he hove in sight with a small rosebud, given him by a little girl at a cottage where he stopped for water, in the lapel of his Mackinaw coat. I saw a slightly sardonic smile curl Andy's lip. The outcome furnished one more proof of the unwisdom of relaxing even slightly the strictest professional standards. For who should approach, at a swinging trot, accompanied by the gigantic negro who acted as his human punching bag, but Monk Gormley? Andy Dunne's presence naturally suggested to the Monk the identity of the accompanying athlete. Gormley stopped short, showing his gorilla teeth.

"Oh, Dawd! Poicy!" he shrilled in a mincing falsetto.

The "Poicy" was, I think, a chance shot, a generalization intended to impute effeteness. But the fighter who had once borne the likeness of that name winced and reddened.

"Pitty pinky posy," continued the Monk in his outrageous soprano. "Did Noicy give it to Poicy?"

"Cahm on!" growled Andy Dunne, plucking the hesitant object of the insult by the arm. And our party ingloriously proceeded, followed by the derision of the pair.

Worse was to come, on the second day following. This time we met Gormley and his satellite on the high walk, midway of the marsh. Shifty Smith was running slightly in advance of Andy and me. Momentarily he slowed up as he caught sight of his opponent, then resumed his steady pace. Andy swore beneath his breath.

"Got his goat already!" he snarled.

The Monk came on, his savage simian face set and unregarding. I thought he would have passed without remark; and indeed I would have approved this as sound tactics. Instead he suddenly roared: "Git off o' the earth."

With the word he plunged directly into the lighter man, shoulder low. Half spinning, half falling, Smith sprawled wildly outward, landing on all fours in the muck of the swamp. For once I saw that placid, rather vapid face transfigured by emotion.

Rage made it almost as bestial as Gormley's. With a mighty effort he pulled loose one foot. The muck smacked its lips after it.

"I'll k-k-kill him!" he stammered, freeing the other foot.

"Stay where you are!" snapped Andy.

"Dass right," hilariously shouted the great negro. "Stay wheh you ah. Dass de safes' place."

"Youse, too, get off!" barked Gormley, advancing upon Andy Dunne. "Go an' dig him out of there."

Not a word said Andy, but his hand went slowly and steadily to his hip.

"Don' do dat, Mist' Dunne," implored the negro. "I prays you, don' do nuffin' we's all gwine be sorry foh. Time to move, big boss."

Caution rather than fear was in Monk Gormley's shining eyes as, still keeping them fixed on Andy, he assented to the counsel of wisdom. They trotted on. Back to us, as Smith climbed out of his pickle, floated the derisive prophecy of the black giant.

"Yah-yah-yah! Dass de way you go'hn git lif' clean out de ring, Mist' Smith!"

"I sure pulled a boner about that business," gloomily avowed the master, talking the event over with me afterward. Seldom does Andy admit error, for the sufficient reason that he seldom commits it.

"In stopping him from going after Gormley?"

"Yep. He's broodin' over it."

"But, Andy, the Monk would eat your youngster alive in a rough-and-tumble."

"Maybe. I don't say yah ain't right. He's got the wallop. But the scrap wouldn't have gone very far. Far enough to let Smithy take a punch or two at him, just for the satisfaction of not havin' it put over on him without any come-back. Then"—Andy tapped his rear pocket significantly—"it'd stop."

"Don't tell me you carry a gun, Andy."

"Wouldn't be without it." The expert produced one of those small ammonia squirts, so useful to such as train on country roads, in case of dogs desirous of acting as volunteer pacemakers. "One touch of that'll stop any mix-up. Yep; I oughta let him go to it."

"Hadn't we better take some other road for our run after this?" I inquired.

"What! Let that big ape bluff us out? Yah talk like yah ain't got good sense. That'd be makin' my boy admit he was afraid of the Monk, wouldn't it?"

I confessed misjudgment.

"There'll be no more rough stuff from Monk," said Andy. "I'll promise you."

In fulfillment of the promise he invariably forged a pace ahead of his pupil when thereafter we met the rival fighter on the road. Gormley was taking no chances with that deadly gesture of his old enemy. He contented himself with a savage grin as we passed and an occasional reference to a "pinky posy for Poicy."

"I'll hang a posy on yer jor," he would aver by way of variation. "Wait till I getcha in the ring."

The pinky posy was always there in Shifty Smith's coat, a fresh one every day, for Gormley's contemptuous notice. After that first encounter Andy Dunne insisted on it. In his way Andy is a psychologist, though he would disavow the term as malodorous of the highbrow cult. He would not permit Smith to be bluffed out of his decoration any more than he would let him be bluffed off the road. Nevertheless, the youngster still brooded.

Some vague but important idea appeared to be generating pressure within Andy Dunne's hard-working brain as the fight day drew nearer. It burst into expression one evening while we were sitting before the fire, Shifty Smith having been sent to bed.

"Morale!"

Now morale is of the highbrow order of diction and, as such, deprecated by the school to which my friend and mentor belongs. I waited.

"Morale," repeated Andy. "They taught it special to the lads in the big scrap, didn't they?"

"They did," I assented, knowing that he meant the war.

"It means keepin' yahr own goat, don't it?"

"Substantially."

"And gettin' the other guy's when the time comes."

"That might be included under a broad interpretation."

"Then I got a job for yah. I want yah to put some pep into Shifty's morale."

"How ——"

"I'm comin' to that. While yahr restin' between games in the court feed him up about how easy it is to get a goat-getter's goat. Tell him stories about how it's been done."

"But I don't know any such cases, Andy."

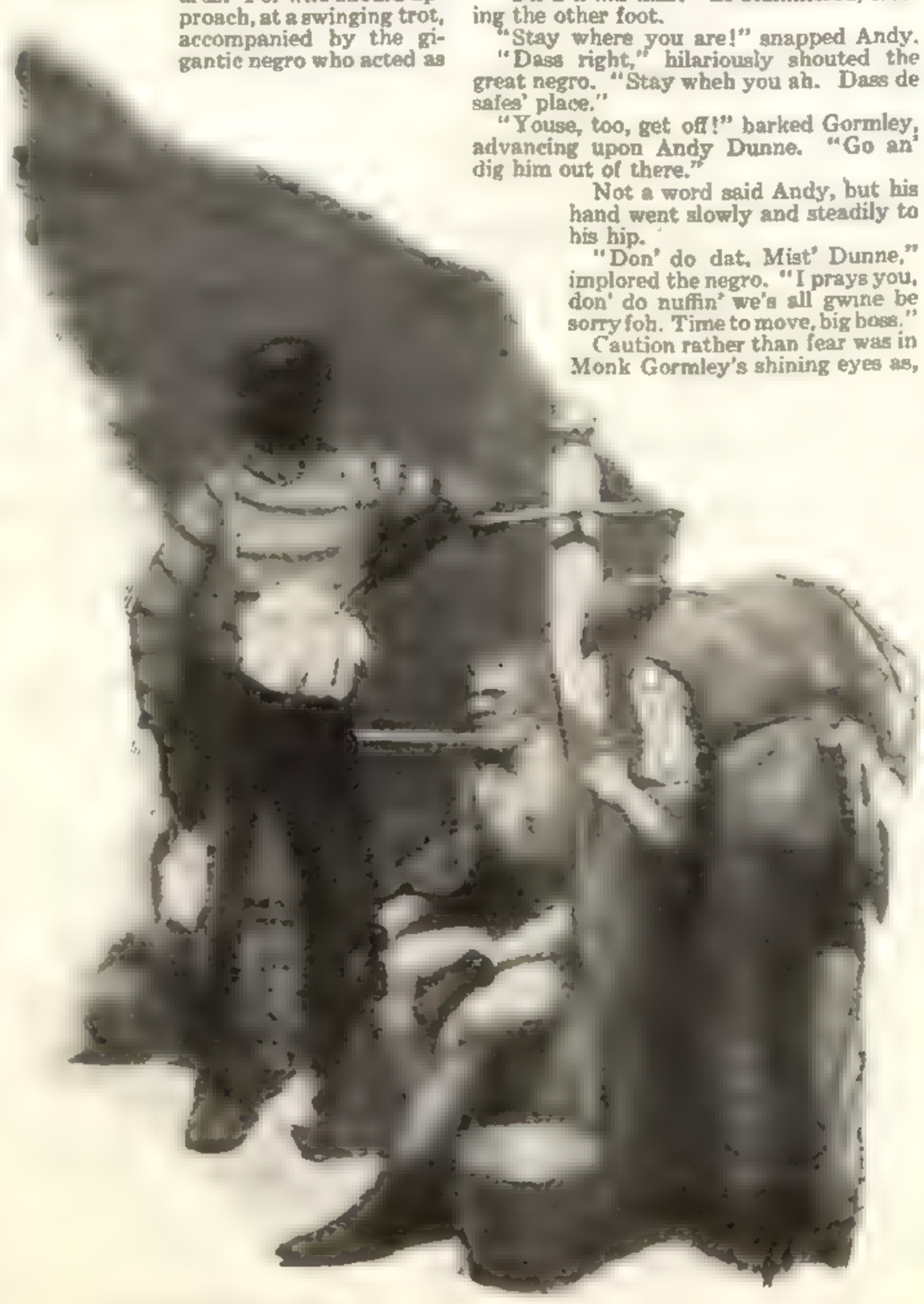
"Make 'em up. That's yahr business, ain't it?" he retorted scornfully. "And I'll 'tend to the other end of it."

"Which is?"

"Monk Gormley. His goat."

Delving back into the profundities of history Andy furnished some material for me to work upon. He became oracular.

(Continued on Page 123)



Already the Monk Was Leaning Forward in His Chair, Trying to Catch His Opponent's Eye

Try This Double-Bevel Blade At My Expense

I Want Every Hard-Bearded Man To Know These New Shaves That "Make Your Face Feel Fine"

by A·C·Penn

MOST of you men have seen these ads of mine before, and know the story of my Double-Bevel Blade, and how it Makes Your Face Feel Fine.

I have explained many times what is happening when a razor scrapes and leaves your face sore, namely, that it is shaving off some of the *skin* along with the *beard*. For the blade is digging into the surface of the skin. The pressure necessary to carry it through the beard makes it dig.

In grinding Penn Blades, I add an extra bevel, right close to the edge—very narrow, you can hardly see it. This bevel lifts up the keen edge and holds it flat against the face, making it shave off the beard without digging into the skin.

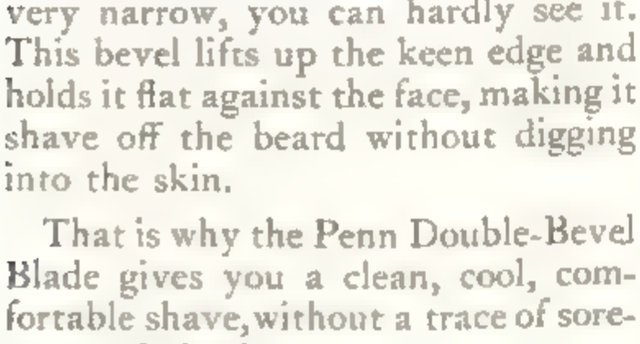
That is why the Penn Double-Bevel Blade gives you a clean, cool, comfortable shave, without a trace of soreness or irritation.

* * *

And that is why I want you to *try* it.

I am *sure* you are going to say it gives the best shave you ever had.

I want you to know the convenience of the new Adjustable model Penn Razor, which carries this wonderful blade to your face at just the right angle, and can be adjusted to any kind



Comparison showing the reason why the Penn Double-Bevel Blade does not dig into the skin

A. C. Penn, who found and developed the Double-Bevel Blade

of beard, for light or close shaves instantaneously. I want you to know my new guard that permits you the full use of the *entire blade edge*, in absolute safety.

I know you are apt to make allowances for my enthusiasm. But, you can put my confidence to the acid test. For I am offering you a chance to try the Penn Razor with the Double-Bevel Blades *entirely at my risk.*

There are two ways of doing it.

* * *

Here's one way: Select from the list at the right the Penn Razor Set you prefer. Send me an order for it, accompanied by the name of the retail store where you usually trade. Give the razor a thorough trial. If it doesn't give you shaves as good as the ones I have promised—or better—shaves that you actually *enjoy*—send it back to me. I will *immediately* refund your money.

* * *

Here's the other way: Just send me your name and address, and the name of the retail merchant handling cutlery, who knows you. Tell me which Penn Set you want to try. I'll ship it to you. Try it out *thoroughly*. . . Then send me either the money or the razor.

* * *

These are the Penn Sets to select from. And in making your choice, I sincerely recommend a set including the Penn Honing Strop. It will keep blades in perfect shaving condition a long, long time.

Penn Set No. 50—Penn Adjustable Razor and 10 Double Bevel Blades in leather case. . . . $5.00

Penn Set No. 70—Penn Adjustable Razor, 10 Double Bevel Blades, Penn Honing Strop and stropping handle, leather case . $7.50

Penn Set No. 80—Penn Adjustable Razor, 10 Double Bevel Blades, Penn Honing Strop and stropping handle, Shaving Brush and Shaving Stick in nickel plated containers, leather case $10.00

Could any offer show greater confidence than this? I take all the risk. And you get the chance to get shaves that will really satisfy you—shaves that leave your skin feeling better than before.

New-Model Penn Razor, instantly adjustable to all types of beard

Can there be any reason to put off making this test? Sit down *now* and write me, before you lay aside this *Saturday Evening Post*, and have a chance to put off sending and forget.

Penn Razor

The Safety Razor with the Double Bevel Blades

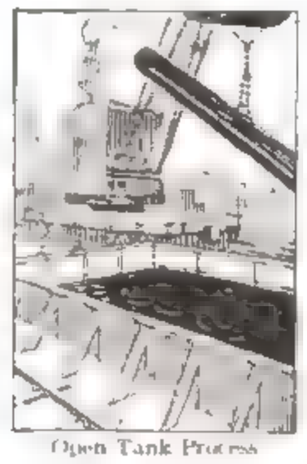
Adjustable Models $5 *to* $10 *Non-Adjustable Models* $1.00 *to* $2.50

A. C. PENN, Inc., Singer Building, New York

Dipping Process

WOOD PRESERVATION

A timely talk of interest to all users of structural wood



Open Tank Process

PUBLISHED BY US EVERY FEW WEEKS IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

No More Wood!

THE U.S. Forest Service is worried about our wood supply. They say that if we are not more careful, the schoolboys of today will live to see the end of our lumber.

Just imagine existing without wood! It is so much a part of our daily life that we can't realize that in a few years more our wood may be very scarce and very expensive.

What a fearful condition of life a lumber famine would mean! Present living costs would be nowhere in comparison. No more cheap houses, no furniture to put in those we had, no cheap newspapers (did you know that paper is made from wood?), no packing boxes to carry our necessaries, no wood for the millions of railroad ties, telegraph or telephone poles. Coal and everything that needs coal would be dearer, because our mines are tremendous users of wood, for many purposes.

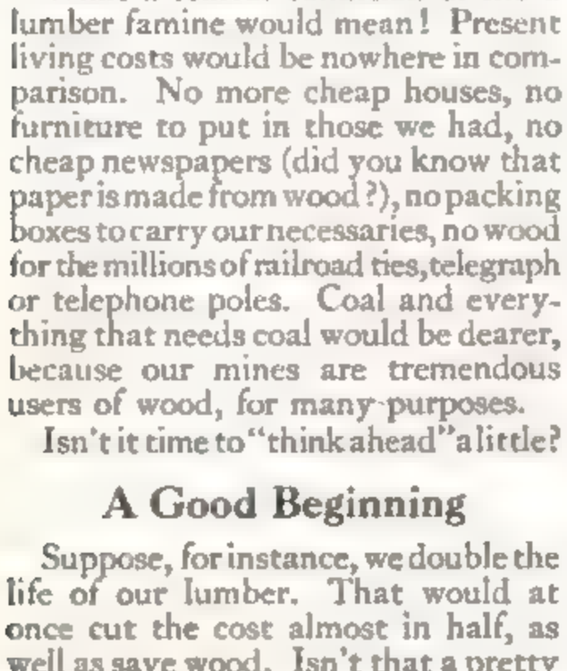
Isn't it time to "think ahead" a little?

A Good Beginning

Suppose, for instance, we double the life of our lumber. That would at once cut the cost almost in half, as well as save wood. Isn't that a pretty good beginning?

The Forest Service endorses Coal-Tar Creosote Oil as the best means for preserving wood from decay, and *more than 100,000,000 gallons* are used each year in the United States.

Coal-Tar Creosote has been the universally recognized standard wood-preservative for over fifty years. It is not an experiment or fad. There is no authentic record of the failure of creosote, properly applied, to protect wood from decay. First used in Europe, the recognition of its value in America is indicated by the fact that the railroads, which in 1915 used over 37,000,000 creosoted ties, have increased their demands far in excess of the supply.



Creosoted Yellow Pine Wood Block in perfect condition after forty years' service. Laid in 1878.

"Many of the resources we have been in the habit of calling inexhaustible are being rapidly exhausted, or in certain regions have actually disappeared . . . We are consuming our forests three times faster than they are being reproduced. Some of the richest timber lands of this continent have already been destroyed, and not replaced, and other vast areas are on the verge of destruction . . . Shall we continue the waste and destruction of our natural resources, or shall we conserve them? There is no other question of equal gravity now before the Nation . . . Unless we solve that problem it will avail us little to solve all others . . . To solve it, the whole Nation must undertake the task through their organizations and associations."

© Underwood & Underwood

—Theodore Roosevelt.

Fighting Decay

The Barrett Company is the largest maker of coal-tar products in the world. It has produced in Carbosota a pure coal-tar creosote oil of the highest preservative value that makes available to everyone the great economy of wood preservation.

Carbosota Creosote Oil is a highly refined and specially processed coal-tar creosote, particularly adapted to Surface treatments (brush treatment or painting, spraying and dipping) and the Open Tank Process. It conforms to standard specifications.

These *non-pressure* treatments for applying Carbosota are the means of saving American people hundreds of millions of dollars annually—conserving for future generations the timber resources that are so necessary to national prosperity, and even safety—because they may be employed without costly preparations by anyone under any condition. Carbosota Creosote Oil is the salvation of the lumber industry. It can be obtained and properly used by every consumer of wood.

Every lumber distributor, each consumer of structural wood, the architect and the engineer, are in duty bound to employ and urge the use of every available and practical means of fighting wood decay, not only because of the self-interest in the resulting profit, but also because of the directly beneficial influence upon the common weal.

Treating Poles

The average life of untreated cedar poles is between ten and fifteen years, depending upon their size and the locality. Nature requires from fifty to one hundred years to grow an average size cedar pole. In 1915 about two and one-half million of these poles were consumed. This does not take into consideration poles of other species, such as pine, chestnut, etc. It is self-evident that an increase in the life of these cedar poles from five to twenty years (which is obtainable by the proper treatment with Carbosota, that is, Surface treatments and the Open Tank Process respectively) is highly desirable and profitable. Cross-arms likewise should be carbosoted.

Saving Mine Timbers

MINES—coal and other minerals—could reduce their cost of production by at least eliminating to the fullest possible extent the waste in material and labor resulting from preventable decay.

Local timber supplies, from which mines have drawn the best, have been exhausted because of this wanton waste, and the punishment is that many must pay the present market prices, ranging up to one hundred dollars per thousand feet board measure, for timber shipped from sources one or two thousand miles distant.

There is still quite a bit of non-durable or quickly decaying species of wood left about the mines, which are generally considered useless. These can be made fully fit for underground or surface construction by slight changes in design and proper treatment with Carbosota. Surveys by our experts may be arranged for where necessary.

Saving Mill Roof Decks

There are few industries where greater need exists for creosoted wood than in paper and textile mills. High humidity in machine rooms and weave sheds causes rapid decay of roof boards and timbers. The Open Tank Process comprising hot and cold treatment in Carbosota Creosote Oil will double the life of lumber subject to such severe conditions.

Farmers Need It

THE rural communities are by far the largest builders. In the aggregate they rank second in the consumption of building lumber, and perhaps even first in the waste of wood due to preventable decay.

The farmers annually lose over $250,000,000 in lumber alone, which must be replaced because of decay. This loss represents the interest on approximately $1,000 for each farmer in the United States.

Wood preservation not only saves the farmer money, but it reduces his *cost of production*, increases the usefulness of his available capital, hence also his purchasing power, thus benefiting the entire community. *A dollar saved is more than a dollar earned.*

Extreme case of rotted posts and fencing.
Courtesy of "Successful Farming"

Write us Today

Whatever your special problem relating to the protection of timber from decay may be, it can be solved by our experts, whose services are obtainable free. Write for booklet "Long Life for Wood at Low Cost."

Address all inquiries to nearest office.

The Lumber Dealer's Opportunity. The salvation of the Lumber industry is to protect lumber against premature decay, and to make it fit for "permanent" construction.

The *Lumber Dealer* should carry Carbosota Creosote Oil in stock, promote its use by taking full advantage of this educational propaganda, thus earning a profit from the sale of Carbosota—serving his customers and gaining their confidence.

Barrett

Carbosota

Grade-One Liquid Creosote Oil

The Barrett Company

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Birmingham, Seattle, Washington, Baltimore, Rochester, Cleveland, Kansas City, Peoria, Buffalo, Johnstown, Latrobe, Pittsburg, Duluth, Nashville, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Youngstown, Detroit, Lebanon, Bethlehem, Salt Lake City, Bangor, New Orleans, Elizabeth

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited: St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Sydney, N. S.

(Continued from Page 120)

"There's few of 'em that yah can't get their goats if yah set about it right. Even the best. The big feller, yah couldn't." Andy's shrewd eyes turned dreamy and worshipful, as always when he referred to the great John L. Sullivan, whom he had trained for many a victory. "Nor Ruby Bob. A few others, not the very top-notchers. There was Philadelphia Jack O'Brien; nothin' ever fazed him. Brains, he had; and he kept 'em on ice."

"It's just because Monk Gormley hasn't got brains that it'll be hard to get his goat," I ventured. "He has no imagination to work on."

"More'n yah think. Look at the way he went after Shifty. There was a scheme behind that rough stuff. Havin' a guy licked before he ever steps into the ring is one way of winnin' a fight."

"Is that the way you propose ——"

"There are others," said Andy Dunne.

Just four days before the fight the preliminaries of Andy's matured plan were put into motion. Shifty Smith, notably improved in cleverness under Kid Mack's instruction, had lapsed into light training, as he was tending a trifle to the overfine. Andy rather shocked me by suggesting that we pay a private call on Bud Lewis

"But he's going to referee the fight, isn't he?" I objected.

"That's why," said Andy.

The official seemed surprised rather than pleased to see us, though his greeting of Andy Dunne was friendly enough. His tone carried the slightly stand-offish implication of the to-what-do-I-owe-the-honor-of-this-call as he inquired: "What's doing, Andy?"

"Bud, yah ain't exactly stuck on Monk Gormley, are yah?"

"Just as much as I am on any other scrapper when I'm in the ring with him," was the uncompromising reply.

"I get yah, Bud. There's others that is."

"Is what?" demanded the referee, not unnaturally groping.

"Stuck on the Monk. Now, supposin' they wanted to cheer him up with a little testimonial?"

"When?"

"Well—between rounds."

Bud Lewis' tawny eyebrows drew down. "What are you trying to put over on me, Andy?" said he.

"Bud, did yah ever know me to try on anything that wasn't on the level?"

"No."

"Did yah ever hear of me doin' it?"

"Not so far. And I don't want to."

"Yah won't, either. I give yah my word there's no more harm in this than milk!"

"But what kind of a testimonial is it?"

Andy leaned over and whispered in his ear.

"Hell!" exclaimed Bud Lewis.

"That's all," averred the master solemnly. "Ab-so-lootly all."

Bud Lewis ran a hand through his tight curls. "No oil of mustard or any such fancy trimmings?"

"Nothin'," declared Andy. "Not a thing but what I tell yah. Here!"

From his inner pocket he extracted a check. The referee's face turned suddenly ugly.

"No. Don't get me wrong, Bud," interposed the trainer before the other could speak. "Even if I was on the crook I know yah too well. This is my proposition: I'll take this and cash it and hand you the cash as a forfeit; five thou'. If it ain't exactly like I tell yah I lose."

"Put back your check," directed Lewis, and fell into meditation.

"There ain't any rule against it, is there?" pleaded Andy. "I ask yah!"

"Between rounds? No. No rule," replied the arbiter. He grinned. A sigh of uttermost relief seemed to exhale from Andy's whole person.

"It's a go, then?"

"It's a go."

More food for speculative thought was afforded by my next meeting with the trainer off his regular beat. How far off he was may be imagined when I state that passing the florist's shop in the town nearest our training quarters I beheld him in argumentative pose laying down specific instructions to the proprietor. His words floated out through the open door.

"No, no; no! Not white ones or red ones or yellow ones or blue ones. Nix on 'em! Pink—roses! That's what I said. Pink roses. . . . Well, get 'em. . . . Yes, three dozen. . . . What do I care what they cost? Get 'em! And, mind! under yahr shirt. Not a peep. . . . All right. Friday, sure."

I wondered whether Shifty Smith were going to shatter the traditions of the squared circle by going on like a première danseuse with three dozen pink roses draped upon his palpitating bosom. But when I put this to Andy the manner in which he adjured me to forget it closed the subject definitely.

Sandyland, the spacious arena on the ocean shore, was well filled on that Friday of the fight. Any appearance of Monk Gormley was sure to bring out a crowd; he had the wallop. From a box-office viewpoint the wallop is to a fighter what high C is to a tenor or the matinée eye to a matinée idol. Favor had procured me a seat just below Shifty Smith's corner, in which Kid Mack and the great Andy himself were to officiate as handlers. Cool enough the youngster looked, as the pair piloted him to his place. But when he sat down and stretched out his long, splendidly muscled legs I saw that he was holding himself taut. Nerves. I didn't like his appearance.

No more did the crowd, though for a different reason. His mild face, devoid of the fighter's expression, and his rangy deceptive build failed to win approval. Though they gave him a handsome welcome, prophecies of the talent floated up to us to the effect that he wouldn't last half through the ten rounds with the mighty Monk. Whether he heard them I could not determine. His sallow face, impassive but attentive, was inclined toward Andy Dunne, who, leaning over him, poured forth a steady stream of quiet, comforting talk into his ear. Throughout the fifteen minutes that the purposeful Gormley kept the house waiting Andy's talk never flagged. It was a notable achievement. Also it was a successful one. I could see the nervous fighter's muscles ease off. Nor did the joyously tumultuous acclaim which greeted the appearance of his rival, possessor of the admirable wallop, appear to affect him at all. I began to feel better about him.

One fragment of Andy's discourse, so emphasized as to have reached my ears, perplexed me.

"Be sure and say it like yah didn't know he was on earth, and didn't care."

Say what? Was this a debating match or a prize fight for which we had been so long and arduously preparing? Then it came to my mind that Andy was planning a defense against the notorious goat-getting activities of Gormley. Already the Monk was leaning forward in his chair, trying to catch his opponent's eye with his daunting glare. Stretched at ease young Smith let his gaze float idly on the haze of smoke beclouding the upper air. Monk got to his feet and loped across to the opposite corner with the hideous agility of a gorilla. He bent over the other, saying something in which the words "Poicy," "posy," and "jor" were distinguishable. Shifty Smith executed a yawn of ordinary dimensions but extraordinary boredom.

"Ah, gah wan!" he drawled wearily. "Beat it! I got your number."

Pure histrionism! I realized it in a flash, and admiration for the master who had taught the lesson thus faithfully rendered glowed in me. The Monk was surprised; and even a bit disconcerted. He hesitated; then projecting his battering ram of a jaw close to Smith's ear delivered himself of some obscene ferocity.

Very gently Smith—still compliant to his instructions—set the heel of his glove against the apish face and shoved it nonchalantly away. For a moment I saw Gormley's great neck muscles swell. But he commanded himself and loped back to his corner. A chuckle, working its way upward from Andy Dunne's gnarled throat, was visible rather than audible. First blood, psychologically speaking, was to the tyro's score.

Physically it was the other way. To the supreme virtuosity of the wallop Gormley added a very creditable ability as a boxer. Possibly having heard that his opponent had a trick up his sleeve—there is leakage in even the best guarded stables—he elected to feel him out in the first round, and in a swiftly brilliant passage cut a considerable gash over Smith's eye, taking in fair exchange therefor a solid jolt on the jaw and a body swing which produced the acoustic effect of a heartily kicked barrel. Otherwise the round was uneventful, except for Smith's excellent footwork.

"Yeh can dance," snarled the Monk in the final clinch, "but I'll catch yeh!"

(Concluded on Page 126)

PIERCE-ARROW FRENCH BROUGHAM

—in addition to Pierce-Arrow,

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BRAKE LINING

is factory equipment on 60% of American motor cars and trucks.

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When your brakes aren't holding as they should, it is a sign they need attention. Any MULTIBESTOS dealer will gladly inspect them and advise you if they need relining. If they do, follow the judgment of the experienced engineers who have specified MULTIBESTOS as factory equipment on six out of every ten American motor cars and trucks—*reline with* MULTIBESTOS.

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Adopted by
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

ON account of its importance in the government's system of transportation and warehousing of supplies, the most advanced engineering ideas were incorporated in the construction and equipment of the new Army Supply Base at New Orleans.

The selection of Haughton elevators for the New Orleans Base is another instance of the adoption of Haughton principles of elevator engineering where an ideal installation is desired.

These principles, as developed on individual lines by Haughton engineers, are now accepted by many of the largest users of elevators as the most advanced elevator engineering practice.

Haughton elevator design is characterized by exceptionally liberal size and strength of construction. Nearly half the Haughton output is required to supply the demands of present owners for additional Haughton equipment.

THE HAUGHTON ELEVATOR & MACHINE CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO

40%

of all Orders for Haughton Elevators are Re-Orders

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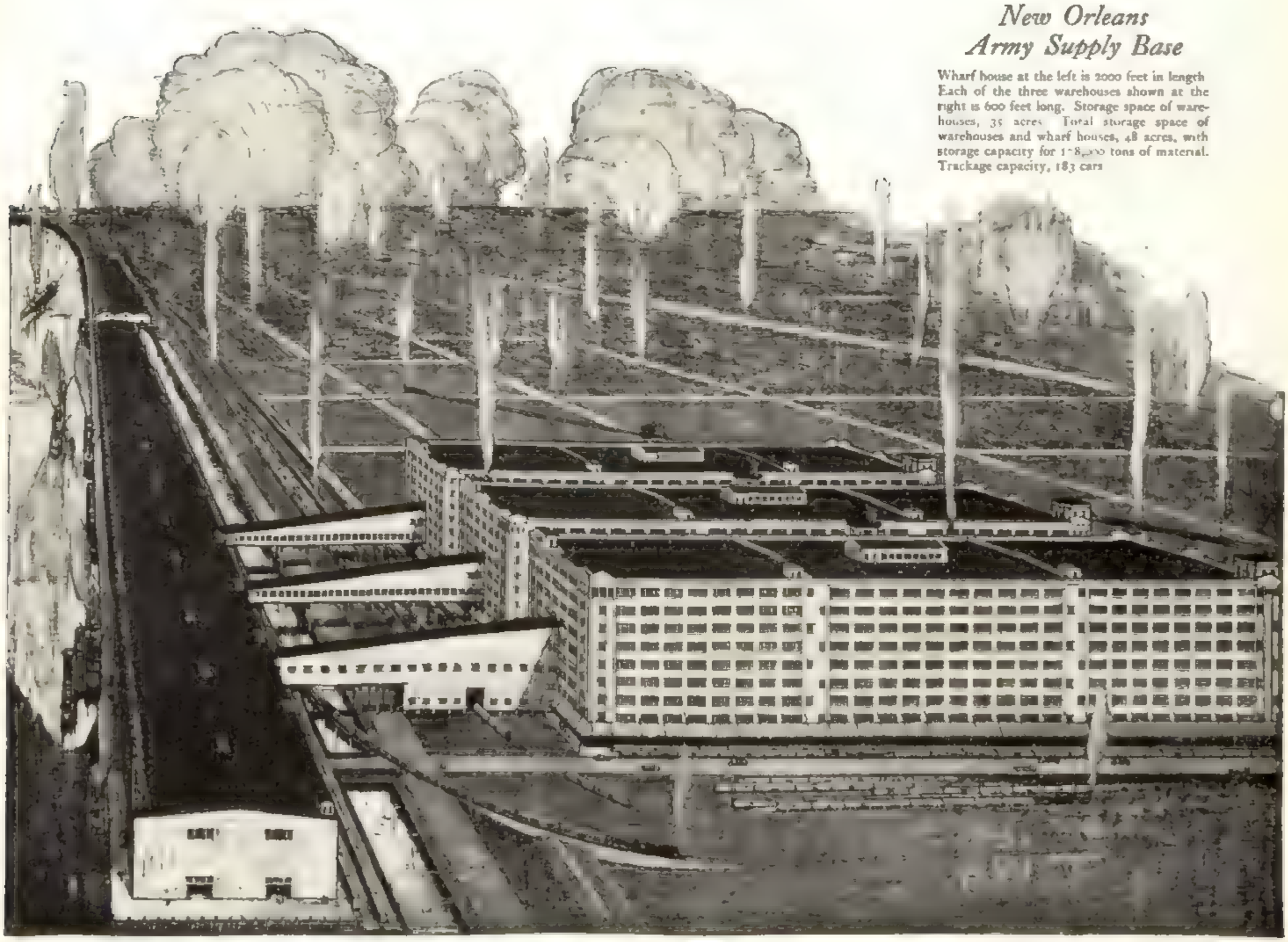
New Orleans Army Supply Base

Wharf house at the left is 2000 feet in length Each of the three warehouses shown at the right is 600 feet long. Storage space of warehouses, 35 acres Total storage space of warehouses and wharf houses, 48 acres, with storage capacity for 1?8,??? tons of material. Trackage capacity, 183 cars



TORS

(Concluded from Page 123

Before they had gone far in the second round it was apparent that action had sweated out the tyro's first nervousness What Kid Mack's cleverness had done for him now came into evidence. He was boxing beautifully; his footwork was perfect; and though he was playing a defensive game, going away most of the time from the other's loaded punches, he landed a few of his own of no despicable caliber. Upon the rugged Gormley they had no appreciable effect. For all that I could see, Smith was showing nothing competent to victory over his bigger opponent, though the fight should last all night. At this rate it would be simply a question of how long his defense could be maintained.

Then, in the last minute, a queer and disastrous thing happened. Dodging a left of Gormley's our fighter had stepped inside a terrific rounding right swing and come to a clinch. He seemed to be close enough to his adversary to smother any effective action, yet out of that clinch emerged an arm which writhed like a tentacle. It rose high, descended over the shoulder and dropped its glove from above upon Smith's slightly slanted jaw. Impossible to believe that the blow could have carried much force. Yet when Gormley opened his arms the other slumped through them placidly and sat upon the floor in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator, and with much the same discouraging suggestion. So suddenly had it come to pass that a stricken silence held the assemblage.

Andy Dunne groaned out: "I didn't know it could be done!" What else he might have added was drowned in the rising roar.

With one obstructing hand upon the hairy chest of Gormley, now straining, lustful and tense, toward his fallen foe, Bud Lewis began to toll off the determinative seconds. Smith turned his head inquiringly, pitifully, toward his master.

Badly jarred though he was, the sense of perfected discipline was in his eyes, which seemed to complain: "You never told me about this."

"Stay down till the nine!" Andy barked.

He nodded.

"Six—sev-ven," tolled Bud Lewis. "Eight—ni——"

Smith was up, and the Monk was upon him in a leap. But a straight left checked the advance. Smith tottered away. His knees were wabbly. Gormley chased him to a corner, hemmed him there, prepared to finish him. Again that saving left, which, however, did not stop the hard-pressing Monk. Fortunately our candidate had enough control left to duck into another clinch. But could he protect himself against that strange encircling overhead blow? The long left of the Monk freed itself. I wanted to shout to Smith; to warn him against the deadly attack. Even had I risked so grave a breach of decorum I did not know the proper defense. Kid Mack did.

"Stick your glove in his elbow joint!"

Though it did not seem so, the direction must have preceded the first stage of the swing. Mechanically responsive to command, Smith obeyed. The projected blow, cramped at the joint, went for nothing.

"Lean on him. Hug him," ordered Andy.

It took all of Bud Lewis' practiced strength to pry loose the tottering fighter. Just possibly, however, the limpness was a bit exaggerated, for he landed one more with that useful left before the bell rang.

"I'll gitcha next round, you dancin' So-and-so!" yammered the Monk as he stood, midring, glowering after his escaped prey.

Were I recording the three following rounds for my diary the report would deal chiefly with the progressively changing expressions of Andy Dunne's face. Throughout the third round it was a mask of tragic anxiety. From his close-pressed lips came the occasional adjuration: "Dance, blame yah! Dance!"

Shifty Smith danced. Those admirably equipped legs were standing him in good stead now. I needed hardly to look in the ring or to listen to the flub and smack of the blows to know that our man was being hunted and harried for his life. It was all written in Andy Dunne's miserable countenance. Would the bell never sound? Finally it rang. Shifty Smith walked gratefully to his corner. But though his face was besmeared and swollen he was now on his toes. Hope made a gleaming appearance in Andy's expression.

It broadened into relief in the following session, and before the end sharpened to a singular craftiness. This, the fourth round, was chiefly notable for light-footed, light-hearted flight on Smith's part, and a touch of conversation from his opponent. Utterly disgusted and not a little puzzled by the shifty one's persistent evasiveness the Monk, planted flat-foot in the center of the ring, thus gave vent to his disdain:

"Stand still for a haffa second, Poicy. I wanta kiss yer"

Needing all his wind for his dancing Smith shook his head. The crowd, foreseeing itself bilked of the price which it had gladly paid to see a knockout, in the next round took up Gormley's reasonable plaint against the fugitive.

"Fight!" "Stand up an' fight, yeh big piece o' cheese." "Yalla dog!" "Make Poicy fight, Bud." "T'row him outa the ring." "Ah, me sister's doll could chase him up a tree!" "He's a lemon."

Fight was evidently the one thing that Smith would not do, except for an occasional jab with that defensive left. Again the Monk went after him, and now it was apparent that he was working himself into a reckless fury. It was at this period that I first noticed in Andy that look of shrewd calculation and concentration. He nodded almost imperceptibly to Smith. Like a flash the fugitive checked his retreat, feinted, leaped in, and stood toe to toe with his antagonist, matching swings in an exchange that brought the assemblage yelling to its feet.

When it was over a puffing eye and a broad wale on his forehead showed that the favorite had come off second best. The round ended with our man vastly risen in popular favor. So appreciative is a fight crowd of nerve and punch as against science and tactics. The Monk was half crazed with rage.

Between this and the succeeding round Andy Dunne's strategy blossomed, to come to fruition shortly after. What signal he gave or to what accomplice in the audience I did not see. But an usher came down the aisle bearing an unshapely paper parcel, which he delivered to Bud Lewis. In the act of transfer the wrapping came off, and a mass of lovely, fresh, delicately pink roses peeped coyly out over that collection of roughnecks. No need for the referee to hold up his hand for silence; the stillness was that of stricken surprise.

"To Monk Gormley," Bud read from a card. "Love and good luck from Tootsie."

Stepping ceremoniously across the ring he presented the bouquet to that human gorilla. Already rasped by his ill success and the changing favor of the crowd Monk did the very worst thing possible; he made a vicious kick at the flowers, strewing a goodly allowance of the petals about the ring.

"Naughty, naughty!" chided young Smith—doubtless under coaching—from his stool, and the giant negro in Gormley's corner had to hold his infuriated principal in his chair.

Meantime a Niagara torrent of appreciative commentary was swelling in the collective bosom of that audience. It found vent.

"Whose 'ittle Ootsie is Monk?" "Monk is Tootsie's 'ittle Ootsie" "Does Monk love his Tootsie?" "Sure! That's why she sends him pwetty woses!" "Pitty pinky wosies!" "Smack, smack!" The last being large-caliber imitation kisses. The humor of those who patronize the squared circle is neither ingenious nor refined, but it is ready and prevalent.

From the three-dollar seats behind us a stentorian voice bellowed a vapid ditty of the century's infancy.

Mommer, mommer, mommer, pin a rose on me'

Instantly the antiphony came from beyond the Monk's corner:

My little Tootsie is stuck on me.

Thunderous choruses took up the tale:

For I'm as pretty as pretty can be.
Mommer, mommer, mommer, pin a rose on me.

"Andy," I accused, "you've planted a claque"

"What's a claque?" queried Andy, turning upon me an eye which was far from being the eye of innocence. "Look at Monk," he added. "There's a picture for yah."

A picture, indeed! In dull suffused purples over brick red, with a touch of sulphurous blue where young Smith had put a mouse above the eye. If ever unreasoning lust of murder glared from a bestial face it could be read in Monk Gormley's. Nor did Andy Dunne's next procedure contribute to soothe him.

"Bud!" yelled Andy through the storm of voices. "Mis-ter Referee!"

"What?" snapped the official. He was not pleased; for the fight was being delayed while attendants singly picked the delicate and treacherous petals from the canvas footing.

"Gimme one of those pinky roses, won't yah?"

"No. They belong to Monk Gormley," returned the referee, valiantly struggling against a grin.

"Tha's all right," bawled Andy. "He'll get it back. I only want to put it on his grave when my boy knocks his head off."

Again the negro had to pin his principal in his chair; thereby unquestionably saving Andy from well-provoked assault. I regret to be obliged to chronicle that my friend thereupon so far forgot his professional dignity as to make a noise like a desolated goat. But he needed none of the fighter's pink roses. He had one of his own in reserve

No sooner had the postponed bell rung for the sixth than Gormley charged like an elephant. Smith cleverly slipped him, and he plunged into the ropes, but on the rebound was upon his opponent again. The savage and unflagging strength of the man was inhuman. Another rush brought the pair to a clinch

"Quit hugging me. I ain't your Tootsie," protested Smith in a shrill yelp, which brought a howl of delight from the crowd. They were getting their money's worth now with interest.

With a sudden shock I thought to observe that Smith's right was out of commission. He seemed to be fumbling uncertainly with it at the Monk's neck. When he sprang lightly out of the clinch the reason became glaringly plain. Jauntily perched behind the Monk's flat ear was the pink rosebud which the other had secreted in his glove. Once more the house rose, the better to howl its enjoyment.

"With love from Tootsie," recited the letter-perfect Smith, and placed a jolt on his rival's cheek bone which dislodged the blossom.

When he saw it upon the floor the Monk's feelings burst the floodgates of speech, and somewhat transgressed even the easy proprieties of the ring.

"I've heard of the language of flowers," gasped Andy in a choking voice close to my ear, "but I'd never 'a' thought *that* was it."

Indeed the orator's verbiage was now more than the language of flowers. It was the language of flower pots, the pyrotechnic species. It sputtered and fizzed and flamed and coruscated.

Between explosions Shifty Smith mildly inquired, as per instructions, of the referee:

"Did this guy come here to fight or to talk?"

"To your corners," ordered the perturbed Bud Lewis, and had the latest floral offering removed from the arena.

Meantime the Mommer Chorus obliged, to the further sore damaging of Mr. Gormley's emotions.

"Two minutes and fifteen seconds to go," pronounced the referee, beckoning the men to the center again.

The first rush Smith met, and the first clinch he fought himself out of. Again he danced. His legs, those noble and stable institutions, seemed as expert as ever. But what was the matter with the boy's hands? All the skill so carefully built up by Andy and Kid Mack had apparently departed from them. True, he led; he was doing his share of the fighting now But his blows were ill-timed, ill-judged and uncertain Was it possible that, now when the tide was turning his way, he was all in? Triumph, as insane as the rage that underlay it, shone on the apish face opposite him. But it was a cold, reckoning insanity. The Monk changed his style, ceased boring in, became watchful, but not wary.

"Watch the boy's knees," Andy Dunne breathed in my ear.

I recalled that other occasion when, by neglecting to watch his knees, as bidden, I had missed something. The next instant Smith delivered a swing so wild that I could have cried out in dismay It carried him halfway round It left him wide open. With a snarl such as that of a killer-dog plunging for the death hold Gormley leaped in, swinging for the knockout.

At that moment I should have given up all for lost—had I not been watching Smith's knees. The swing which had apparently extended him defenselessly had not extended them. It left them slightly bent. They straightened smartly from the crouch. Smith's whole lithe body sprang into the air. Up came the poised left, well inside the Monk's knockout swing, to the point of the chin.

"Plup!" The sound was like that. Quite gentle, like the cork being withdrawn from an undercharged bottle. Inadequate it would have seemed for the result.

For there lay that great baboon, Gormley, spread on the floor, with the black giant crying boisterously over him.

"I've broke my wrist," said Shifty Smith quietly to Andy.

"D'yah care?" asked the master.

"Nope. Not if you're satisfied," said the obedient youngster.

Great acclaim was given by the newspapers to Shifty Smith, as was natural and proper, for winning against so formidable an opponent. But I knew who was the real victor. Does the golf stick, sending the ball two hundred and fifty yards to the last green, win the match? Is the bat which clouts the home run in the ninth credited with the victory? Do you glorify the chisel which hews a masterpiece out of marble? There is the man behind the implement to reckon on. Shifty Smith was the tool. Andy Dunne was the man behind; the master of his craft.

"You ought to be pretty well content with that job, Andy," said I when, at midnight that night, we had gone all through it for perhaps the twentieth time.

"Not yet," he returned with unaccustomed vengefulness. "Not until I know that Monk Gormley is through. For good and all."

"Why are you so bitter against him?"

"I'll tell yah. Two years ago I had a kid that was headed for the lightweight championship. Get that? Lightweight. Hundred-and-thirty-one, easy. He had everything. And as straight, clean, decent, modest a youngster as you'd want to see. One day the Monk meets up with him at a roadhouse and goes after him."

"What for?"

"Hellishness. Just hellishness. My kid's clean nerve all through. He does what he can; splits the Monk's lip and hands him a good poke in the eye. But—a lightweight. What chance would he have? I ask yah! The Monk beat him up so that he never went into the ring again. Broke his spirit."

"Why didn't you have him arrested?"

"Pinch a scrapper for a fight with another scrapper? Yah make me tired. No: that ain't my game. Shifty Smith was my game for the Monk. I'll be satisfied when I know his spirit breaks like he did to my youngster. Not before."

Luck would have it that I was to be present when the test came. Summer quarters had been broken up, and back in New York Andy and I were leaving his gymnasium when just short of the flower stand on West Fifty-seventh Street we saw the formidable figure of Monk Gormley approaching. He was alone. Pitching a half dollar to the flower seller Andy seized a single pink rose. I confess that my knees felt a little weak as I perceived his design. Straight to his enemy he marched and thrust the delicate flower up under the hideous, spatulate nose.

"Monk," he said equably, "will yahr goat eat woses?"

For all his fifty years Andy Dunne is no decayed gentlewoman. But against the wild-beast strength and overwhelming bulk of the Monk!

Murder was in the air. And in the Monk's contracting face. The pink rose advanced until it actually brushed those quivering nostrils, and all the time Andy's steady eyes held his foe's.

Suddenly Gormley's whole vast form seemed to droop away. He stumbled into the gutter, crossed the street, almost in the path of a taxi whose driver cursed him wildly I wondered at the time what would have been the driver's emotions had he known whom he was objurgating—and disappeared.

"Through," said Andy Dunne with the most profound satisfaction that I have ever heard from human lips.

He was right. Shortly after we learned that the Monk had taken a job in the Subway.

"Once yah get a goat-getter's goat," says Andy Dunne profoundly, "he ain't got nothin' else to get"

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YOU will find Carnation Milk a handy staple to have always on the pantry shelf. It is just cow's milk evaporated to the consistency of cream. It is so rich, it may be used daily as cream in coffee, and for desserts. Diluted according to directions on the label it fills every milk requirement for cooking or drinking. Of its purity you are always certain, for it is sterilized in its hermetically sealed container. Write for our cook book which contains one hundred tested recipes.

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Properly inflated, it fits *any* type of casing with absolutely no sign of buckle or wrinkle.

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Its remarkable tensile strength, quality uniformity, and elasticity have been proved by actual moving picture tests of a 37 x 5 "Ton Tested" Tube:

1—It lifted a five-passenger touring car and scaffold—total weight 2990 pounds.

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3—It expanded to sixty inches in circumference—*twelve times the expansion required under normal driving conditions.*

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THE FATE MAKERS

Continued from Page 19)

nothing of this to Juanita. Women—particularly a Spanish woman—could not be expected to comprehend.

But when she had gained his permission to break the Sabbath by bringing him her ledgers and had gone to fetch them the man turned to his son, to whom he so seldom spoke.

"The country will go to ruin," he said solemnly, "unless we stop it. Never forget that it is your first duty to stop it!"

"Stop what, father?" the boy asked.

"Disintegration," his father replied.

"But how shall I stop it?"

"By being a good American."

"And what is a good American, father?"

John Israel Benson the first stared hard at John Israel Benson the second for a long moment.

"A good American," said he, "is one who is not ashamed to take his responsibilities seriously."

Then he gave the boy a silver dollar and dismissed him with a pat on his head. The boy ran away with the treasure, and when he was quite alone in the orchard he bit it, and then read its inscription carefully but without understanding it. "E Pluribus Unum," he spelled it aloud. And then he hid it away in the hollow stump of an apple tree—a place that already held heterogeneous treasure.

To all of which is, unquestionably, traceable much that the third John Israel did. But we cannot ignore the influence of his father—the half-Latin boy to whom the above speech was made, and who remembered the words on the coin for years, yet never thought to inquire what they meant! No, we cannot ignore him, because whereas John Israel the first handled his yards as if they were a deck, and his laborers as if they were mariners, using the high hand and the power of his vigorous personality to swing their discontent into the channel of what he honestly believed to be his just decision, his son, though far from unmindful of his father's charge, ruled through the aching heart of him and the affection which his expression of it inspired.

Not that there was much left to rule by the time the yards came into his hands. John Israel Benson the first died of an apoplectic fit, induced by the resignation of Aigne, who had made some successful investments with his savings, and the fact that the erstwhile manager went straightway to New York to start in with a company for the backing of steam-propelled vessels; and all this without telling Benson his plan, news of which came by post from his own banker.

"And it is a wildcat scheme," the latter wrote, "for wind is cheaper than steam, and the impracticability of the whole idea is apparent, for the Almighty can scarcely be expected to succor them amid ocean should a calm befall them through the imperfection of their machine."

And when atop of this the sailmakers held up the delivery of the Sally B. through having formed a pact among themselves that they would not work after supper unless paid for so doing—a project fostered and projected in secret by Schwartzer—a fit of temper, long warned against by the doctor, resulted in the aforementioned calamity; and so it was that John Israel Benson the second, at thirty years of age, became head of what was still the finest shipyard in the States. And he knew no more about such a business than a brown rabbit.

II

IT IS a familiar tradition that the children of geniuses are seldom of much account. Once the son of a noted writer, himself an author of some attainments, told me that the heritage of his father's name had killed his own career. This was quite true of the son of the first Benson, though John Israel the second had a distinction of his own along quite other lines. He had a taste for poetry and for music and for all illusive new things, and this flair for culture, so foreign to the hard-fibered father, was a source of the greatest pleasure to the old man; with the result that his encouragement of a natural disinclination for realities gradually undermined and destroyed whatever business capacity might have developed in him, without producing either an artist or an artisan.

At the time of his father's death John Israel the second was held to the shipyards by his romantic concept of them—the beauty of white sails, the dangers of far voyages, the clean pungent smell of tar and new timber, and the spirits of multicolored ungathered cargoes in the virginal holds. His one practical interest lay in the rapidly developing steamships, and he dabbled in engineering as he had in the arts, going a step further perhaps, inasmuch as he had for some time tinkered at minor inventions applicable to them. His clothes were perfection, his taste was undeniable, his beauty dark, like his mother's, and his indolence, save when his imagination was roused, complete.

The shipyards never seemed a reality to him, even after his possession of them. Nothing ever seemed real to him—not even his parents' death, for Juanita the devoted did not long survive her lord and master; nor yet his own marriage, which was the result of a summer night with the sky full of moonlight and the fields starred with daisies in full bloom. She was young, and that was at once the worst and the best that could be said of her, since she was a sweet decent thing, the daughter of a carpenter who had been killed in the yards.

The First Words Rooted Her to the Spot: "A Revolution in America—It Is the Only Solution!"

Her name was Mary Desmond and she did plain sewing at the mansion—mending sheets, sewing on buttons and putting fine darns into the table linen. She lived with the Schwartzers, and one night John meeting her at the gate walked home with her.

The town shrugged its shoulders over their marriage and felt it was as well that his father and mother, who had been so proud, had not lived to see it. And yet the town liked him for it too. The man who without affectation does as he pleases is generally popular, and John Israel Benson the second hurt no one. It was as well that he married a workingman's daughter, as things turned out, for, not so much through the fault of the new owner as of the United States Senate, the Benson yards began to fail, and by the time the real hero of this tale was fourteen years old Mary was doing her own work in the great shabby mansion, only too glad of the help an occasional charwoman afforded her.

Ships were the last thing that Washington cared for at this time; and John Israel Benson the second was the last man to do anything about it. He was a chip on the inland tide. Railroads to transport the produce of the Middle West were puffing, snorting into being and crushing the very life out of his business on the one hand, while England had caught up and surpassed him on the other. The land craze was upon his men, and it was impossible to compete with skilled English labor. All at once there simply were no American shipbuilders, and the young inventor, now wholly occupied with a stubbornly resisting device to control steam-run vessels directly from the pilot house, ran the yards at a loss, a fierce sentiment binding him there against all reason.

He knew himself to have no capacity as a business man and in his heart realized that he should have sold out while there was anything to sell. But he had too many old employees there whose usefulness had run out, and he would not let them go. He could not. Presently his whole life came to alternate between periods of utter oblivion of everything except this engine control, and times when he gave a desultory attention to the yards, his sympathetic, almost sentimental nature constantly hurting his own prosperity. The men could walk over him, and they knew it. With characteristic blindness they saw no further than the advantage of the hour which they gained through so doing, and gradually the business crumbled.

It was on a Sunday in 1902 that the real break came. John Israel and Mary had been to the Unitarian Church, and the day being a pleasant one in spring they had walked home after a sermon on "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself." Mary was a Unitarian, and her husband, struggling in a period of nebulous social unrest through the twilight of an old tradition into the beginnings of a new and still unformulated one, had taken to attending with her. The way home was practically that which his father had taken, equally unsuspecting, on an occasion as portentous. Yet the route bore a wholly different aspect. Where once trim gardens had lain before fine dwellings, rows of cheap flats were standing above sordid little shops—jerry-built workingmen's cottages, fallen into disrepair almost as soon as complete, with sagging gates and unkept muddy yards; advertising signs had taken the place of trees. There was a rank odor of cooking in the air. And yet it was spring.

Mary, conscious of her Sunday clothing, walked in the silence which had become habitual in her husband's presence, her mind occupied with the roast in the tempered oven at home. And with them walked John Israel Benson the third.

He was rebelliously clad in a cheap and ugly sailor suit of serge; but not the hideous garment nor yet the awkwardness of his age could hide the splendid vigor of his body or the poise of his perfect well-being—a thoroughly normal boy promising unusual height and physical prowess. A puppy which had waited at the church door alternately trotted ahead, scampered and returned as is their manner—a rough-coated puppy which may have in part been Irish terrier.

And so to the bluey-white hallway of the mansion, where shabby oilcloth had taken the place of flowered carpet, there to find Filkins the foreman, a straw hat on the back of his head, a cigar in his mouth, nonchalantly waiting.

"Hello, Filkins!" said the dreamer. "Glad to see you."

"'Morning, Mr. Benson," said he, rising slowly. "'Fraid you won't be so glad when you hear what I come for. Trouble down to the yards."

"That so?" said Benson. "Step in here a minute."

Mary had rustled off to the kitchen without comment, tying a big apron over her blue taffeta as she went. The boy, uninvited, followed his father and Filkins into the library, which, save for its shabbiness, remained practically unchanged. The dog entered, too, as unnoticed and unchallenged as his master, and both curled up in a ragged wing chair, the boy to listen intently.

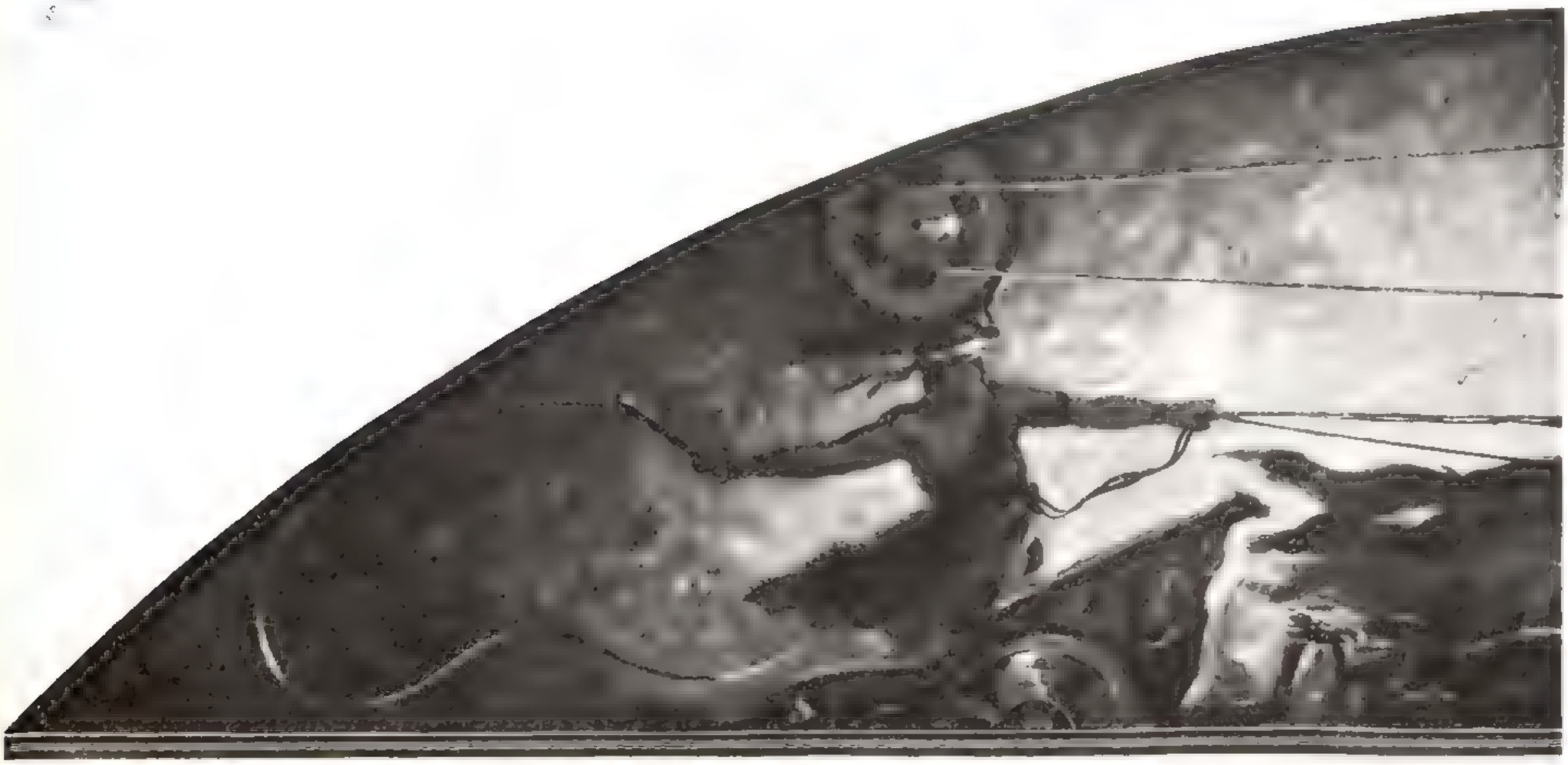
On the table was a model of Benson's control, blue prints, drawings, parts, grease and oil. The floor was black beneath it. All a curious contrast to the undusted decaying elegance of the rest of the room. A crudely constructed arrangement for lighting night work hung from the handsome chandelier. A drawing caught Benson's eye and he picked it up and studied it, leaning against the table, while Filkins spoke.

"It's these damned foreigners again!" the manager complained bitterly. "They live like rats, on a scrap of cheese, hoard what they earn, yet they want more and more! They ain't never satisfied. Is this a country of Americans or Germans?"

"But just what's afoot?" Benson put in mildly. "The Austrians are our best men, you know!"

"They are going to strike in the foundry in the morning!" said Filkins. "Eraus told me. They want you to recognize the union. That means no more apprentices. It means you will be tied hand and foot. What are you going to do?"

(Continued on Page 132)



GROUP

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Prejudices of methods and practices were swept away; sales and advertising argument was reduced to absolute fact—we all worked TO WIN.

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DODGE

DRIVING

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In 1915, when England was frantically building powder and shrapnel plants, Dodge shipped 127 carloads of standard stock products into the Hopewell plant, and in addition furnished England the greater share of countershafts that operated her new shell-making machinery.

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Philadelphia Cincinnati New York Chicago St. Louis Boston Atlanta Pittsburgh Minneapolis Dallas Providence Seattle Newark

Economical Distribution of Power

(Continued from Page 129)

"Unions!" said Benson. "The old-timers had guilds. It's not a new idea, you know, Filkins. In London as far back as 1546 there were ——"

"Mr. Benson," said Filkins firmly, "this ain't a history class. It's the ruin of your business. I'm sticking by you, but you have got to give me something to go on. We are on the rocks right now, and leave me tell you if you let these fellers put a closed shop over on you you may as well hand the business over right now. Your sense of fairness to the workers, as you call it, will leave you out if you give in to it again."

"Closed shop!" said Benson, interested at length. "Not that! No, Filkins, not that! I believe in the free right of everyone to employ whom he sees fit, no less than to work in the same position."

"Then we'll fight it?" said the manager hopefully. "I'll send over the river and get strike breakers ready?"

"If necessary," said Benson, frowning. "But I'd like to talk with them first."

"That won't be hard!" snapped Filkins. "There's a meeting going on now over behind Schultz's saloon. Why don't you go down?"

He didn't mean it, but Benson took up the suggestion.

"I will," he said simply. "I intend always to give the men a chance. I'll hear their side."

He groped about for and presently found his shapeless felt hat and cane. Then the boy sprang to his feet, his brown fists clenched, his blue eyes ablaze.

"Give 'em hell, father!" he said, trembling with emotion. "Give 'em hell! They'll understand that!"

John Israel turned to his son in mild astonishment. Somehow in that moment the father seemed almost the younger of the two.

"Son," said he, "I am surprised at your language! And at your sentiment. You should know that men—particularly workingmen—must be met with understanding. The day of rule by force is gone. This is an era of discussion. Love of one's fellow men must be put into practice."

"Those foreign chaps want to do the talking themselves!" said the boy. "Don't let them put one over on you, father! Don't give in again!"

His father smiled. Then he sighed. He had never thought of the boy as a child, nor talked to him as such, but always gravely, as to an equal. Now he looked at the agitated childish figure through a cloud of doubt and puzzlement.

"I am trying to be a good American, son," he said.

"What is a good American?" asked the boy.

"I'm not sure, son," said Benson, "but I think it is one who is as willing to grant liberty as he is insistent on demanding it."

"Huh!" said the boy. "I don't understand that. But I do know that these foundrymen won't act that way. They didn't before. They aren't Americans!"

"Yes, they are, son," said Benson patiently. "They were welcomed to this country—they are as American as we are. And if not they will learn to be."

"Huh! They'd better!" said the boy. "I know they ain't as fair as you are—that's a fact! Can I go along?"

"Better not!" said Filkins shortly.

And so the boy remained at home, helping his mother set back the delayed dinner into the oven. And it was just as well, for less than an hour later John Israel Benson the second was brought back dead.

Someone who was never identified threw a brick while he was reasoning with them. And he had come of his own accord!

"Damn these socialists! Damn 'em! Damn 'em!" sobbed Filkins over the story as he told it in the stricken mansion. "This was once a white man's country! We bring these fellows over and give them the benefit of what we began, and then they start trying to be our bosses; and when a man lifts his hand—murder! Plain murder! What will it all end in? Who would have thought of letting the swine into the country if we hadn't expected to go on ruling it? God Almighty, is the world coming to an end?"

The end of the Bensons' particular world certainly came with the death of the second John Israel. For the hand that destroyed him at the same time precipitated the calamity that had long been hanging over the yards. The ruin which a series of minor strikes had invited became complete with Benson's death. An ugly creditor took over the yards and sold out the assets. There was no purchaser for the goodwill. A holding company was formed of the employees, who found it impossible to operate, and so it came about that the striking foundrymen incidentally wrecked themselves. The partially dismantled yards stood idle, and even the great shabby mansion came under the auctioneer's hammer.

John Israel Benson the third saved just two things from the wreck: The model of his father's incompleted engine control, and the shaggy little dog. With a grim determination not to be beaten by life he at fourteen swore to himself that he would make these things enough.

And sitting on the one small rope-bound trunk that his mother was taking with them he brave-heartedly watched her as she talked over the fence with old Mrs. Schwartzer, the widow of the revolutionist, and grandmother of the motherless little girl named Peggy who came yearly from the West to visit the old lady and play, somewhat condescendingly, with John Israel. Peggy wore wonderful dresses, and had a pair of silver bangles, and a real little watch on a chain, like a locket. Altogether she was a sort of fairy princess, and an astonishing granddaughter for the simple old lady. The little girl was there now, but the Benson pride, which existed not on the former occasions of her visits, was gnawing at the boy's heart, and he could not bring himself and his tragedy and downfall to her notice.

So he only watched in silent misery, holding the little dog in his arms, while she flattered in white lawn and blue ribbons outside the shabby wrought-iron fence. The orchard between them was flecked with falling apple blossoms that lit strangely upon the somber black-clad figure of his mother as she returned to the house. He longed intensely to go and speak with Peggy, but something prevented. If he was to be cut off from everything—if the world was coming to an end and the eternity beyond held no light, at least it was best to make the cut a clean one. He would never see the house again; nor the well-known yet ever mysterious and inviting narrow streets and alleyways behind it; nor the wide shabby square in front where the gang played ball; nor the well-beloved shipyard with its blazing foundry that was like the hell of Sunday school—at once tempting and terrifying; nor the wide clean lofts, the acres of new timber, and, best of all, the network of ways where the new ships nestled on the water's edge, waiting only the signal to sail forth on unknown ventures full of infinite possibilities, majestic as nothing else, graceful and already cargoed with romance—miracles that he, the boy, could understand, like live things almost, and enmeshed with his earliest, dearest memories and traditions.

All, all had to go—and why not Peggy as well? Have it over and done with. That was the only way for an American male. Somewhere in the darkness ahead he would find matters to be grappled with and conquered, and the necessary strength—but if he were to move now, if someone were inadvertently too kind, the thing would become unbearable.

His mother, half proud of the distinction her trouble gave her, half genuinely distressed, had to be packed into the waiting cab by competent authority, and this gave the boy something definite to do. He got through with it, and the mere action was helpful. He had to remember things, and he was the one who engineered the journey all the way through. They were bound for Muxton, in the Middle West, a far country indeed, and the shelter offered by his uncle—Mary Benson's brother and only relative—who had sent them railroad fare and a little cash besides. And it was the boy who bought the tickets and saw to things generally. It would have been easier if one couldn't see the Benson yards so plainly on the ferry from Walltown to Philadelphia, their first destination. But the rest of the journey was sheer adventure, a joy to fourteen years, even though he was in constant trouble with the trainmen because of MacNab, the dog.

III

THE street on which Tom Desmond, Mrs. Benson's brother, lived had one likeness to the neighborhood from which they had come. It was the outskirt of a slum district. But it had none of the lingering dignity and picturesqueness of the decayed aristocratic corner of Walltown where the mansion had stood. Instead of being decadent it was merely cheap. The houses had never been other than shoddy, and their dreary monotony stretched in depressing length on the wide outskirts of the manufacturing city of Muxton. Breweries lowered and smoked against the sky in the east, sending their sour stench down the rain wind; and in the west the eternal fires of the steel mills, which formed the main industry of the place, carried on the sunsets into a leaping inferno throughout the nights.

The streets were unkept, the houses in sad need of repairing, and their monotony formed a fit shell for the routine life of their inhabitants. The one redeeming feature of the place was its dead level. No one for a mile on either hand lived any better, dressed any better or thought any better than his neighbor. A sharp contrast of smartness and success too close to such a drab valley would have made it intolerable. As it was, the fierce pressure of work under a system which, hard as it was, paid skilled mechanics' wages had brought together a vast group of workers on an exactly level plane, which was just above that of the pick and shovel and just below that of an engineer.

The powers of the town, centered in one Herman Felde and his representative, Senator Charles Willing, had together brought magnificent railroad facilities to the city on the plains, and now Felde's mills were turning out tons of steel rails for the roads, and Felde's breweries rivers of beer for Felde's steel workers. And in the vast city of shabby cottages between the two industries a great unconscious group had slowly gathered, the knowledge that they were a class being with them only at the point of having little or no envy of their neighbors because of this likeness of circumstance.

It was to such a cottage—one of a street where the architecture varied only in alternating the gable and eaves ends of the houses to the street side—that Desmond took his sister and John Israel the third. He was a bachelor of fifty with a rather philosophic turn of mind, and since a bad fall with a girder he had been night gateman at the steel mill, a shortened leg preventing his doing anything more active. He had been an enormous man in his prime—raw-boned and loose-jointed—and the fall had given a curious bend to his body as well as an odd twist to his mind.

His house was typical of its kind, with a blank parlor and a much lived-in kitchen, and tiny bedrooms abovestairs. The place was painfully in need of cleaning and attention, for when a lone man sleeps most of the day and works all of the night his house comes to mean little or nothing to him.

"It is certainly high time you had me!" said Mary, surveying the disorder in the nervous manner which was growing on her. "Certainly time!" She hated the place; it was a throwback to the conditions of her girlhood, intensified. The mansion had been shabby, but it was the mansion, none the less; and it is so much harder to come down in the world when once you have risen.

The boy said nothing. He could make out well enough. And the dog was happy, which was important.

"He's so damn glad to get off the train!" said the boy.

"John Israel!" said his mother automatically. "You mustn't swear."

"Why not?" said John Israel. "I'm not a gentleman any longer; but I've got to be a man!"

That night after the early supper and before Desmond left for his work at the mill they held a three-cornered conference round the kitchen table under the trying light of the single gas jet. At least it turned out to be such, though the two elders had not anticipated it thus. John Israel had for the first time in his life flatly refused to go to bed when ordered.

"He was beginning high school at home," said his mother, "and I suppose he could go into the same grade here."

"God knows it would be a pity to stop his education," replied his uncle doubtfully, "but there's precious little money."

"How old do you need to be to work in this state?" asked the boy. He had been listening to the conversation of his elders with too serious an expression about his mouth.

"Fourteen," said his uncle. "But you'll do better to keep at school for another year or two. During vacation you can pick up a little money one way or another."

"But I can't live on you."

"You'll do as your uncle and I tell you!" said his mother. "A Benson can't disgrace his name. You've got to have an education. Think what your father would say!"

"I do," said the boy. And he went off to bed without another word.

But the next evening he had a surprise ready for them. He laid his working papers on the table.

"You'll have to sign these, mother," he said. "And don't worry about my education. The school round the corner has evening classes."

And so it came about that John Israel went into the mill. And there the one thing which he most dreaded he found lacking—foreigners. Instead the men were almost exclusively Americans, with a sprinkling of Germans, though for the most part these were in the breweries at the other side of the town. The situation of the coast and Eastern ports generally was here reversed, for whereas there the owners were of Anglo-Saxon blood and the labor almost exclusively foreign, here the manufacturing was practically controlled by foreign-born citizens of other heritage—indeed Felde, who held Muxton in the hollow of his hand, was not even naturalized; while the men who ran his industries were high-priced laborers who had been forced back from the seaboard by the immigrant hoards. It was a relief, unformulated yet distinct, to young Benson, for his father's death had implanted in his mind an abnormal horror of what he called wops, an all-embracing term which covered every alien of dark complexion or blond foreigner with a strange accent, no matter what its flavor.

Have you ever seen a steel mill in operation? Do you know the giant beauty and horror of it, the sense of overwhelming might that is vested in huge machinery that can go terribly wrong? One mistrusts the tiny atoms of humanity that guide and direct the ponderous movements of the prehensile monsters therein. For that is what they seem like—monsters that have power of slow movement, enormous iguanodons, which the giant traveling cranes pick up by the nape of the neck as if they were kittens, and drop as gently into the proper order for their assemblage. One cannot feel secure in the tremendous responsibility of the tiny human atom guiding their destiny. Or perhaps a steel mill is a dragon of incredible proportions and terrific beauty, slowly stirring all the time, preening and polishing its scales, breathing fire and smoke, exuding strange acrid stenches, and occasionally in clumsy inadvertence crushing one of its keepers horribly.

It was a continuous nightmare to John Israel for the first week, and then as he came to recognize a certain kinship between this place and the yards at home the feeling wore off and the mill seized upon him with its peculiar fascination. He began by picking up the rubbish about the shops, while terrifying monsters were flying slowly about overhead and the sound of the place droned into the very soul of him. Sometimes he thought it was the waves of Walltown Harbor that he heard.

The same sound was with him at night, because the mills' activity was unceasing, and the town constantly vibrated to it. And as he lay upon his hard pillow he grew to induce the picture of waves breaking against the rocks at home, because the idea wiped out some of the grind and grime of the day. Once, the first time he was bushed by the heat, the wave thought followed all through his collapse.

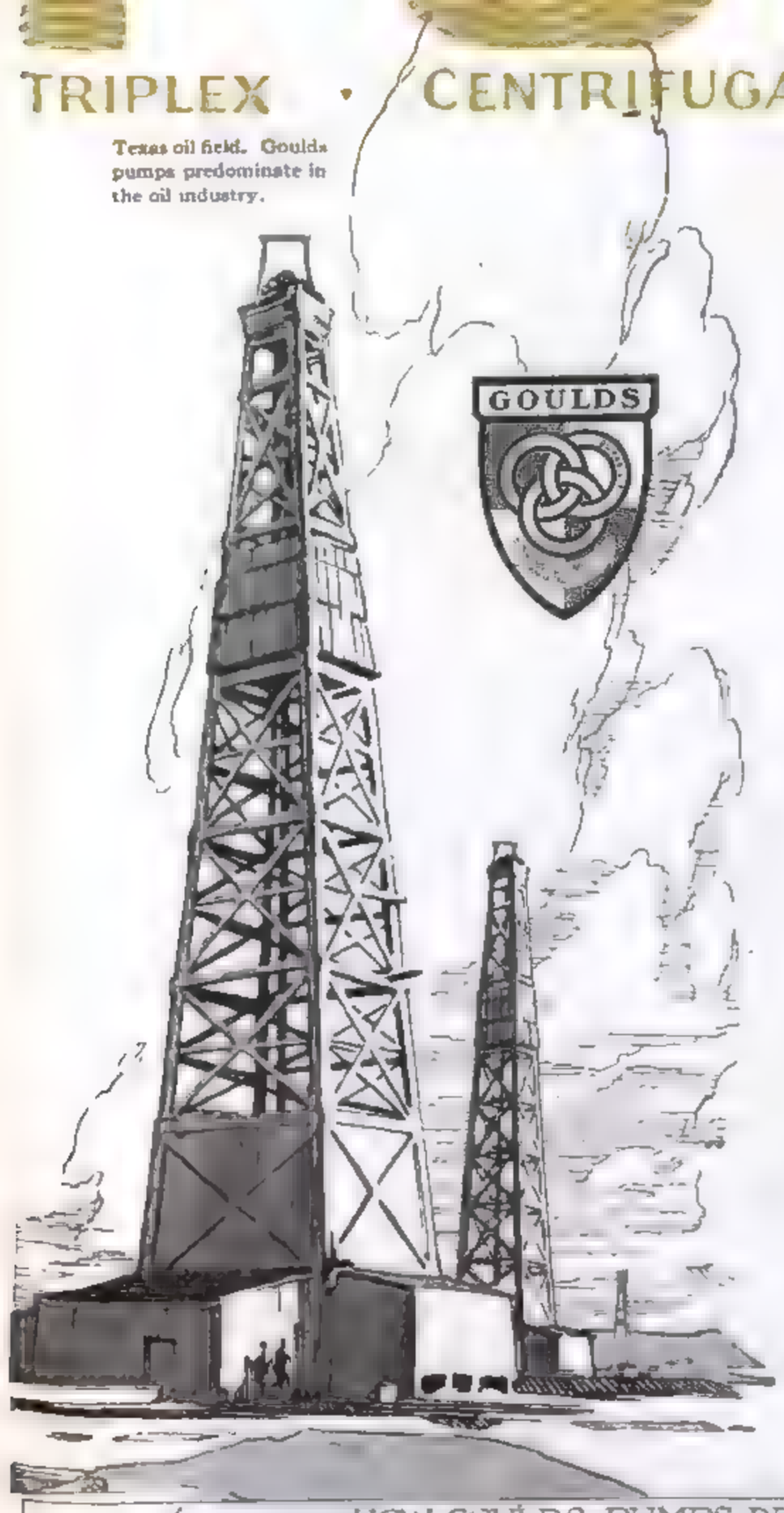
But despite the heavy routine of his life John Israel prospered. It is a curious thing, the way the children of the poor do often prosper. There are quite as many rosy cheeks among the urchins of the slums as among the offspring of overfed alcoholized wealth. You can easily see it for yourself, to your own amazement, tradition being quite to the contrary. And John Israel Benson came from a sturdy stock, harking back to the stalwart bully of a grandfather, Nature having superbly ignored his father and clung to the earlier precedent plus the Desmond characteristics. When the boy was fifteen he was rolling plate, and studying at night. When he was eighteen he was molding by day and was at once the delight and the despair of his instructor in the special course in mechanical engineering to which he devoted three nights a week.

The remaining four he spent, as a rule, in his attic bedroom alone. The ceaseless flare of the mills burned in at the curtainless window, and the ceaseless drone of them enveloped him like an aura of sound, and there upon a large table of his own manufacturing he worked upon a model which

(Continued on Page 135)

PUMPS

TRIPLEX · CENTRIFUGAL · ROTARY · DEEP WELL · HAND



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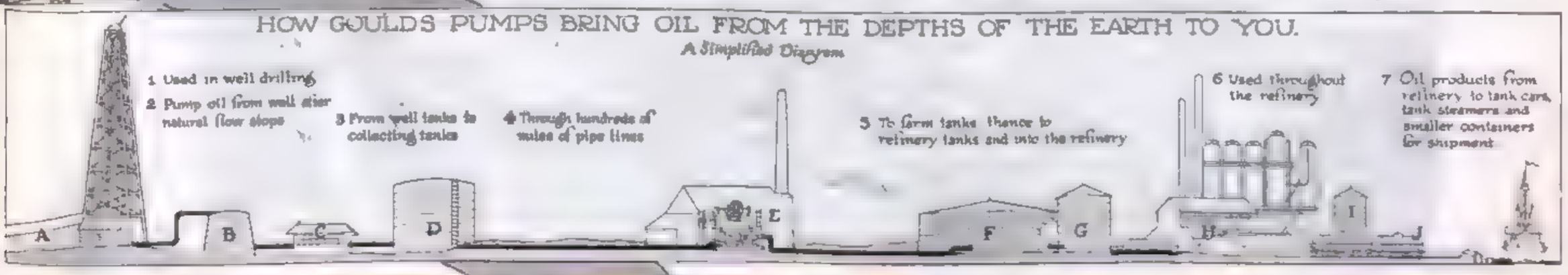
KEY TO DIAGRAM

A—Well pump B—Well tank C—Gathering pump D—Collecting tank E—Pumping station on trunk line F—Farm tank G—Refinery tank H—Refinery I—Storage tank J—Tank cars and steamers

HOW GOULDS PUMPS BRING OIL FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH TO YOU.

A Simplified Diagram


1 Used in well drilling
2 Pump oil from well after natural flow stops
3 From well tanks to collecting tanks
4 Through hundreds of miles of pipe lines
5 To farm tanks thence to refinery tanks and into the refinery
6 Used throughout the refinery
7 Oil products from refinery to tank cars, tank steamers and smaller containers for shipment
A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
I
J

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had as its foundation the engine control with which his father had so long and so unsuccessfully struggled. But whereas John Israel Benson the second had focused his attention wholly upon the docking of steam-run vessels by direction from the pilot house his heir concerned himself with an even more ambitious attempt. His mother was forever standing in the yard, her agonized hands wrung in the soiled twist of her apron the while he sent off miniature aircraft from the peaked roof of the little house, to the imminent peril of his life and limb and the infinite delight of the neighborhood children.

These little adventures in aeronautics were not the now familiar type of aëroplane, but balloons—always balloons.

"Some day," he told the amusedly tolerant instructor at the night school—"some day they will use big balloons for overseas trade—to carry the mails to Europe. And I'm going to be in on that game. It's the only one in the world! I'm working on a device for landing them. You know—to do away with ropes and hauling."

"Quite an idea!" said the instructor, Mr. Cuthbert, who wore a thin beard to hide a weak chin. "May I see it?"

"No," said the boy seriously. "It is too important to show until it is perfected."

And nothing would budge him from that resolve. Not that Mr. Cuthbert cared greatly; indeed he very soon forgot the matter. But with John Israel it was a living thing.

IV

WHEN he was twenty-nine a whole chain of important things happened to him. He solved the problem of his aëro engine and he was put on to one of the giant traveling cranes, a responsible job that paid twenty-five dollars a week. And that was only the beginning. The week following his uncle died, and at the funeral—a strangely generous affair, largely attended and extravagantly expensive as is the custom of the poor—his mother fell downstairs and hurt herself permanently.

"Don't worry, son!" she said when she came out of the ether and he had to tell her. "Baker's Maggie can come in and do for me. The insurance paid for the funeral and we have the house. And you are getting good money now. No need to worry about me. I am tired and this will be a long rest for me, Johnny!"

But he did worry—about more than his mother, though he loved her, and her condition tortured his imagination. America had entered the world war and Mrs. Benson was utterly dependent upon him and he had planned to enter the aviation branch of the service. It might have been done on his allotment had she been well. But now they must also face the matter of an attendant. She would not even be able to dress herself; the indignity of that hurt him for her. But that was an end of his going to France.

He was so shamefaced and unhappy before the draft board that the examiner was almost suspicious of him. And the net result was a tremendous increase in his efforts in the mill—a spirit which he endeavored to spread among his coworkers there, with the only result of stepping into a sort of leadership among the men, who were unorganized.

And then, on the day of the armistice, Mrs. Benson died, and after the queer numb week during which he buried her in the drab cemetery which lay so flat and barren on the plain beyond the town—a silent community of workers in as colorless a sleeping place as ever their living dreams had sheltered—he took Billy Schwartz to live with him.

This young man was John Israel's alternate on the big crane, and the draft board would have none of him, his German name, his sullen impudence, a tubercular tendency—all combining to keep him working in a mill which was slowly grinding him exceeding small. He was a dull youth who used cocaine surreptitiously to get vitality enough to stick out the long hours, for the mill ran twenty-four hours a day on twelve-hour shifts. But drab as he was he interested Benson, who saw in him a perfect type of the slacker workman, a creature made more by circumstance than by his own intent. And he was a sweet-natured young fellow when he was himself, and utterly devoted to Benson. Besides, MacNab, the now ancient Irish terrier, liked Billy, and with the optimism of youth Benson conceived a zeal for reforming his bunkie.

MacNab, by the way, was an extremely nice dog. He was a thoroughbred by instinct if not through breeding and possessed a canny instinct for concealing his iniquities. These had grown less with advancing years, but where his master was concerned his integrity was impeccable, and the sight of him carrying the luncheon pail, intrusted to him each noon by Baker's Maggie, to Benson at the mill gate was a matter of pride and distinction to the entire district.

So John Israel Benson had these things at the time of the armistice: A cottage heavily mortgaged, a most excellent dog, a splendid secret concerning aëronautics, and a weak friend to trouble over. At the mill he was slowly but surely sowing the seeds of organization, reveling in the ecstasy which comes to youth undertaking the task of setting right the wrongs of labor, and enjoying hugely the addresses which he made at night to the men—queer, ugly, pathetic, yet portentous affairs, that were held in a cheap hall down near the breweries and fed with the discontented workers therefrom as section after section was shut down by the mounting wave of prohibition.

Benson spoke well and often, and a great deal of what he said was true. Shorter hours, better working conditions, the right to organize—they were his nightly ardent prayers. Then some quixotic demand upon the powers that were. The men, though they did not organize and the meetings were of a semisecret character because of Felde, the owner's, publicly declared attitude, cheered Benson on until he was drunk with his own convictions. It was a wonderful life in a way, and it had only two vital lacks—a woman and the exploitation of his invention. And then one day the woman came.

■

SHE was Peggy Willing, and her father was Senator Willing, one of those radicals who had so bitterly opposed America's entrance into the great war. She had a smooth long body like a race horse, a head crowned with waving yellow hair, and a vital mind competent far in excess of what was required of her by the life her father offered. Of late that life had narrowed considerably, subsequent to his unfortunate stand on the war. Peggy ran the two big houses—one in Washington and one in Muxton. But this did not satisfy her. She said that she wanted to do something real.

"Ever since your mother died you have been doing real enough things for me," said the senator.

And to cheer her up he presented her with an enormous white Persian cat. Peggy took the cat and a wounded spirit to the privacy of her own sitting room. Things had been pretty dreadful during the war. Try as she might she could not find in her heart any real agreement with her father's attitude toward it. The facts that her own mother had been German, that her prayers and fairy tales had been learned in German—had been urged upon her; and these very tender things had weight of course. But when America did finally come to fighting, a terrible quarrel with her father had ended in a rather sullen appearance of acquiescence on her part. Peggy had discovered that, German fairy tales or none, her German blondness was a thing of the surface only, and that everything underneath it was red as her blood, white as her skin, and blue as her eyes. But though the father won a partial victory her home had lost its character of rest and security.

And now the mania for peace at any price which had once possessed her father was being diverted into an even more terrifying form. Of late Karl Tresser had taken to frequenting the house. Her father was closeted with him for hours at a time. There were other well-known foreign radicals, too, and her father talked emphatically about the oppression of the masses. He seemed obsessed with the idea, and Peggy felt deeply troubled.

Work, she decided, was what she needed, and just before the armistice she had without her father's knowledge taken a course in factory welfare work. It had been useless so far—the munitions people would have none of her because of her name. Politely enough they told her that they had enough workers already. But now the war was over and she might fare better, for industry would go on. And on the very night that she decided to tell her father what she had done and beg his help, hoping that his new-found interest in labor would count in her favor, Herman Felde came to dinner.

He had somehow contrived to escape both internment and citizenship during the war, perhaps because he was remarkably close-mouthed, for all his national habit of loyalty and pride. Peggy had known him all her life. He was in fact some distant relative of her dead mother's and he frequented the Willings' house with as little ceremony as if it had been his own. Indeed in a sense it might have been considered thus, for Felde had stood solidly behind Willing from the latter's earliest political beginnings, and it was directly due to his influence and generous contribution to the funds of the senator's party that Willing had been sent to Washington on the first direct election in the state.

Felde was a not ill-looking man, with mild blue eyes behind thick-lensed glasses. Though his industrial holdings were so large he had never taken out citizenship papers, a fact known to only the very few. He was kindly in manner and one of Peggy's most devoted slaves, though her response was slight enough in all truth. On the occasion of this informal dinner, at which he was the only guest, she turned an indifferent cheek to his hearty kiss of greeting.

"Well, *kleine Blume!*" said he, beaming at her through his thick glasses and spreading out the tails of his clumsy dress suit with podgy hands. "Well, my prairie Rose, what are you doing now a day in the society world, eh?"

"Nothing, Uncle Herman," said Peggy. "I'm afraid I am growing up. I want to go to work, and father will not let me. Perhaps you will give me a job?"

"Hardly!" said he. "I myself am even getting out of business. America is going to the dogs as soon as Germany gets started. Me—I am going to take my money back to the old country in a year or two and become a rich man."

"I would have thought you were rich enough already," said Peggy. "How are you going to improve your fortune in Germany, of all places?"

"That is something you would hardly understand, my dear," said the capitalist. "But believe me it can be done. I mean to go in for the building of Zeppelins."

"But the war is over!" cried Peggy.

"But world commerce is just begun!" said the German, and chuckled at her blank look.

Then the senator, a tall morose man with a weak face and picturesque hair, came downstairs and the three went in to dinner. It had been the custom of these two to talk freely before the girl, and these discussions had in the past fallen upon unattentive ears. But to-night in the face of her resolution to break away from her father's prejudice and find some daily round for her active mind Peggy listened intently to—nothing! For once the table talk did not concern politics or the steel mill, and it was she herself who was at length forced to introduce the subject nearest her heart.

"Uncle Herman," she began at the salad, "I want you to talk to father for me—talk severely."

"It wouldn't be the first time," said Felde. "About what?"

"The mill," she replied. "I am so restless and unsatisfied. The period of the war was so terribly difficult for me that I must have a change of viewpoint, an enlargement of my environment and knowledge of life or I shall settle into a sour, cross old maid. You and father talk about the mill and the breweries, and I have never even seen them! I want to, especially the mill. Will you take me through, since he won't?"

"Certainly," said Felde. "Why not, if it amuses her, Willing?"

"I like to keep her out of my—well, of the sort of thing I am obliged to go into," said her father, frowning.

"If you feel that way about it you ought not to own any stock in it!" his daughter retorted promptly.

"Well, I take you to-morrow," Felde promised. "You'll see a good-paying institution."

They left the table then, and shortly afterward Peggy took a book on industrial management, and Ruffles, the Persian cat, and bidding the two men good night retired to her own quarters with the intention of pursuing the intricate convolutions of Mr. Veblen's brain. In point of fact she pursued the cat instead.

She was clad only in nightgown and wrapper when she missed the animal and began an ardent search for it, which grew in determination as the creature's elusiveness persisted. Ruffles' indifference to the duties of her position was intolerable. She existed for the sole purpose of lying at her mistress' feet in a comforting, purring, softly heaving mass—a pleasant and a dainty companion who kept the virginal little sitting room from too complete loneliness. And it was lonely. Peggy since her estrangement from her father had bad hours, when she was almost tempted to send for Ted Aigne and marry him offhand. He would come, she knew, as soon as he was out of the service, and he would not have lost faith in her. She did not love him, but he loved her, and that was something. In the meanwhile there were books to read—and the cat.

Ruffles was not to be found. The door was ajar and with the incredible pliability of cats she had squeezed through the crack and escaped. Gathering her kimono about her Peggy set out in barefooted silent pursuit. The cat was halfway down the side staircase. Peggy softly implored her return, to no avail. She followed, whispering entreaties, but the cat was adamant. With a spring it was in the lower back hall, which led to a little side porch and freedom. Like a wraith the animal whisked out into the night, leaving her mistress foiled at the foot of the stairs by the sound of masculine voices upon the side veranda.

The spring night was soft with syringa, the scent of it mingling with the fragrance of good cigars, and the low-pitched earnest voices of the men came clearly to the inadvertent listener in the hall. The first words rooted her to the spot:

"A revolution in America—it iss the only solution!"

"But are we ready?" said the senator's voice. "Do the people want it—the real American workers, who after all are in the majority except perhaps on the Eastern seaboard?"

"*Gott im Himmel*, how can the people know what they want?" demanded Felde. "Have they ever known? We intellectuals must show the way!"

"I don't see it and I don't like it!" came her father's voice. "I was with you on the peace question, heart and soul. But this is different."

"How can you expect to accomplish internationalism except through the industries of the world?" said Felde. "Here we are facing a most unfair condition. America has come out of the war with the I O U's of the world in her hands and her industries prospering as never before. What will be the result? A world autocracy for her. She holds all the cards. Her capitalists will control everything—everything! It will be generations before broken Europe can hope to compete. Why, they cannot reestablish themselves industrially except by the aid of American-made goods, American-made machines with which to rebuild their factories, rebuild their lands even! What a condition! Result, an American empire—and your idea of a coöperative socialized world is postponed a thousand years!"

"That's all too true," replied the senator. "It's precious little better than a German autocracy would have been, if our capitalists are to be permitted to rule. And it looks as if things were going that way!"

"Indeed it does!" exclaimed Felde. "But it need not be so! This scheme of Wall Street to grab the commerce of all Europe can be frustrated."

"But how—how?" protested Willing.

"I have already said it," remarked Felde shortly.

There was a moment's silence during which Peggy, a trembling ghostly figure, clung to the banisters, unseen and afraid to move. Then her father spoke again.

"I am unalterably opposed to bloodshed," he said at length. "You know that, Felde."

"Bloodshed! Who said anything about bloodshed?" exclaimed the German. "Though damn fools will always start it when they oppose the right. If there had been no resistance in Belgium in 1914 there would have been no bloodshed. I don't propose we use cannon. I am no fool. Something deeper is in my mind. Cannon wrecks only people's bodies."

"And you propose ——" The senator left it unfinished

"To attack their purses!" Felde laughed. "I propose to work upon the mind, old friend. And I do not intend to undermine the foundations of buildings but the minds of workingmen. There is a splendid instrument at hand."

"The I. W. W.," said the senator. "Some splendid men in that, Felde."

(Continued on Page 139)

Monito

FULL SIZE

SOCKS

Is this not Logical?

MOST socks first wear through at the toe. Strain causes this wear. This strain is due to over-stretching of the fabric. The remedy for over-stretching is extra toe-room supplied by Monito Full-Size Knitting. The feet of your socks should be long enough so that you can easily grasp the fabric at the toes between your thumb and forefinger.

© 1920
M. K. Co., Inc.

3 Sock-Troubles!

How Monito Full-Size Knitting ends them

YOU have probably noticed this: Your socks often "poke through" at the toes. And you have felt "binding" at the heel. You feel discomforting "garter pull" at the top of the sock.

Well, cheer up! Monito Full-Size Knitting supplies the remedy. You ask—"Why"?

Because the special Monito Full-Size way of knitting assures extra toe-room. It relieves the strain at the heel. And Monito Full-Size Knitting provides the extra sock length which lets garters do their work comfortably.

And remember this: Monito Full-Size Knitting while correcting these former sock troubles really adds style in providing new snugness and new trimness of "ankle-fit."

To prove it simply choose your usual size from the Monito line—knit in the Full-Size way. As an example of Monito handiwork we suggest Style 522 a sock of real silk—silk-worm silk.

Moorhead Knitting Co INC *Harrisburg, Pa.*

MAKERS OF

Men's Socks and Women's Stockings

NEW YORK OFFICE: Fifth Ave. Bldg. (200 Fifth Ave

FEDERAL

Double Cable Base Tires

Cord
Black Non-Skid

Cord
Black Ribbed

Fabric White Rugged
(Extra ply fabric)

Fabric
White Ribbed

Fabric Traffic
Black Non-Skid

Fabric Plain
Black Tread

FEDERAL prestige is built upon the solid foundation of superior products. As the great group of Federal enthusiasts increases, few if any ever change from Federal Tires.

This is the spirit that Federal keeps continually alive among motorists by building for real merit.

The Double-Cable-Base is an improvement that adds to tire life by saving Federals from many forms of tire wear.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY
of Illinois
Factories, Cudahy, Wis.

Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Foot Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting, and Mechanical Rubber Goods

(Continued from Page 135)

"There are indeed!" he replied. "Now see here, Willing, my idea is this: The I. W. W. has the right plan. But they have no organization in high places. They have no friends in power, no real financial backing. I intend giving it to them!"

"But you will wreck yourself!" exclaimed Willing. "Your industrial holdings are enormous!"

"They will very shortly be liquidated," replied Felde. "I am in the midst of arranging that now. Never fear! You will be provided for—well provided for! And I mean to make you the instrument through which the world can be saved for democracy. You shall be the secret power that will give the industries of the country into the hands of the workers!"

"May I be worthy!" said the senator fervently. "It is a great task. How do you suggest that we begin, Felde?"

There was a note of relief in Felde's voice. "You need not appear at all in the direct action," said he. "We shall need you for more important things. But you can see for yourself that Germany, for example, will not be able to pay her indemnity if she has too much industrial competition in America. The only way to avoid this is to slacken American production deliberately. I have a pretty good organization of brothers ready to send out, one or more to each large industrial enterprise all over the country. They will get into factories, shipyards, and indeed every form of business, and there spread the doctrine of what the world misunderstands as Bolshevism, but which you and I and they themselves know to mean the salvation of the world!"

"Felde, you are a great genius!" exclaimed Willing. "Give me your hand, sir! All my life I have lived for the hour of universal brotherhood, and now I see it about to dawn!"

For some reason that she could hardly explain to herself Peggy crept upstairs again without making her presence known. Her brain was in the wildest confusion. Of course it was right that the workers of the world be given fair play—but was this strange scheme going to accomplish it? How could throwing organized industry into confusion benefit anybody—except German capital? How blind her poor father was—how terribly, pitifully blind! His idealism was almost grotesque as she had witnessed it to-night, and yet his impassioned public speeches, wrung as it seemed from his very soul, had time and again won him the labor vote with a sweeping hand. Surely, surely, such an emotion could be nothing but genuine. Yet when she recalled the joy with which he mouthed his flowery words, as if their very taste was succulent, she shuddered with a persistently self-renewing doubt, and shutting herself into her room, beset with suspicions which she could confide to no one, she spent a miserable night of self-searching that left her with every nerve sensitive to new impressions as never before.

So it was that with heart and mind keyed to an abnormal pitch of consciousness Peggy on the following morning allowed herself to be shown through the steel mill by Herman Felde. The day was warm, and the great plant seemed like an inferno full of stark sinners whose punishment was complete. The foundry was a hell of molten crime with ghostly criminals tormented beyond justification in molding it. The boiler room, the assembly room, where the giant cranes were slowly traveling at an incredible height, was like the ordered confusion of some oppressive nightmare, the rolling mill a devouring monster whose maw the weary effort of a township could not appease.

When at last she emerged into the spring sunshine it seemed incredible that it should still be pouring its soft mantle upon the world—had been doing so since last she saw it—that it actually shone upon such fearsome work of mankind. Yet there was a terrible beauty and portent of creative power in that monstrous industry, and she saw that, too, and felt some echo of her father's overenthusiastic words of the night gone by ringing in her own heart. It was indeed a fearful thing that men should work long hours in that exotic nightmare unless they had a fair share of what they produced by so doing. If it was to abolish this injustice that her father was bending his faith, then she was with him, heart and soul.

Now that she had seen she felt differently—the worker at his task was a more poignant sight than the same man upon his shabby individual doorstep. Here the labor problem suddenly took on unity—became a living concrete thing because it was visibly combined effort. It was group activity made visual. She saw in a queer flash of understanding that the worker's unionism lay in the shop itself; that outside of active industry he was but a selfish, self-seeking individual like the rest of mankind. In the plant and there only, while actually creating something, did union exist, and without industrial units there would never have been labor uniting, but only scattered efforts for self-supply. Labor could never have become conscious if capital had not first brought laborers together in creative effort. Her brain felt sick and faint from the effort she had made, and she was glad of Felde's arm as she crossed the yards in the direction of the gates.

"Eh? Well, how do you like it, *Madchen?*" he said as they turned back to survey the smoky pile.

"It's terrible, beautiful, and it ought to be a wonderful servant to mankind," said Peggy solemnly. "But it seems to be the master of these men. Why are machines masters instead of slaves to men? Men make them, you know!"

"*Ach*, now you talk!" said Felde. "Your father's own little girl! Well, what would you suggest about that, eh?"

"You ought to make it easier and more human," cried Peggy with sudden resolution. "Oh, Uncle Herman, will you let me do something here? I've taken courses in welfare work—and you haven't anything like that—absolutely nothing! Won't you let me establish a rest room and tennis courts and a decent restaurant? I know how, and you'll see how splendid it will be. Let me—please let me try, won't you?"

"Nonsense!" said he, smiling. "You wouldn't stick by it one week!"

"Yes, I will!" she said eagerly. "Only try me! Please! Just give me a chance! And help me persuade father that I am able!"

Felde's eyes narrowed not altogether kindly as he consented.

"Have your way!" he said. "You can try if you like. But if you muddle it up you quit when I say so!"

"I won't fail!" she said in quick gratitude. "Only let me try. Thank you! Thank you!"

"There now, don't fuss!" said he. "Funny where is the auto; it don't come!"

Just then Sullinski the manager approached and spoke to Herman.

"Excuse me one minute," he said to Peggy.

"I'll telephone for the car while you are gone," said she. And then Felde hurried off with the man and Peggy addressed a young workingman who was standing near the gates.

"Can you tell me where I can find a telephone?" she said, and the young man turned round.

It was Benson.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

were not demanded for uses in war. It is wrong to believe that the high prices of the things we are now purchasing in distant lands are due wholly to the high cost of transportation and the manipulation of local traders.

Inflation of world currency therefore is without doubt the most important factor in the creation of our present high range of prices. However, the subject cannot be dismissed with this statement, for there are other reasons, which though of slightly less importance are of greater moment when we talk of providing a remedy for our troubles. First, there is the matter of world transportation. After a commodity is purchased at its source of production there is always the charge incurred in hauling the material to the consumer. Recently some folks over in England commenced to wonder why ocean freights remained so high. An investigation was started and the examination brought out that a ton of shipping to-day performs only half the service it did five years ago—a state of affairs largely attributable to congestion at the different ports.

At the time the shipping situation in England was studied fifty vessels were lying idle at Cardiff and others were waiting outside in the roadstead; Swansea was overcrowded with 200 ships and half as many were at Newport. Other ports showed the same condition. When we consider that the average minimum loss on a nation's ships is $1000 per day per ship when idle, it is clearly evident that delays in port are an expensive proposition and must be made up by the shipowners through the addition of extra charges on freight transportation.

The British investigators found that coal represents from forty to fifty per cent of the outlay for operating ships. Before the war bunker coal could be obtained in Great Britain for four dollars a ton; to-day a similar grade of coal for bunkering ships will cost twenty dollars in most of the English ports. In 1913 an able-bodied seaman on a British vessel received $26.77 a month, while at the present time his wage is $55.96, with a bonus of $14.60. Five years ago it cost from twenty-four dollars to twenty-nine dollars a ton to construct a vessel in Great Britain; to-day the same vessel would cost $146 a ton. The people in England are largely dependent on outside nations for much of their food and the greater part of their raw materials. It is plain therefore that our British cousins can rightfully blame a part of their high-cost-of-living troubles on the present abnormal charges for ocean transportation.

Perhaps nothing is more alarming in world affairs to-day than the serious drop in labor output which has followed the ending of the war. Here in the United States during recent months a number of investigations have been undertaken and the results have shown that the individual output of the American workman during the last fifteen months has decreased from fifteen to fifty per cent. This means that a greater number of people must be employed to turn out the same quantity of goods as was produced before and the inevitable results must be an increase in the cost price of the articles manufactured.

Many people have pointed out that we cannot eat or enjoy more than we produce, but this warning does not appear to be effective in halting the spirit of slothfulness that is slowly but surely pervading the nation. Large groups of workmen have acted deliberately to restrict production without appearing to understand that any decrease in efficiency is sure to increase the burdens of the working class itself. This same type of restriction of output is also destroying the willingness of capital to embark in new enterprises and to extend our present industries.

Here and there we find examples of right thinking and proper action. The owner of one large manufacturing plant recently said to his men, "We are out for higher wages, less hours and more output. Will you help us? Are you willing to have your movements studied so that we can find out the best way, adopt this as standard and cut out useless and unproductive movements?"

The workmen at this company's plant agreed to the plan and the scheme was set in motion. Tools and materials were arranged in a standard manner so that all unnecessary movements to obtain them were eliminated. Each task was analyzed and every action was followed with a stop watch in order to arrive at the best and quickest method of performing the job. A standard set of movements for each process was established, with a standard time for the employment of each. All movements that could be performed simultaneously were combined. Men were trained individually rather than in groups. As soon as training was begun the hours of work were reduced from fifty-four to forty-eight a week.

The management and employees decided jointly that a man who produced a greater number of pieces is entitled to a higher price per piece, and so a method of differential piecework pay was introduced. As soon as a man's output reached sixty per cent of the standard he began to receive a bonus.

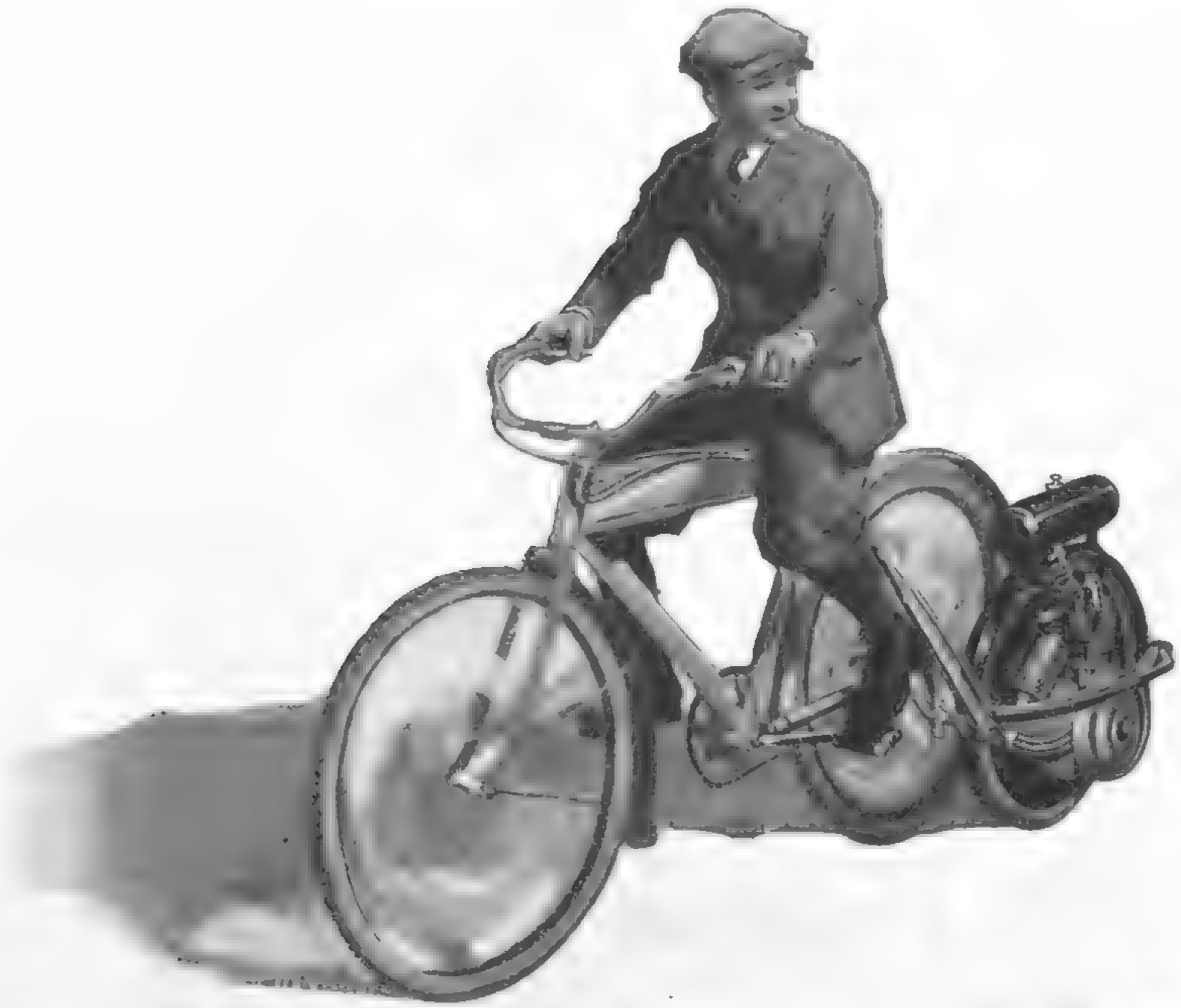
As a result of this system one worker increased his earnings 200 per cent over the sum received before the new methods were introduced. In addition to the greater output the system was found to be less tiring on the men. Before this plan of waste elimination had been inaugurated the company produced 3000 articles weekly. This output was raised to 20,000 articles after the new method was in full force. The men were wholly satisfied and both employer and employee found that the scheme added to the profits of each.

It would be unwise to end this kind of a discussion without touching again on transportation—this time referring to our railroads instead of steamships. That we must have increased production in all of our industries in order to solve our present problem of high prices no one will deny. It is vital therefore that everyone should know precisely how serious is the railroad situation here in the United States.

One of our leading authorities on railroads, Samuel O. Dunn, says, "During the last four and a half years the increase in the freight traffic of the country has been fifty-seven per cent and the increase in the number of freight cars in service has been only five per cent. Since 1915 the increase in passenger business has been thirty-two per cent and there has been practically no increase in the number of passenger cars. In spite of the enormous increase of traffic since 1915 there has been practically no increase in the number of locomotives. During the past four years the mileage torn up or abandoned has been equal to that built. There must be an investment of $7,000,000,000 to make good the deficiency in our railroads which has accrued since 1915. During the next three years, if the railroads are to catch up with the needs of the country, they must acquire 800,000 freight cars, 20,000 locomotives and 10,000 passenger cars.

"During recent months it has been impossible for the railroads to handle all of the freight offered them. It has been impossible to furnish sufficient cars to the coal mines. It has been impossible to furnish enough cars for the movement of lumber and wheat. There is much talk concerning appropriations to be spent during the next year in building new highways. These roads can't be built, for the simple reason that the railroads can't handle the materials. The good service formerly rendered will not be restored immediately or very soon, because the cars, locomotives, tracks and yards required to render it do not and will not exist."

All of which leads to the conclusion that there are a number of basic reasons underlying the present high scale of commodity prices which cannot be remedied soon. People who are expecting an early return to prewar conditions are doomed to disappointment. The road to happiness lies along the valley of higher efficiency, greater thrift, less selfishness and increased common sense.



The dependable day-after-day performance of the *Briggs & Stratton Motor Wheel* is more than a casual happening.

It is the result of applying advanced engineering practices to every phase of its production.

It is the result of intelligence and care in material selection for bearings, forgings, stampings and castings.

It is the result of highly accurate tools skillfully utilized by operators long experienced in fine machine work.

It is the result of a perfected method of assembly—an ideal that represents the very foundation of Briggs & Stratton's enviable position in the automotive industry.

And lastly it is the result of "strict" inspection affecting the work rooms and metallurgical laboratory alike. The "check-back" system of testing is employed both in the block test room, where delicately sensitive instruments record performance, and out on the road where the completed wheel must prove itself fitted to meet every conceivable condition experienced in actual use.

The Briggs & Stratton Motor Wheel just naturally swings the bicycle back into great popular favor—not only as a means of carrying the man who works to and from his place of employment, or as a method of rapid, economical delivery, but also as a source of recreation and sport—*a motor vehicle available to the masses.*

It can be attached instantly to any standard bicycle—to the bicycle you prized, yet abandoned years ago.

Its low cost and low upkeep, and its remarkable economy *(100 miles per gallon)* appeal to everyone. It is so simple and so easily understood. The control is so perfect that thousands of school children operate it daily in the crowded streets of our largest cities.

The Briggs & Stratton Flyer is the *scientific adaptation of the Motor Wheel to a four-wheel vehicle.*

With all the outstanding characteristics of the automobile, it has introduced a new motor sport to both the younger set and those who are perpetually young.

At the seashore, on city boulevards and in the green country, the Briggs & Stratton Flyer has won a host of friends and admirers.

* * *

This is the second installment of the story of the Briggs & Stratton Motor Wheel and Flyer appearing regularly in *The Saturday Evening Post* and other national publications. You'll enjoy reading them all, but for immediate information send for the booklet "Motor Wheel and Flyer." It is mailed gratis.

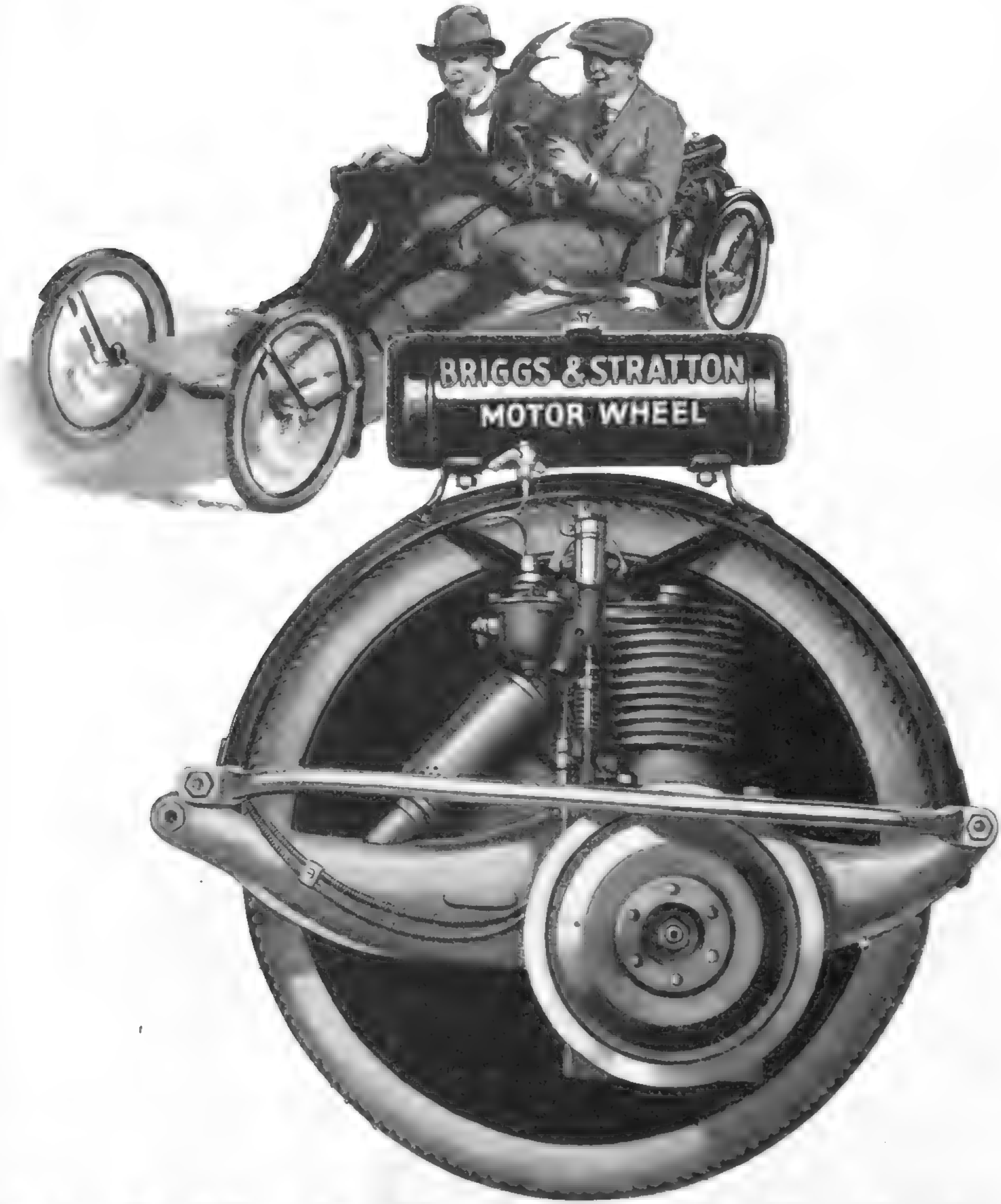
Go to your dealer—make your own test—the verdict is in your hands.

Bicycle, Sporting Goods, Hardware and Implement Dealers are urged to place their orders now.

BRIGGS & STRATTON

BRIGGS & STRATTON COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES AND WORKS



MOTOR WHEEL
MOTOR WHEEL DIVISION
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

If you are interested in the welfare of any industrial institution, school or office building, write for a copy of "Factory Plumbing." If your interest lies in plumbing for the private residence, write for our instructive book "Bathrooms of Character."

All-Clay "TEPECO" Plumbing

Factory Fixtures

Faulty physical surroundings are responsible for many of the ills your employees suffer. Defective and insufficient toilet accommodations, uninviting washrooms, inaccessible drinking water—all tend to lower vitality and reduce efficiency.

"Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures have made many toilet and factory washrooms sanitary, economical to maintain and permanent. "Tepeco" Fixtures are basically clay, covered with a fine, non-penetrable glaze. The degree of hardness of this surface can be attained *only* on a clay base. With time, inferior materials will lose their sanitary value, dirt will adhere, the appearance become uninviting—the piece lose its usefulness. "Tepeco" Fixtures are sanitary and permanent because such a smooth surface resists the adhesion of soil—a surface so hard that it will turn the blade of a finely tempered knife. Alone, of all white plumbing fixtures, impervious to the action of cutting soaps and the acids so frequently found in toilet and medicinal preparations.

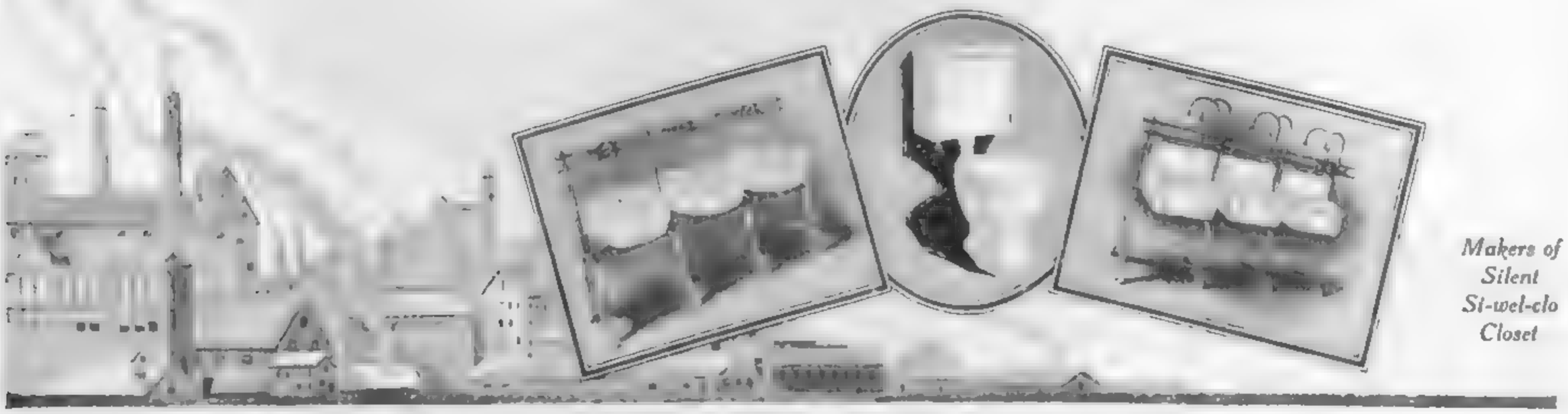
The Trenton Potteries Company plumbing will be found in many of the country's largest industrial institutions. Our experience has enabled us to develop a line of factory plumbing fixtures which we believe unapproached for utility, economy and goodness. The same virtues that apply to "Tepeco" Factory Fixtures are equally applicable to the entire line of bath tubs, lavatories, laundry tubs, water closets, etc. —made for every plumbing purpose.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

BOSTON NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

World's Largest Manufacturers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures



Makers of Silent Si-wel-clo Closet

THE NEST BUILDER

Continued from Page 25

it is the root of all charm. My house would feel squalid if it weren't clean."

Jones was out of his depths, and wisely kept silent. Presently Joanna had her inspiration there.

"Mrs. Haggerty, the day I come down: a great cleaning and some cooking done. Mops, vacuum cleaners, everything that makes work quick and easy. Of course even then it would be a trouble—but compared to keeping the housekeeper cheered while she does it!"

They were beginning to look at each other with excited eyes. "I have camped a lot. I know all sorts of dodges," Jones explained. "I think we could have fun even out of the trouble."

"Summer camping—that's it!" cried Joanna. "A dear, comfortable house to live in and work over and make perfect; and camping for meals. We could ——"

Then she broke off, lifting a warning hand. There were voices at the front door, steps in the living room. The joy was wiped from her face.

"That is why we can't do it—other people," she said, and went to greet the Messengers. Mrs. Roberts was late in getting home that night and Joanna lay awake listening for her. She knew McCurdy—a sober, literal, four-square young Scotchman, in no way above his station. That he should be referred to as a friend was disturbing. Joanna was purely and perfectly a democrat where outer distinctions were concerned. People like Rosalind or the chief held fixed places in the firmament and were never separated from their background, but Joanna moved erratically across space, a solitary individual; she had got at least that from her mother. But in the inner distinctions of the spirit she held immovably to her class, and to dazzle a plebeian heart was in her eyes an offense. When she heard a ripple of smothered laughter below she rose and opened her bedroom door.

She had to wait some time; sounds and lights indicated refreshments in the kitchen. By the time the step was on the stairs a craven longing to shut her eyes had nearly defeated her first intention of plain speech. She made a very mild beginning.

"Was it a good show?" she asked from the darkness.

"Oh, splendid!" Mrs. Roberts paused in the doorway, the day's grievance forgotten, and gave her the plot. "It was such a darling night that we came home the long way," she concluded.

"I shouldn't think that McCurdy would be a very satisfactory companion."

Joanna was working round to it, her heart thumping dismally at the necessity. Mrs. Roberts was instantly on the defensive.

"What can you do—off alone in the wilds like this?" she asked plaintively. "You have to have someone to play with or you'll die."

"But to play with a laborer ——"

Joanna was gently hesitant, but the criticism was out.

"I find Mr. McCurdy quite as interesting as Mr. Jones." Mrs. Roberts spoke incisively. "He has vastly better manners. I have never been to the movies with Mr. Jones and, of course, you have, but I can't imagine doing anything pleasant with him. And Mr. McCurdy wouldn't dream of—oh, holding hands, don't you know?"

Joanna did know, and her face flamed in the darkness. It horrified her that that revealing hour by the vegetable garden could be called anything so vulgar as holding hands. She did not speak, and Mrs. Roberts turning to go fired another shot over her shoulder.

"I really think a gardener is as good as a hired man under an assumed name—for Jones isn't the initial on his cuff links. But I suppose you know all about that." She closed her door with a vicious little bang, but Joanna shut hers furtively, without sound. Jones had not told her everything, then.

"Little cat—I'd like to send her packing!" she stormed, very much like the rudimentary female of her mother's scorn.

In the morning Mrs. Roberts was brightly cool, fixedly smiling over deep offense. Joanna had been asked to go off motoring for the day with the Messengers and had accepted reluctantly, hating to leave the dear place where there was so much to be done, but this morning she would have accepted anything that meant escape from home.

The Theodore Bartons, neighbors from an Italian villa higher up in the hills, went with them, and all day the talk kept returning to the domestic situation. It was the unflagging joke, the source of all stories. The cook who had put up the luncheon might not be there when they came back for dinner. Mrs. Barton's stately mother, suggesting to a new treasure that her servants always rose when she came into the kitchen, had been firmly told by a seated amazon that that wasn't done any more—outrageous or funny or food for serious reflection, according to the hearer. Various friends had closed their summer houses and gone to hotels because no maids would stay so far from the movies. In one house the whole staff had left because there was serious illness in the family. No one tried to place the blame, to interpret the situation in the light of the times or to find a solution. To groan and to laugh about it seemed the only reactions.

"Joanna is in luck," Rosalind said. "She doesn't have any of this trouble. Perhaps it is what we are all coming to—the near-lady instead of the Biddy."

"Oh, don't!" burst from Joanna so fervently that they shouted.

"So airy, fairy Lilian has her faults too?" observed Rosalind. "Oh, for the good old days of slaves!"

Rosalind's cook was still at her post when they returned and she kept them all for dinner. It was very late when Joanna, sunburned, sleepy, at peace, came through her gate.

The house was dark, but Jones was waiting for her on the steps. He came quickly, protectively, to meet her, and in the clear moonlight she could see that his face was harassed.

"Trouble, Jonesy?" she asked comfortably, and seated herself on the step to hear.

"I think I ought to tell you, though I hate to." He stood before her with arms tightly folded; under them she could see the nervous twitch of his hands. "I was in the vegetable garden this evening, wondering what we could do about the corn. McCurdy says that hills are simply holes, it sounds silly, but it's true."

"All those mountain ranges for nothing," Joanna sighed. "Go on."

"Well, pretty soon I heard voices passing along the path to the village—Mrs. Roberts' gushing and squealing, and a man's voice. I didn't even look up—I wasn't interested. But when they got into the birches down there the voices stopped so suddenly that I wondered."

"Well?"

He scowled his distaste. "The moon was just up and I could see enough. She was—you can guess."

"In his arms?"

"Very much so. Then they went on. They haven't come back."

Joanna had winced bodily. "McCurdy?"

"I don't know. It was about the time that he usually comes. I didn't see."

"Did any other man visit her?"

"I don't think so. Not in the evening."

Joanna's foot kicked at the step as though she thrust away something abominable. "Impossible! He is not a rough diamond—he's a common workingman. What could she see in him?"

(Continued on Page 146

"The Moon Was Just Up and I Could See—Enough. She Was—You Can Guess"

The Arts That Make Your House a Cultured Home

THE subtle magic that changes a house into a home where you love to dwell, is found largely in two arts, music and furniture. When you choose your phonograph, choose it for what it can give of both.

A phonograph's value as a musical instrument can be measured only by its realism. Thomas A. Edison spent three million dollars in research work to develop a phonograph so realistic that its reproduction of an artist's singing or playing cannot be detected from the original, when heard in direct comparison. The result is the New Edison, "The Phonograph With a Soul." It literally RE-CREATES music and the United States Government has given Mr. Edison the exclusive right to use the word "RE-CREATION" in connection with the reproduction of all forms of music.

THE absolute realism of this new phonograph has been established by tests with fifty different artists before three million people, who were unable to detect a difference between any artist's voice or instrumental performance and the New Edison's RE-CREATION of it. These remarkable tests have been reported in more than five hundred of America's leading newspapers.

The New Edison not only gives you the literal RE-CREATION of an artist's voice or instrumental performance, but it also adds to your home an exquisite piece of period furniture.

If you love music, you probably appreciate fine furniture.

Furniture enjoyed its Golden

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

"Instead of the usual dentist-like looking cabinet, Mr. Edison's designers have succeeded in putting the character and feeling of the best periods into his phonograph cases. These graceful and artistic productions will be hailed with delight by all who can afford them, and will cause Mr. Edison's new phonograph to be received in many [illegible] machines have not been welcomed here[illegible]

XVIII CENTURY ENGLISH
(Adam)
(1728 — 1792)
The Adam brothers were influenced by Roman and classic Italian art. Their work is noteworthy for simplicity and fine proportion. This [illegible]

Age in the 18th Century. Chippendale, Sheraton, Heppelwhite and their contemporaries were then creating what are today known as the period designs. These masterpieces have stood until this day as the highest expression of furniture art.

THERE is, then, only one way through which a phonograph can enrich the decorative art of your home. Its cabinet design must be derived from a pure period source.

This is precisely the viewpoint from which Edison's designers created the cabinets for the New Edison. They went to the original sources of every representative period and chose its finest examples. They established seventeen different designs in all.

The entire wealth of furniture's Golden Age is yours to choose from. You can have a New Edison cabinet which expresses the dignity of England's best periods, or the elegance of France in its most luxurious days, or the esthetic beauty of Italy's inspired furniture art.

WHICHEVER cabinet you select, your choice will have the endorsement of Miss Elsie de Wolfe and Lady Randolph Churchill. In the minds of these two women, considered the greatest furniture authorities in the world, the New Edison stands supreme. Stray period motifs are easily borrowed; but Edison cabinets preserve entire the characteristics and feeling of the Old World's master designers. The workmanship embodied in these Edison cabinets is a monument to the beautiful craftsmanship of the eighteenth century.

The New Edison gives all that is in music and all that is in furniture art. May we send you, with our compliments, our interesting book on music and furniture?

THOMAS A. EDISON, INCORPORATED, ORANGE, N. J.

WILLIAM and MARY
(1689—1702)
This case is charmingly expressive of the taste and de
From a photograph which showed her in the act of comparing her voice with its
—and the New Edison took up the same song alone. The human ear could detect no difference.
pieces, the superior furniture value of Edison cabinets can scarcely fail to impress the lover of good furniture."

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

(Continued from Page 143)

Jones was not going to discuss with Joanna what Mrs. Roberts might see.

"Did Mr. Roberts die?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. She told me, but I wasn't listening. She has often spoken of him, but I never listened in time." She was impatient of her dreamy self. "Now don't ask me if I looked up references, because I didn't. I would have taken an escaped convict by that time."

"Perhaps you did," said Jones.

"What!"

She was so astonished that he weakened. "Oh, well, one had to wonder what she was doing off here unless she was lying low."

"Working for her living, man! Why not?"

"Women like that don't need to work. There is always some poor sucker to work for them."

Joanna studied him with an amused gleam in her eyes. "Did she try to charm you, Jonesy?"

"Not more than once!"

"Unchivalrous generation! Once she would have been any man's ideal."

Jones had no attention to spare for the ideals of the past. "She ought to be home," he said, looking at his watch.

"Oh, and I shall have to have it out with her!" Joanna sighed.

The night was warm, the moon-silvered world lovely, but the ugly task ahead spoiled everything. They waited in depressed silence. Twelve o'clock striking in the village gave Joanna a startled idea. She rose.

"And all this time she is up in her room sound asleep," she announced. "She came in the other way without your seeing her, that's all. We are intelligent!"

Jones doubted it, but she was so sure it was true that she was smiling to herself as she hurried upstairs. Mrs. Roberts' door was ajar and she pushed it back with infinite caution.

The moonlight showed an empty bed. It also showed an empty bureau, and through an open door a starkly bare closet. Joanna jerked open empty drawers. Then she went amazedly back to the stairs where Jones waited.

"She has gone, bag and baggage," she announced.

She was prepared to sit down there and talk it over, but Jones bolted for the dining room. A moment later he was rushing back with the familiar lifted arms of despair.

"The silver! It's gone with her!"

They turned on all the lights, looked and looked again. The fine old family silver, her grandmother's tea set, inherited trays and platters—all had been taken.

"And I let her—let her loot the place under my very eyes!" Jones had both hands at his hair. "Oh, I ought to be killed! I will get it back—I swear it!"

Joanna was still looking dazedly at the empty spaces. "I can't seem to believe it," she stammered. "I knew she wasn't very—sensible; and that she touched up her hair; but to steal! Why, Jones, people you know personally don't steal."

"Depends on whom you know," Jones said darkly. "I never trusted her, but I hadn't sense enough to listen to my own instincts. If I had I'd have sat on the silver from the moment you left the house."

"But how did the trunk get out without your ——"

"I wasn't here. I went off about four o'clock, and it was on my way back that I stopped in the vegetable garden and saw—that."

"You were not here for dinner?"

Jones looked embarrassed. "Oh, I get dinner in the village when you are not here, as a general thing. It's—simpler."

Joanna frowned her impatience, but there was not time to be angry about that now.

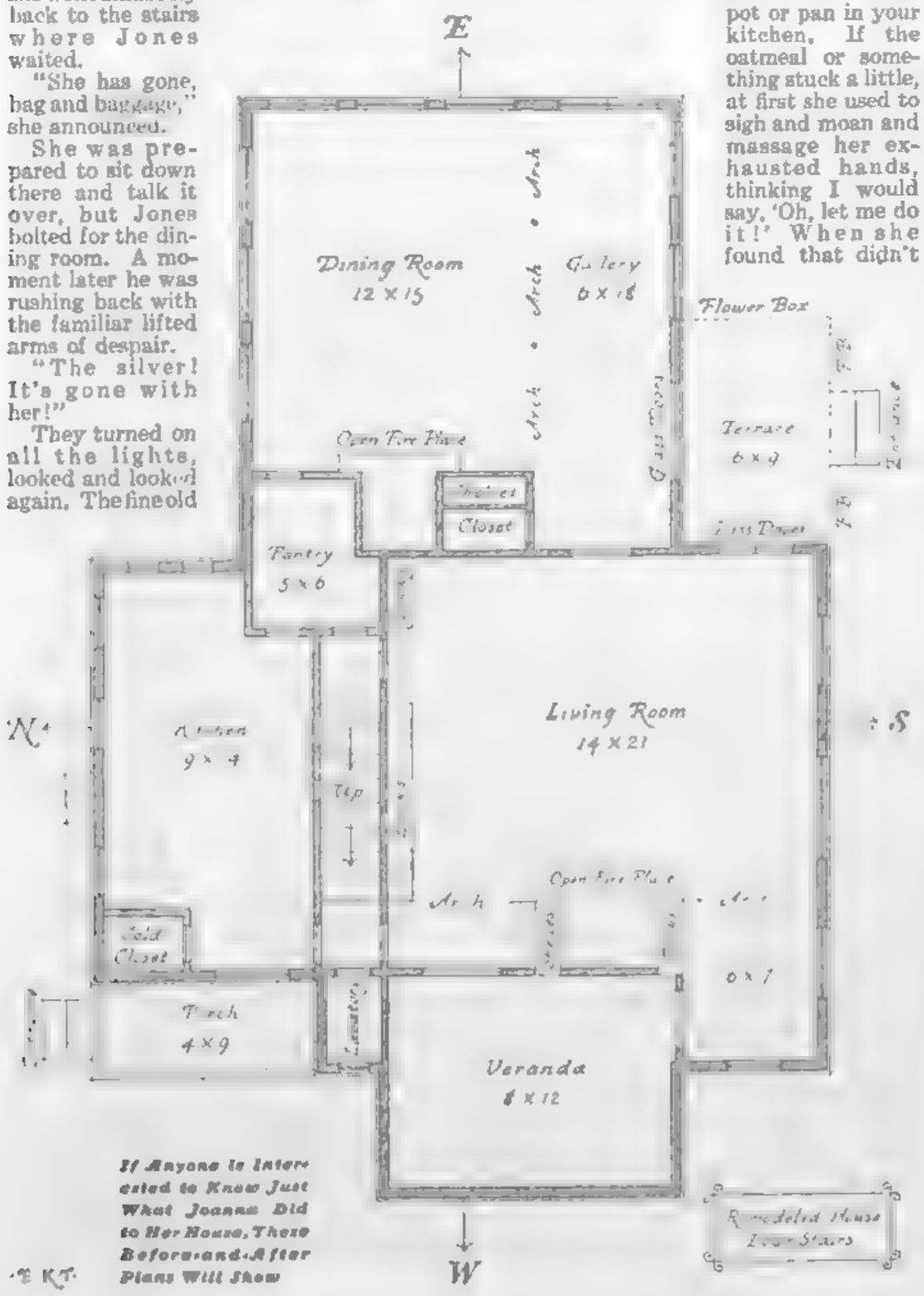
"Do you suppose McCurdy is in on it?"

"Some man is! Was there any money about?"

Joanna had left a purse containing forty dollars in a drawer of the desk. That too was gone. Jones buttoning his coat about him wanted to set out at once in pursuit. She had a hard time convincing him that as the telegraph office would be closed and no trains running nothing could be done before morning. She would not even let him go after McCurdy.

"If he is there he is innocent, and if he is gone we can't get him to-night," she insisted. "One thing certain—she was nobody's helper. It was the man who helped in that partnership. I paid her Thursday; she loses two days' wages anyway."

"Lazy—she didn't earn her board!" The truth came with a relieved rush. "You won't find a clean pot or pan in your kitchen. If the oatmeal or something stuck a little, at first she used to sigh and moan and massage her exhausted hands, thinking I would say, 'Oh, let me do it!' When she found that didn't work she used to put them away stuck. She didn't care!"



If Anyone Is Interested to Know Just What Joanna Did to Her House, These Before-and-After Plans Will Show

They were facing each other across the dining table, leaning heavily on their elbows.

"But what made her come?" Joanna marveled.

"Waiting till her man got out of jail perhaps. She didn't do so badly. I never did trust her."

"And Mrs. Messenger didn't," Joanna admitted. "I seem to have been the only gullible one. I can't yet believe that she was a thief. Why, one day a humming bird flew in the window and she took any amount of trouble to help it find the way out. She was just as glad as I was when the little thing was free. That doesn't sound like a crook."

She had made him smile. "My dear girl, you have seen crooks only in the movies, where they are on the job night and day. But they are people, you know—human beings."

She nodded slow acceptance of the surprising fact.

"I suppose that is true. And when they stop crooking they may gather wild flowers and pet the cat just like anybody. Oh, I wish I could understand!"

"What?"

"How she explains it; what she thinks of herself when she is alone in her room with the door shut. To be trusted with precious things, that can't be replaced, and then —— But she doesn't admit in words, 'I'm a low-down thief,' does she?"

"She probably says, 'I'm the slickest little Jane in the profesh.'"

Joanna would not accept that. "No. Her speech was always rather proper—much more so than mine. When I swore I shocked her half to death. Why, she was not of the underworld. It's ridiculous."

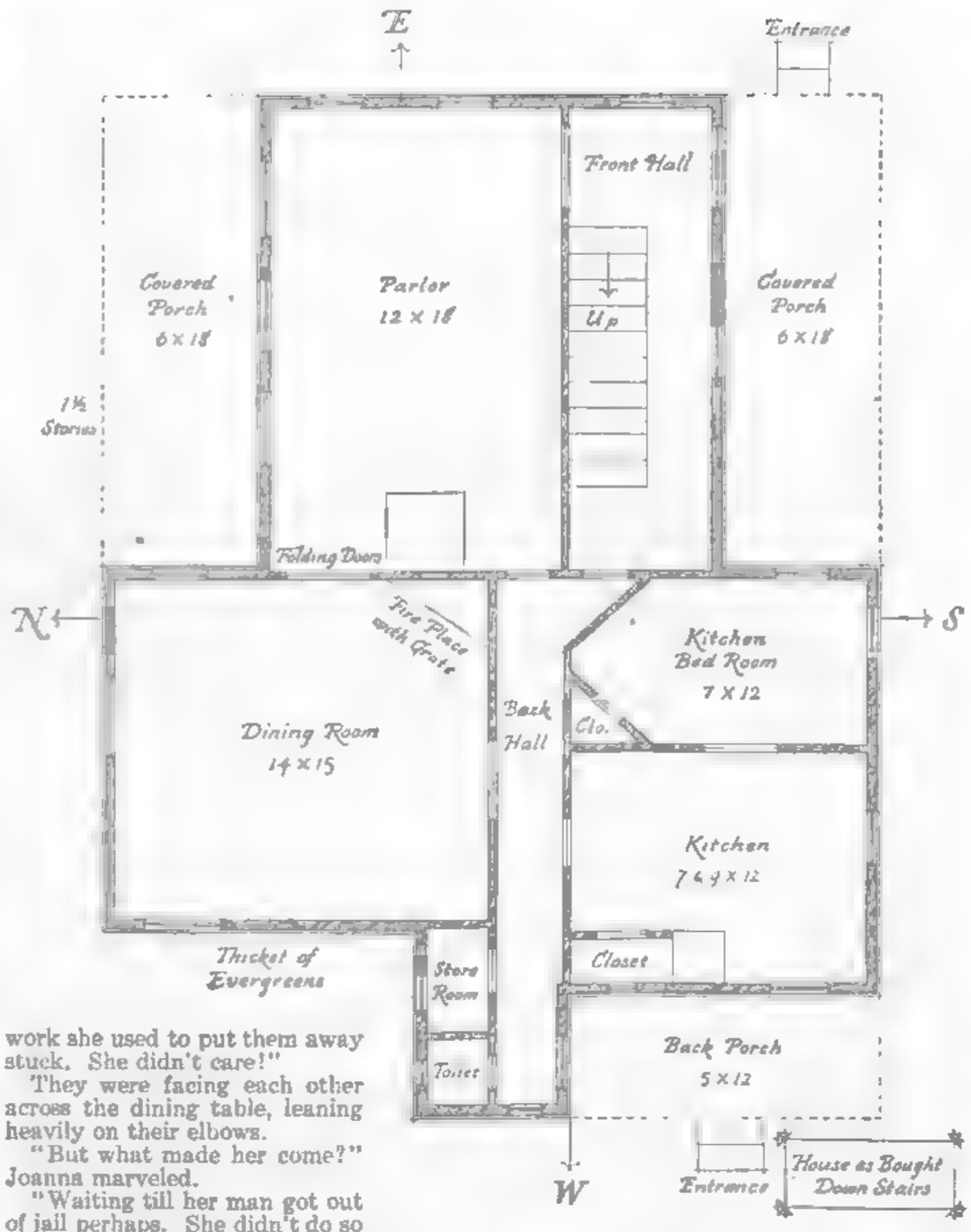
"The things are gone."

"I know. Even my great-aunt's soup ladle, that came through the Chicago fire. And my baby fork and spoon and my silver cup. Ah, it was mean to take that!" Joanna's voice had a grieved break.

One could not suffer in Jones' sight; it made him suffer so much worse. His heart visibly broke, and she had to laugh and scold him before he could be comforted.

"We will get everything back and wring her neck," she assured him, rising. "And it's so interesting—I have never been more interested in my life than I have this past hour. I could stay up all night talking about it. I didn't dream that crime was so thrilling. If I were not a publisher I would turn detective; I don't believe they ever know a dull minute.

"Good night, Jonesy," she added from the stairs. "Don't suffer, and don't stay up. That doesn't accomplish anything."



Jones felt that he must stay on guard. Nothing less would appease his burdened soul. He was sedulously locking the windows when his name was called from above. Joanna, very grave but for wicked eyes, was coming down with an open letter in her hand.

"They always leave a note on one's bureau; we might have thought of that. Read it," she said, and dropped it to him.

"*My dear Miss Maynard:* We are not making a success of it, do you think? Oh, I have tried so hard! But you really must employ two strong trained women to do all that you expect done. I felt so discouraged this afternoon that I called up Mr. Roberts at his office in the city. He was crazy to have me back. I did not explain to you the whole situation, but if you will look back you will see that I did not tell you any fibs. You probably thought it all happened long ago, but as a matter of fact it was the very day I came to you. I called you up from my own house.

"Mr. Roberts has been making a lot of money lately and he is going to give me a good allowance, so that we need not get all cross and fussed up about money. Men can't understand that women's clothes and little things are expensive, so I think it is best not to discuss it with them, don't you? Mr. Roberts had been trying everywhere to find me, so he came rushing out on the late train, and he won't hear of my staying another hour. A man hates to have you do hard labor, don't you think? My leaving has made him really appreciate me, so after all these weeks have not been wholly wasted.

"I am sorry to leave you like this, but almost anybody you get will suit you better than I have. And if you do the work yourself for a day or two I think you will be less critical of poor little me. I heard one of your callers say with horror that a kitchen maid had asked seventy-five dollars a month. *It is not half enough.*

"I hate to leave the house alone with that man who calls himself Jones. Just to have an assumed name makes a person seem crooked, don't you think? Even if you didn't feel a personal distrust of him. So I am putting the silver in the laundry basket in your bathroom and your purse in the

(Continued on Page 149)

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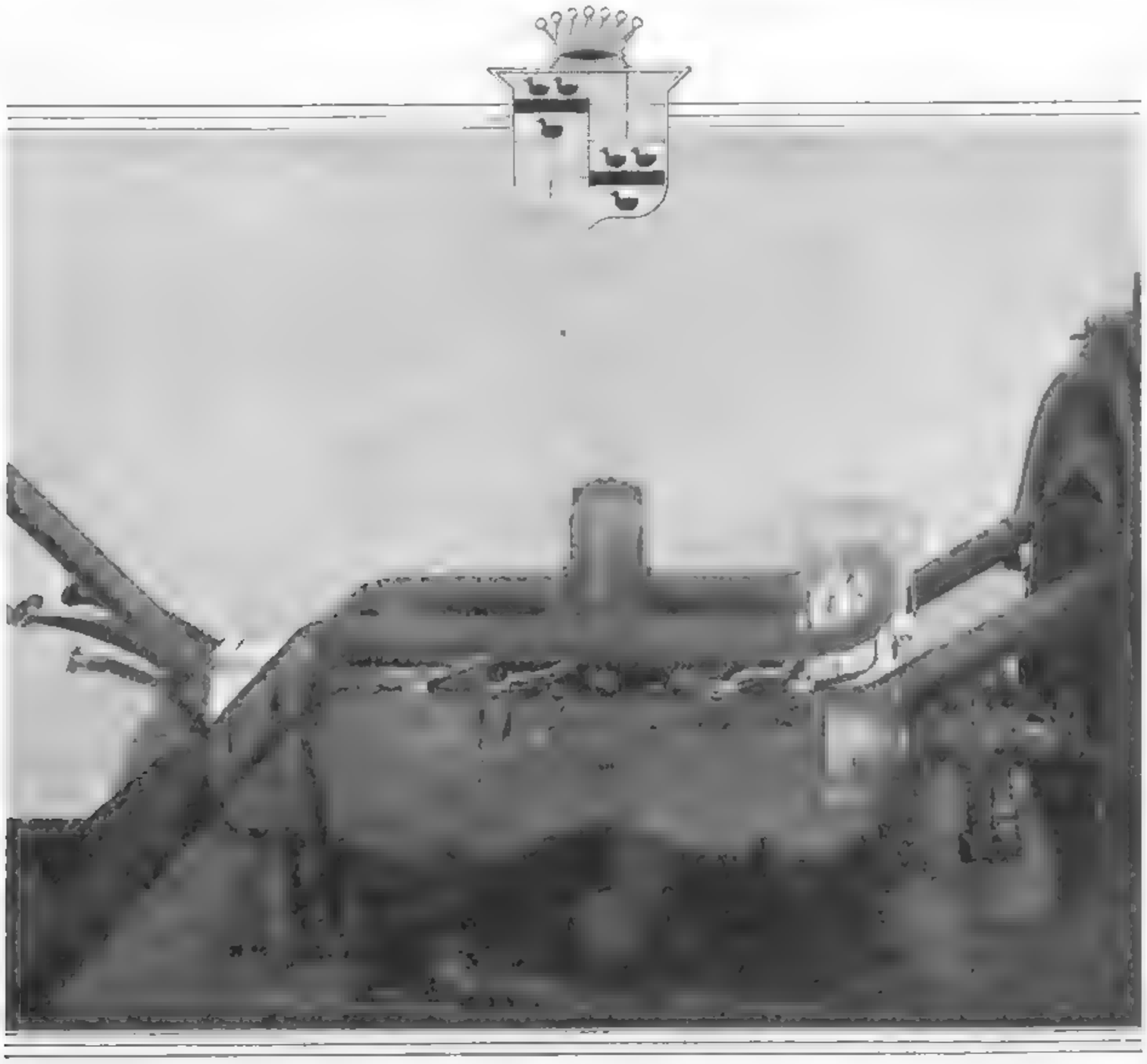

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THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES COMPANY
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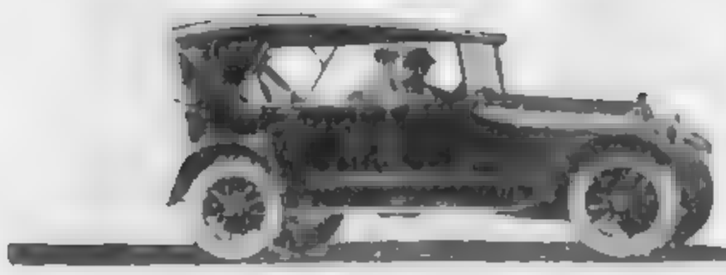

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION DELCO THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES CO. DAYTON, OHIO

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shoe bag under the Chinese slippers. You may know why Mr. Jones is hiding here, but I don't want to feel responsible if anything is gone.

"With best wishes, and hoping that you will find someone a great deal more satisfactory than I was, Sincerely yours,

"ARLINE ROBERTS."

Jones read to the end, and between wrath and relief could produce nothing but a stammer.

"The loot is all there, in the laundry basket and the shoe bag." The words fell coolly on his hot confusion. "These instincts of ours are wonderful guides, don't you think? Good night—Jones."

And then, with the door shut on him, Joanna laughed till she sobbed.

"And I shall never know what she told me about Mr. Roberts," was her last waking thought that night.

She slept far into Sunday morning, lapped in mellow peace. When at last she woke up she was smiling deeply before she knew why. Outside her windows was a magic day—summer at the flood; a day to be celebrated. Cold water was a living joy that started her cracked singing. When she came downstairs Jones had gone to the post office, open for a Sunday hour, but breakfast simmered on the stove, the house was freshly brushed and garnished. It looked as though he had not been to bed at all, so much had been done. Joanna could not stare enough.

Oh, the unutterable loveliness of home without an alien presence! Inspiration set in with a rush. New possibilities were revealed, changes that would make for more charm and more comfort. For Joanna perfection was always just ahead. She was wandering about with the yardstick in one hand, her coffee cup in the other, brooding, lost to this world, when a note of amusement brought her back with a shock. In the open front door stood the chief, drawing off his motoring gloves.

"I came, you see," he announced.

After all she was glad to see him, very glad. He had a way of looking on at her, like a contented spectator in a good seat, that was stimulating. He was very kind and polite about her nest building, and if he saw the limited little house that it was rather than the miracle that had been wrought she was too exalted to know it. She showed him the vegetable garden too—another miracle, considering how late it had been started—and there caught his eye wandering.

"I suppose they do look like any vegetables to you," she said surprisedly. "Why, I remember—Rosalind Messenger used to bore me to desperation making me look at her vegetable garden. It never occurred to me that mine could feel like that!"

"It is good to see you so happy," said the chief, and glanced at his watch.

So she led him back to the veranda and gave him the laugh he had come for with her tale of the housekeeper. She had meant to keep Jones out of it—for no tangible reason—but at the climax his name slipped in.

"I suppose Jones is your slightly wounded soldier." The chief showed a tried patience for Joanna's experiments—his method of enjoying them. "Anything queer about him?"

She did not want him to enjoy Jones. She might laugh at him herself but no one else should. So she diverted the conversation to the making of books, a topic that never failed them. He had brought proofs of the autumn catalogue, and as they turned the pages together it was visible that Sunday and recreation held for him nothing that could compare with Monday and the office.

"I have given Windygoold a page to itself," he explained, dwelling on the detail as Joanna had dwelt on her individual carrots. "It is a good book. It ought to sell. Did you see this picture of Curtis Webb? He is—— My dear Miss Maynard!" he broke off in alarm.

Joanna had risen to her feet with a silent shriek—a mighty intake of breath clamped back by a convulsive hand.

"What is it?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, nothing — I remembered something—it isn't anything"; and she dropped down with a shaken laugh. "Let me see Curtis Webb again," she added, putting out a limp hand.

Of course anyone but Joanna would have guessed it long ago. The photograph showed him several years younger, but it was unmistakably Jonesy. The intense little eyes looked out from under a dropping brow just as his did, the arms were tightly folded across his chest as though to keep the nervous hands still. The more she looked the worse her inner agitation grew. She was righteously indignant and insanely glad, and above everything she did not want the chief to know. She plunged ahead with the catalogue, talking a torrent, pouring out vitality, working on him like the desperate mother bird who lures the hunter away from the nest. Never in her life had she so exerted herself for man, and the effect was immediate, astonishing: the chief quickened, settled down to stay till the last possible moment, laughed from new depths. Joanna played her game over suppressed laughter—and she nearly shrieked again when she saw Jones standing at a frozen pause in the doorway.

"Oh—mail. Just leave it inside."

She tossed the order obliviously with a dismissing gesture and sank back in exhausted relief as Jones vanished. The chief had not looked up in time.

He was mercifully going on to lunch at the Theodore Bartons' and so at last he took a reluctant leave. A few weeks before Joanna would have been thrilled to have him lingering at her gate, patently open to an invitation for the afternoon, but now her one thought was to be rid of him. Released, she went back to the house with the strong step of one who means to have it out on the spot.

Jones was at the cellar door, drearily splitting kindling. At her "Well, Curtis Webb!" he looked up without surprise, and she saw in his eyes the lost soul of their first meeting.

"I meant to tell you to-day," he said.

"Why didn't you tell me the day you saw me reading your story?" she demanded.

He was hopelessly remote. "Reading my story?" he repeated without understanding.

"Windygoold, on the veranda. And I told you how good it was."

"Oh, yes. Why didn't I what? Oh, tell you." It was almost too much trouble; speech had to be tugged up. "You are so kind. I didn't want to put any of the burden on you—make you stand up for me—all that. I meant to sink or swim by the book. If it doesn't clean up my name, then ——"

His gesture indicated that his name could go. He was curiously passionless, considering how bitter he had shown himself.

"But why did you take to taxi driving when you might have been writing?"

He had to drag his memory for the reason.

"No—after Windygoold I couldn't write. It seemed to be all gone—I thought it was never coming back. Then you were kind and I found it again."

It evidently was immaterial whether he wrote or not. She studied the drooping figure with the beginning of a smile.

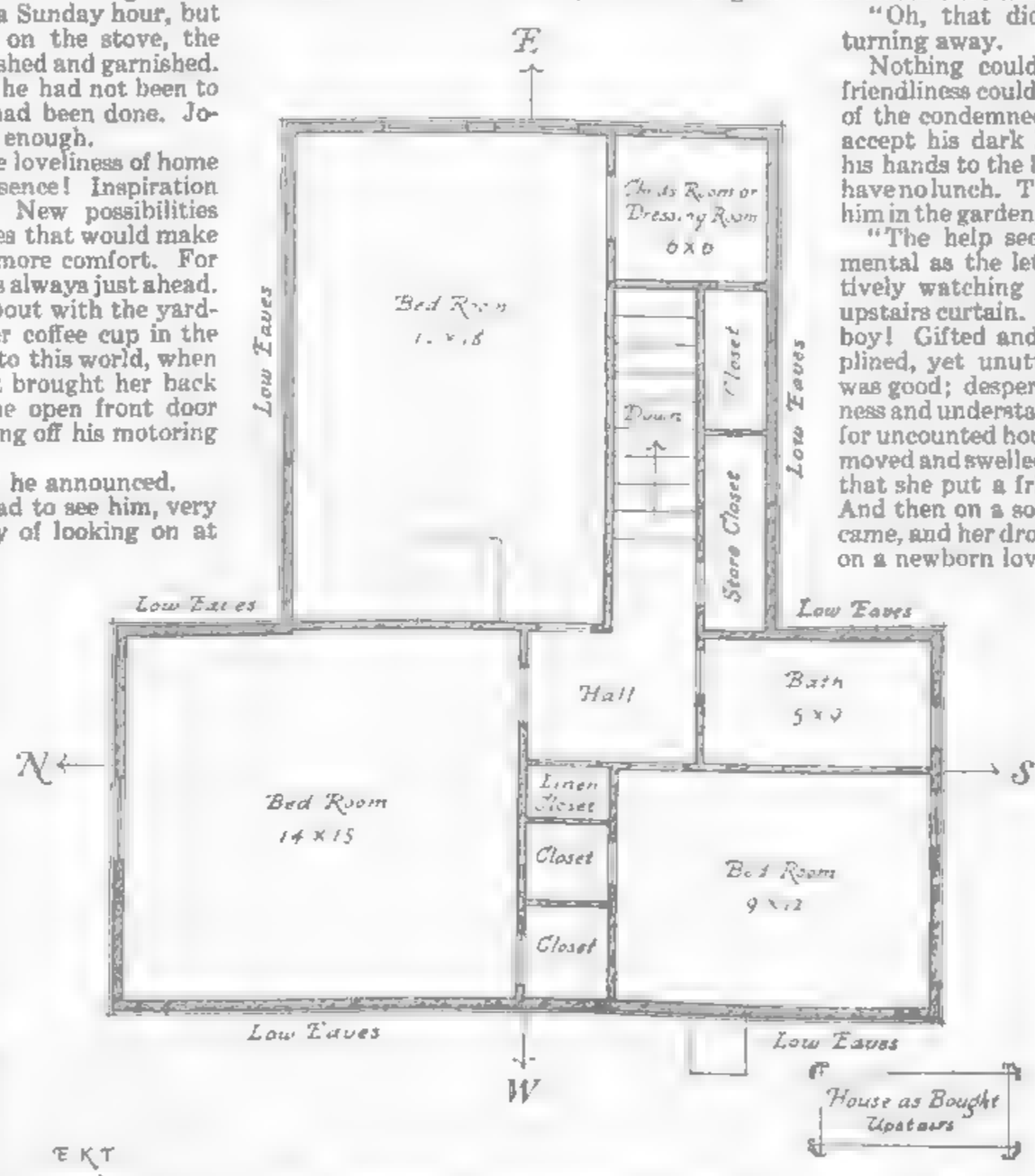
"Did I hurt your feelings this morning, Jonesy, hustling you off? That was your publisher, and your picture lay on the table before us. It didn't seem just the moment for an introduction, did it?"

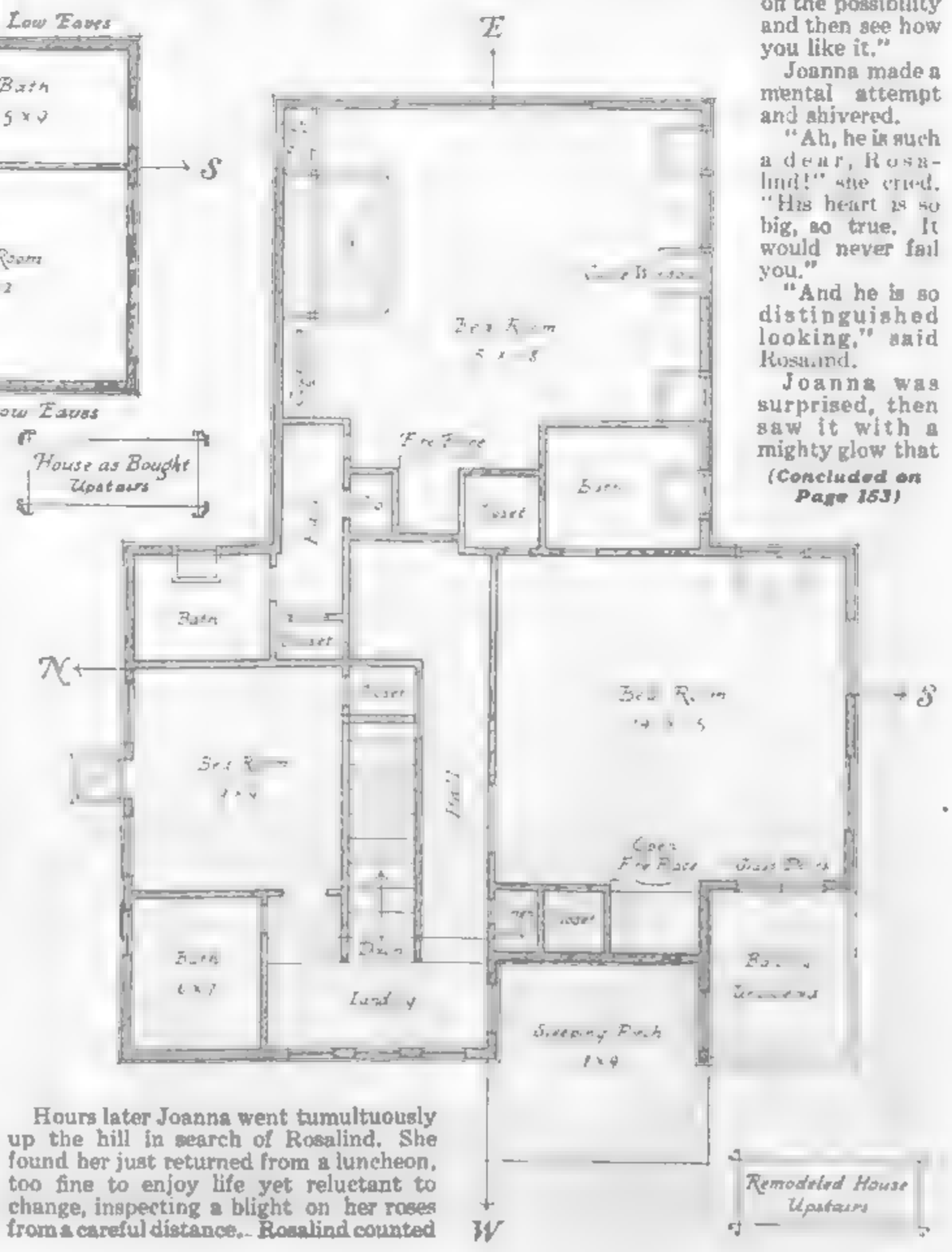
She had not found the explanation. Jones picked up the kindling as if publishers and snubs were alike indifferent to him.

"Oh, that didn't matter," he said, turning away.

Nothing could be done for him, no friendliness could reach him in the abode of the condemned. All he asked was to accept his dark lot in silence and work his hands to the bone for her. He would have no lunch. That afternoon she heard him in the garden, toiling under a hot sun.

"The help seems to be as temperamental as the lettuce," she sighed, furtively watching him from behind an upstairs curtain. Dear, queer, long, crazy boy! Gifted and unhappy and undisciplined, yet unutterably sweet when he was good; desperately in need of tenderness and understanding; perfect comrade for uncounted hours. *Jonesy!* Her heart moved and swelled in her side so strangely that she put a frightened hand over it. And then on a sobbing breath the truth came, and her drowned eyes were looking on a newborn love.





Hours later Joanna went tumultuously up the hill in search of Rosalind. She found her just returned from a luncheon, too fine to enjoy life yet reluctant to change, inspecting a blight on her roses from a careful distance. Rosalind counted that hour lost in which something was not accomplished, and anything less than perfection was to her failure. Her place, within and without, was so exquisitely ordered that Joanna had once told her it looked lonesome. Rosalind seriously considering the criticism had tried to introduce a little careful irregularity—a cushion on the floor, rose petals on the gravel; but she had never really liked it. Seeing Joanna cut across the lawn she called a good-humored reprimand.

"The path doesn't take sixty seconds longer!"

Joanna turned to the path with blind docility, stepping on a bed of pansies to reach it.

Rosalind sighed, then seeing her friend's face she forgot the pansies.

"What is the matter?" she demanded.

The rose garden had a marble seat looking off down the valley and they dropped down there while Joanna got back her breath.

"I must talk to someone!" she burst out. "It is so—preposterous. I give you my word the thought never crossed my mind until to-day. And yet—there it is!"

A smile of understanding was growing behind Rosalind's gravity. "Well, why shouldn't it be there?" she asked. "Why isn't it a good thing?"

Joanna's head jerked up. "You have—seen it?"

"Suspected it—certainly."

"And you don't think it is perfectly crazy?"

"I certainly don't. I think it would be splendid."

Joanna's astonishment groped for words.

"But I came to you for common sense, for what the world would think. To get back my balance! And here you are encouraging me!"

Rosalind considered that, then gave a nod of assent.

"Why not? I don't consider that marriage necessarily means happiness, but I know there is no happiness until you have tried it."

"But I have been happy," said Joanna feebly.

"Because you believed it was coming, was round the next corner, perhaps. Cut off the possibility and then see how you like it."

Joanna made a mental attempt and shivered.

"Ah, he is such a dear, Rosalind!" she cried. "His heart is so big, so true. It would never fail you."

"And he is so distinguished looking," said Rosalind.

Joanna was surprised, then saw it with a mighty glow that

(Concluded on Page 153)

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(Concluded from Page 149)

put her hand over Rosalind's. "He looks like somebody, 'doesn't he! He really has a great gift, and it is written on him. It was clever of you to have seen that."

"And it is suitable. He will give you a very good position, Joanna."

She had to cover her eyes. "I thought I should have to fight for him, that others wouldn't know the beauty of him," she muttered. "Oh, you make me so glad! I told you once that if a man fell in love with me there was always something the matter with him. You remember?"

"Not much the matter this time," was the complacent answer.

"Then you don't think it important that he is younger than I am?"

"Younger than you are!" Rosalind was aghast. "My dear, he is not. He must be nearly forty."

Fear rose between them, pushing them apart on the bench.

"Three years younger," said Joanna. "Jones is just thirty."

"Jones!'

The worst had happened. Rosalind was looking all the dismay that Joanna had foreseen.

"But he is not Jones," she said miserably. "He is Curtis Webb, the writer. I forgot that you didn't know that."

No other name could make him more acceptable to Rosalind.

"I thought it was the chief," she said in outraged protest. "I supposed for once in your life you were going to do the sane and sensible thing. I ought to have known you better."

Joanna was crushed.

"Oh—but not the chief!"

"Why not? I lunched with him to-day at the Bartons', and when I spoke of you—. oh, I saw it, Joanna! How can you be such a fool?"

Joanna had a vision of the chief politely commending her inspirations with a private glance at his watch.

"But it would be so dull," she faltered. "We have only the shop in common. He doesn't enjoy—oh, making mud pies."

"He would not make a mud pie of your life," was the strong answer. "This rude queer youth—no money, no presence—Curtis Webb? What was that story about him at the Front?"

Joanna rose.

"Ah, well, we can't talk about it," she said sorrowfully. "There is no stain on his honor—take my word for that."

Rosalind followed her down the hill.

"I have only meant to help you, Joanna. I had to be frank."

"I know."

"You won't do anything immediate, will you?"

"Oh, no. Why, I haven't been asked to do anything at all," Joanna added in startled candor.

Rosalind found no comfort in that.

"You will be." She stopped, visibly swallowing harsh comment. "You are not going to let him stay on there just with you and Mrs. Roberts?"

It was the moment to tell about the departure of the housekeeper, but Joanna quailed before fresh warnings. She knew herself that she must not stay alone in her house with Curtis Webb. She would go to town that night and bring back some dreary old dragon on Thursday, but it was a concession to stupid and vulgar minds and she did not want to talk about it. The rebellious blood of her mother stirred in her veins as she went on alone.

Jones was not in sight, and Joanna, heavy-hearted, emotionally exhausted, was glad that they need not meet. She had plenty of time to dress and walk down to the six o'clock train. She left a note for Jones and slipped out to take the path that led down through the birches. And so she came upon him.

He did not see her. He was on his knees tending a fire burning in a circle of stones beside the brook. A pot was already steaming over the flame, the grill was heating. A rug spread on the ground and a pile of cushions awaited his guest. Summer lay still and golden about the little camp. The boyish profile, bent over the flame, looked touchingly sad, but there was a patient sweetness about it, a devout need to serve that clutched at Joanna's throat and set her heart to pounding in her side.

After all what was she so unhappy about? Other people? Here was love, the love almost too good to be hoped for, with a lover who took his happiness just as she did hers. They would hurt each other, yes; but oh, the good times they would have, not playing each other's games for kindness' sake, but both utterly content in the same pursuit! Rosalind was on the outside, she could not know. She saw things in relation to backgrounds, but Jones, like Joanna, moved a solitary individual across uncharted space. They needed only each other. She had found immortal joy, and in her mortal blindness she was running away from it.

Joanna stole back to the house unseen and changed to country clothes. A later train would satisfy propriety; she meant to have three hours of love first. There was no self-consciousness, no fear in her heart when she went down the path again; only a driving desire to give Jones his share of their great gift.

It was not easy. Jones was braced to bear sorrow well, and saw her shining advance with a sharp intake of the breath, a quick averting of his unhappy eyes. She dropped down among his cushions and tried to let her message reach him without words. The breath of the crushed bracken under her rug, the murmur of the brook at her feet, would carry it to him better than speech could.

And presently he straightened up from his fire, turning to her as though summoned.

"Joanna," he began. A deep smile answered, a look so vivid that he came impetuously to stand before her. "I'm glad you are happy," he jerked out. "I am so very glad."

"But I am not happy yet, Jonesy," she suggested.

"You are going to be. Anyone could see it."

"How?" she asked, keeping her eyes on his.

He could not read them. One idea had full possession of his single-track mind.

"In the good old way," he said courageously. "Now shall I put the steak on?"

"No," said Joanna.

"Too early?"

She would not say. As he spread and cut the bread her eyes followed him with smoldering purpose. She had been brought up on her mother's writings, which had never missed a chance to claim defiantly for woman equal right to utter the fateful words. It was the simple, fine thing to do. Only her mother had not told how it caught at one's breath. She had to plunge.

"Jones," she said breathlessly, "do you love me?"

His face flamed and paled, and the bread knife dropping on pine needles had to be washed off in the brook. He wiped it on a bit of paper before he spoke.

"It need not make you unhappy, dear," he said, and went on cutting bread and butter.

Joanna turned limp and wondered how her mother would meet that. In a moment it would be too late; Jones was unwrapping the steak, an eye to his glowing coals. If he put it on everything would have to wait until after supper, when there would be so little time. He had adjusted the grill, was lifting the meat.

With it hung from his fork he turned to her to ask, "Now?"

"Jonesy!" she cried indignantly. "You're such a stupid idiot! You won't see!"

He did see then. Some old instinct not mentioned in her mother's books had thrust her face down into a cushion, but she heard his start, then felt his arm about her shoulders.

"But I saw you with him—I watched you—I had never seen you like that," he stammered, afraid to believe even with his cheek pressed against hers, holding her to him as though he had just snatched her back from death.

"You saw me with Curtis Webb," she murmured.

Later, when a fresh fire of coals had been made and their supper smoked before them, Joanna answered the insistent question.

"Oh, yes, the chief would be suitable and all that; what they call a good match," she admitted. "But, dearest, he is all finished—there is nothing you can do about him. When I bought a house I didn't want one that was fine and perfect and gave me no occupation but to sit and read! I wanted one that I could work over, do things to for years and years, have inspirations about. Well, that is perhaps one reason why I would rather have you. You need a lot of rebuilding, Jonesy!"

He was not alarmed.

"You will let the sun in," he said in utter content.

If anyone is interested to know just what Joanna did to her house, these before-and-after plans will show. Every good American has met this type of house, small and brown, with its long sharp gables and the hanging wooden lace work. Someone has said that the fashion came straight from the pages of Sir Walter Scott and expressed the awakening of romance. We had had the restrained Colonial and the white classic with the fluted columns; then came this new feeling for knights and castles, and for the first time houses were painted brown and shaped for a delicious gloom. Gothic arches found expression in pointed gables and Gothic traceries in stone were innocently reproduced in Hamburg edgings of American pine. Joanna's classification of it as the cozy Gothic was fairly accurate. The roof approximated a cross.

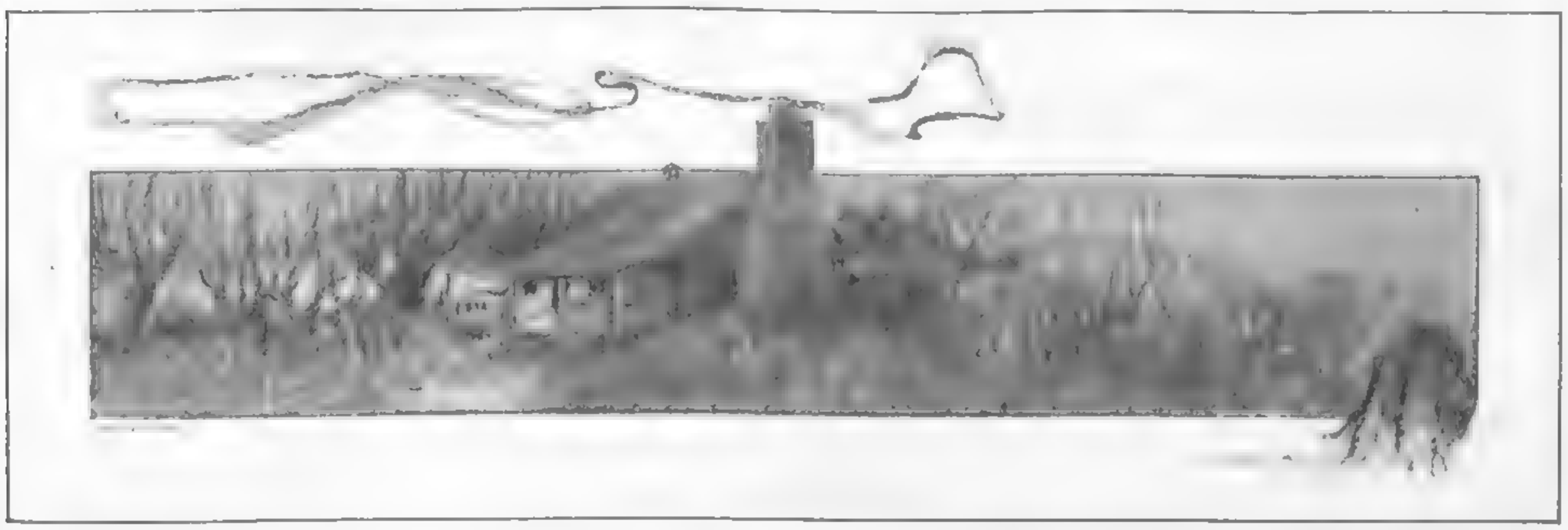
Only a sun lover will appreciate all that Joanna did. People who are content to live in porch-shaded rooms, cavernously dark on rainy afternoons, at the best filled with an ugly light from which all the radiance has been cut out, will assert that in summer the verandas are all that matter anyway; but in these latitudes that is never true. As the plan shows, in the original house the long dreary strip of parlor had its narrow end to the east; two equally dreary strips of flat-roofed porch cut off its side light and the south sun from the hall. The dining room had veranda roof over its east window and to the west was a thicket of evergreen concealing the clothes yard; its only direct light came from the inhospitable north. Kitchen and servant's room absorbed the south side.

Upstairs things were even worse. The sharp slant of the roof cut off all windows except those in the gable openings, and the stupid stairs took the breadth from the main bedroom. Joanna's best inspiration had been the abolition of the front stairs as such and the removal of them to the back of the house, where they were merely a convenience, mounting between walls. The old front hall, downstairs, became a gallery, largely glass to the south and east, entered from an open terrace, and all that pleasantness was let into what had been the sitting room, but was now the dining room, through arches, Gothic in shape to accord with the outside. From the gallery, and also directly from the terrace by broad glass doors, one enters the new living room. There is always sun there—east, south, west. On either side of the fireplace is a broad arch, the left one leading to a veritable sun corner, the right to the veranda added on to the original plan. The kitchen is now on the north, but gets the east light. There would have had to be a downstairs room for the hired man if Joanna had not solved that by marrying him.

When they put up the garage it is to have an extra bedroom overhead—for Windygoold is selling magnificently; but Mr. Webb will probably use that for a study, hiring such occasional outside labor as they need, for he and Joanna are both passionate diggers and hammerers as well as rebels against the problems of employment. They cooked their own wedding supper down by the brook, and carried out their camping experiment with brilliant success. It is only fair to add that Mrs. Messenger considered it dismal.

Upstairs gables have been cut into all the sunny slants of the roof; baths have been multiplied, and over the new veranda is a sleeping porch. Both the big bedrooms have fireplaces, and the new kitchen chimney gives a stove hole for the smaller room, which will be the housekeeper's when in time they have to replace Mrs. Roberts. Closets and cupboards are tucked in everywhere; they used to wake Joanna up in the night, suggesting themselves. Every room now has the breadth that is indispensable to charm, but the house is on a small scale, so that a day of Mrs. Haggerty leaves it shining from top to bottom. With the book a success Rosalind has relented to Jones, and sometimes even drags them forth to be met. But the joy with which they run home to the nest!

(THE END)



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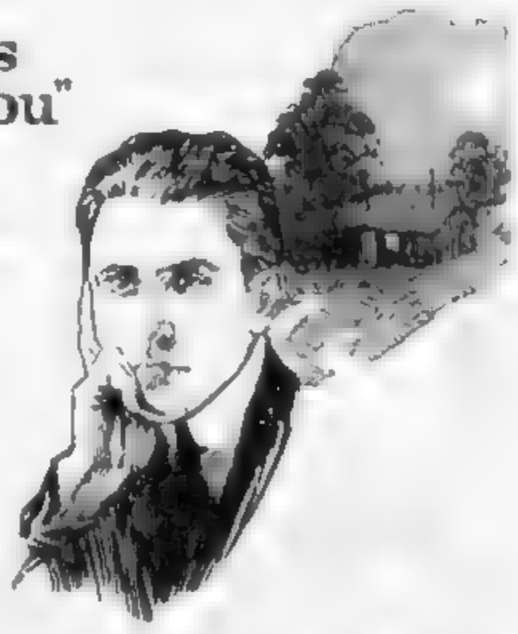

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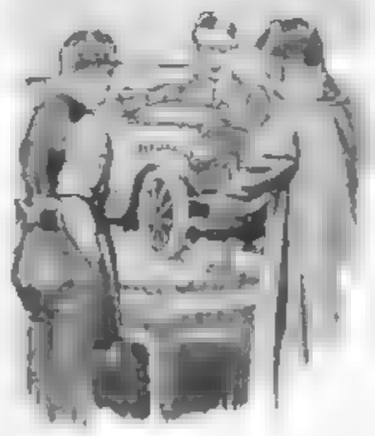

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"The Car with the Foundation"

POLICEMAN X

(Continued from Page 17)

were closed. It was true that the groups in aprons sat later and chatted more freely on the basement steps, but he was not interested in any of these except Annie. And even Annie seemed to have changed. She was not such good company, not jolly; and sometimes he found her looking at him as though she was waiting, expecting him to say something. Then, whatever he said, it was always wrong. He knew he wasn't good at talking. He was stupid. And trying to think of things made him nervous.

On the afternoon of the seventh of July the nervousness quickened to downright irritability. The high position of the mercury must have had something to do with it; but undoubtedly his mother was directly responsible. At tea that afternoon she had asked him, in the clear cheerful tone that women use for encouraging the spirits of their men, if anything had happened yesterday.

He was aware immediately that she had divined his depression, and became resentful. He could have yelled at her, "What ever does happen to me?" But he only replied as amiably as he could that if anything interesting had occurred he couldn't remember it; and tightened his belt and departed.

Of course nothing had happened, he reflected sulkily as he walked up and down the gray gleaming streets, now confronting the park trees, now the whitish blue of the river, now the parallels north and south with their spit of green. He was miserable and would have liked to enjoy his misery in comfort, but that was impossible with drops of perspiration rolling slowly down the back of his neck, and the peculiar rasp of his tunic collar.

Pacing back eastward he became aware of Annie on the steps of her house. Had he remembered in time he might have taken the other side of the street, so disinclined he felt to talk to anyone. Now there was nothing for it but to say good evening.

"Aren't you going to stop a minute?" she asked him.

And he replied, "No, not to-night."

She rose and stood in front of him, lifting her face with its gentle ingratiating expression, so at odds with the forceful cast of her features.

"Have I done anything to make you mad?" she asked. Her eyes were full of tears.

That was the last straw. What right had any female to come crying round him with such a question? What could she have done? She spoke as though she had tried to murder him.

"Nothing," he answered hastily; "nothing at all."

"Then what's the matter?"

He answered again, "Nothing."

It was true. That was the whole trouble apparently. He added shortly that he was in a hurry this evening. He arrived at the red-brick house in an acute state of exasperation. It was not soothed by the consciousness that he had spoken unkindly, and that her eyes had been entreating. That was the worst! Why need she be so infernally meek? A fine, upstanding girl like that. She ought to have answered him back sharply, with spirit. The idea came to him with a sting of compunction that perhaps Annie, too, was bothered about something. Maybe her employers had been nasty. He had half a mind to go back and ask her about it. He was restrained by the conviction that anything he tried to say that night would end in a quarrel.

The orange flush above the park trees had a dirty white mist drawn across it, that faded presently to gray over lavender. Blue shadows began to gather in the end of the street. A stifling twilight was shutting in. He seemed to feel it like a pressure on the back of his neck. He wanted to break through it, and get into some place outside of it where air was stirring. The night watchman, too, seemed affected. Their argument about the returning soldier and his rights broke forth into an altercation. They began to shout at each other.

In the midst of it a screen above their heads was pushed aside, and a cool—so cool—feminine voice of one of the dwellers in the apartment house inquired politely, "Would you mind speaking a little more quietly? I would like to get some sleep."

It fell upon their excitement like a splash of cold water. In consternation they retreated round the corner, there paused, and gazed at each other.

Then Policeman X spoke from the depths of a bewildered soul: "Oh, damn women!"

The night watchman gave a murmur of assent, looking curiously at Policeman X meanwhile. Then moving closer he inquired confidentially, "Been havin' trouble?"

"Trouble?" Policeman X articulated.

"Yes; from the way you spoke just now I thought maybe you ——"

"Trouble!" Policeman X repeated scornfully. "Who hasn't had trouble?"

He sent a glance at his companion in the hope that here at last was a person as inexperienced as himself.

"Well, o' course," the night watchman agreed with a self-congratulatory smile, "we none of us get off from that. I've been in a hole myself lately. You see there was ——"

Policeman X only half listened to the long story that rambled forth. He looked at the man beside him and wondered that people like this—bow-legged, and with no pretentions to feature—had romantic adventures offered them. The idea of being pursued by a woman appealed to him as fascinating. And then another thought quite irrationally entered his mind: Could it be a man who was responsible for Annie's tears?

This notion struck him as a little less romantic than the other imagining. Besides, it was too unlikely. Annie wasn't the sort of a girl who ran after men. She was nice, quiet, almost a lady. He dismissed the possibility. Nevertheless, he deserted the night watchman more promptly than usual to resume his patrol, sauntering first past Annie's house. She wasn't to be seen. She must have gone immediately. She might reappear, however. He passed rather oftener than was necessary, glancing wistfully at the steps. And when Policeman Y relieved him he selected that block for his departure. Of course she wasn't there. It was too late. With a sigh he loosened his tunic collar and walked on slowly.

It was a black hot night; no moon, not even a star; only that heavy darkness that seemed to rest like a great weight upon the very roofs of the houses. The whole city appeared to groan under it as under a nightmare. The fretful murmur of the East Side was behind him. A sound like the howling of young wolves was audible where some gang of toughs were expressing their feelings about the temperature. Indistinct figures passed, moving languidly, indifferent, ambitionless as ghosts. Before him the park developed itself. Pale, fantastic in the abnormal atmosphere, it opened out before him, and inclosed him. He turned to the left, following the broad public walk. On his right was the iron rail; beyond that the drive; beyond that cones of electric light, sheets of grass of a violent unnatural green, pitlike shadows, round forms of trees piled against the sky. Here and there a branch shone like translucent emerald. The people leaving the park went by in a thin stream. Face after face, wet with perspiration, stolid, exhausted, exasperated, glimmered out into light and disappeared. Two girls were quarreling, their voices pitched to the note of hysteria.

"It's the heat that does it," Policeman X murmured apologetically.

At the foot of the hill he turned again, and stepping over the railing crossed the drive, climbed a slope of grass, and slipped between the bushes into a narrow solitary path. A tramp slept upon a bench. Poor devil! Policeman X was glad he did not have to disturb him. Farther on a youth and a girl with their arms round one another started apart at sight of the uniform. After that there was only the occasional stir of some small creature among the leaves. The way seemed quite deserted. It led over the crest of the rise. The lighted tops of towers soared into view above the trees. A red glow like a midnight sunset was reflected along the western horizon. He dipped into a leafy tunnel, and for a while kept on descending through an increasingly heavy atmosphere, at first under thick overhanging branches, emerging from these into a more open place of pools and rocks, singular outcroppings like tables, like crouching beasts, like vast flat ripples of water rising stonily through the soft earth beneath the foot; then, with an abrupt turn to the right, between miniature cliffs; out of that again, following a path that wound among tall mastlike trees across a plantation of dense shrubs. He was now in the rhododendron garden. Above his head was a network of fine interlacing branches, and the mass of dark bushes extended on every side with here and there a cluster of flowers showing dimly like a pale face.

Pausing he took off his cap and wiped his drenched forehead. The air was stifling. He drew in a deep breath, hoping to find a stir of coolness; but there was only the dead odor of leaves and backwater. The drip of a stream somewhere in the darkness intensified his consciousness of the heat. He sighed and started forward again—and stopped as though he had been seized.

What he heard was a hoarse sound, as though a cry had been suddenly checked. Stifled as it was there was no mistaking the human note. But whence? Over there near the electric light, wasn't it? He took a step forward. The sound came again, and this time his astonished ears made out that it was not a woman's voice, but a man's.

He ran. An instant—fifty steps brought him to the place. A gray cliff of stone overhung shrubbery and path, making a definite pit of shadow, and on the edge of this, half hidden, half revealed, a formless something was scuffling. Policeman X made out the top of a head with short blond hair that tossed as the head jerked in a frantic effort to raise itself; above that another head, smaller, black and disheveled, and something white—an arm—locked round the neck below, bearing down upon it, weaponlike. The wrist of the arm was clutched in turn by a large hand which seemed to be making a superhuman effort to retain its hold. The cords on its back stood out as though they would burst the flesh. But it was with the other two hands, invisible in the shadow, that the great struggle seemed to be taking place. In the set of this dual figure, canted far over to the right and downward, one felt that there was the center of tension. Felt it all the more because at the moment there seemed to be a deadlock. A succession of sounds like the grunts of an animal in extreme terror came from the jerking head. The owner of it could not possibly have seen his rescuer, but the running steps had been audible. Drawing in breath with a gasp the unseen lips panted out: "Get her off! Get her off!"

Recovering from his petrifaction Policeman X made a cautious circuit, and from the rear seized the smaller arms, the strangling one and the other, the center of battle, close to the wrist.

"Let go, then," he muttered to the speaking head, and pulled.

The arms stuck as though with claws. He tugged, put forth all his strength, and suddenly staggered back, clasping he knew not what. The veritable wildcat. No, it was worse than that. A tempest; a bolt of lightning; the explosion of some inexplicable natural force. Impossible to hold! He knew he couldn't. The violently contracting and expanding muscles fairly leaped through his grasp. Then, as abruptly, the whole thing collapsed. The struggling force became a lump that slid by its own weight downward through his sustaining hands. He could no more hold it up than he had been able a moment ago to hold it down. With a superhuman effort he eased it back upon the grass, where it resolved itself into a human body, a woman's.

She lay there beneath his eyes with head fallen back and arms extended limply, gleaming through their torn sleeves. Her breast scarcely moved. She looked strangely small and fragile and helpless. The only part of her seeming to have any strength was her hair; and that stood back from her forehead like a thing of separate life, black, thick, with bluish lights, streaming out over the turf. In the midst of it her face shone like a piece of silver. The forehead was low and wide. Policeman X stared with wonder at the unblemished surface; at the brows, looking as if they had been drawn upon it with ink; at the long oval of the cheeks and the short slightly blurred line between the nose and mouth. Her lips, almost colorless, were open a little, and about their corners hovered the shadow of an expression—or perhaps it was just the negation of expression, the vacant and pathetic look sometimes seen in the faces of sleeping children.

He was startled out of his pause by a voice behind him, hoarse and tremulous: "Look out! Her right hand!"

Mechanically Policeman X looked. The hand lay on the turf, back up. It was still curled into the semblance of a fist, but the fingers were relaxed. He opened them without difficulty.

"Have you got it?" the hoarse voice demanded.

Policeman X took his time. He rose with great deliberation from his knees, and as deliberately turned round.

The speaker was standing a little distance off, a tall, strongly made figure clothed like a gentleman, disheveled, though at second glance it was not his clothes that gave him this appearance, but his hair, which hung over his forehead in wild locks, and his attitude, his body hung forward, shoulders drawn in, arms half raised as if with the instinct to protect his head. Either the vibrating light from the electric globe overhead gave a false appearance or his wrists actually were shaking. At sight of this the officer instinctively raised his own chin higher and squared his shoulders.

"What did you say?" he inquired.

"I said, 'Have you got it?'" the other repeated fiercely.

"What?"

"What she had. It was in her right hand You looked, didn't you? Well?"

"There's nothing in her hand," Policeman X replied, surveying the person with an air of detached curiosity.

The man looked stupefied

"But I tell you she had it! I saw it"

"She hasn't anything. Look yourself if you want to."

The man darted a glance at the frail white heap on the ground, and involuntarily retreated a step.

"It's dropped then. It'll be there, somewhere near her. Haven't you a light?"

Policeman X flashed his electric torch over the ground. The small bright circle traveled methodically inch by inch, rested now on a section of green grass, now on a woman's foot in a worn black slipper, on dried leaves, on a hand, then on another, both open and empty; hovered mothlike across the folds of a skirt.

"Shake out her dress," the voice behind prompted him. Its owner had advanced, lured on probably by a curiosity stronger than his apprehension. His breathing was audible just behind the policeman's shoulder. As the light caught on a glittering something he stooped forward with an exclamation: "There!" It was the broken neck of a bottle. With a grunt of disgust he let it fall, and groping farther picked up a small steely-looking object. The fragment of a child's toy!

"You see," Policeman X remarked, straightening himself.

The man continued to peer incredulously into the shadows.

"But it must be there!" he muttered. "What was it?"

The baffled eyes reverted to the officer's face with a singular expression, a mingling of terror and uncertainty.

"I—I—it was in her hand. I saw it for an instant, before she was on me. She——" He broke off suddenly. "You dare to pretend you don't believe me?" he shouted. "What d'yer suppose I yelled out like that for? Nothing?"

"How would I know what you'd yell out for?" Policeman X replied in a soothing voice. "You thought you saw something in her hand; and from the way she jumped for you you thought it was—well, we'll say a knife. But for all you know it might have been her purse—or her thimble. Only there isn't any here, you see. There's nothing."

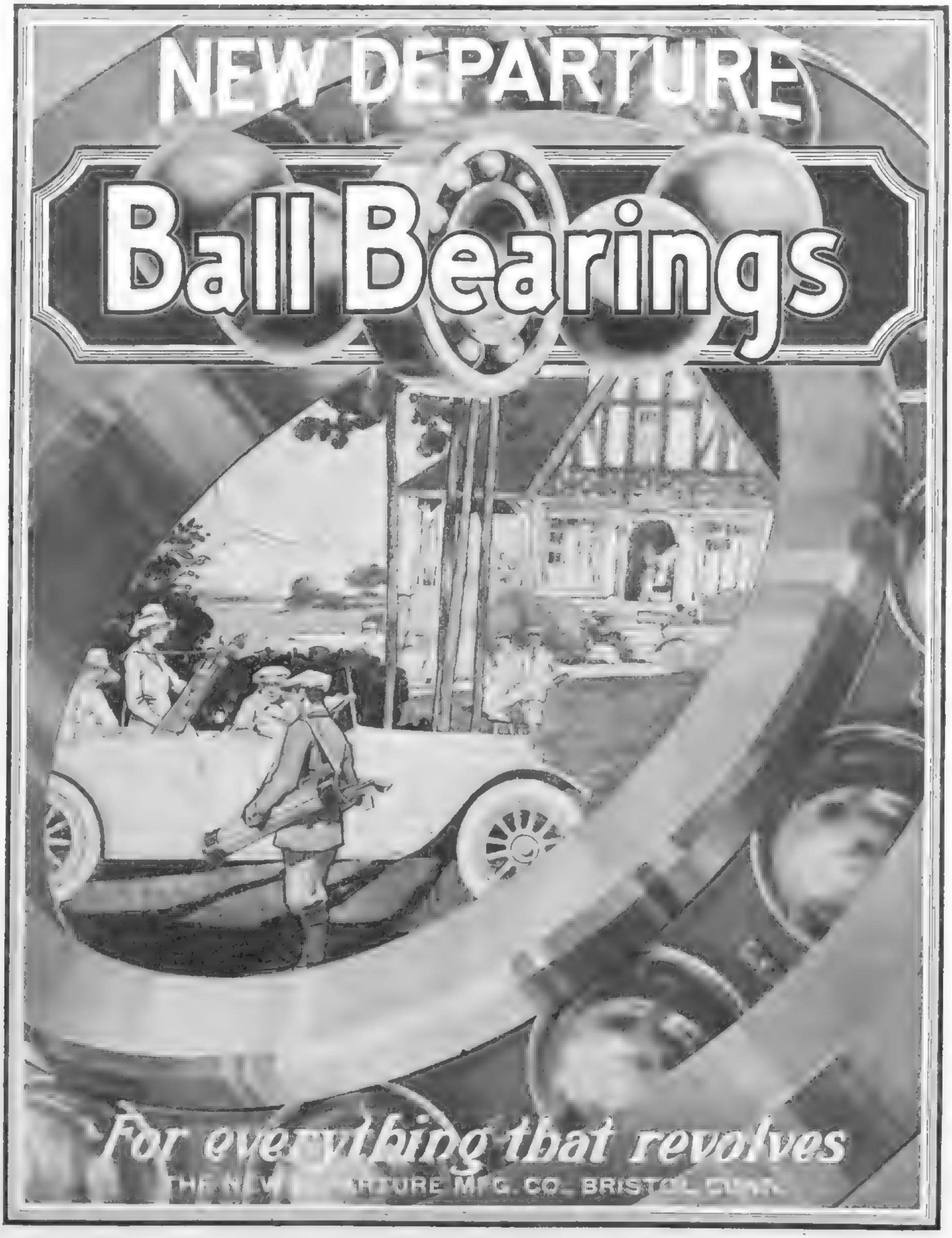
"D'yer think she'd attack me with her bare hands?"

"I've heard of 'em doing it. If you'd been sayin' something to her that drove her crazylike."

"I didn't ask you for your ideas. I asked you to arrest that woman. She attacked me without cause, and with intent to ——"

"Never mind about her," Policeman X interrupted. "I'll see about her case. All I'm saying to you is that before the patrol gets here, and before she comes to and makes another scene, you can just walk off quietly; and there won't be any mess or any unpleasant publicity for you."

(Continued on Page 160)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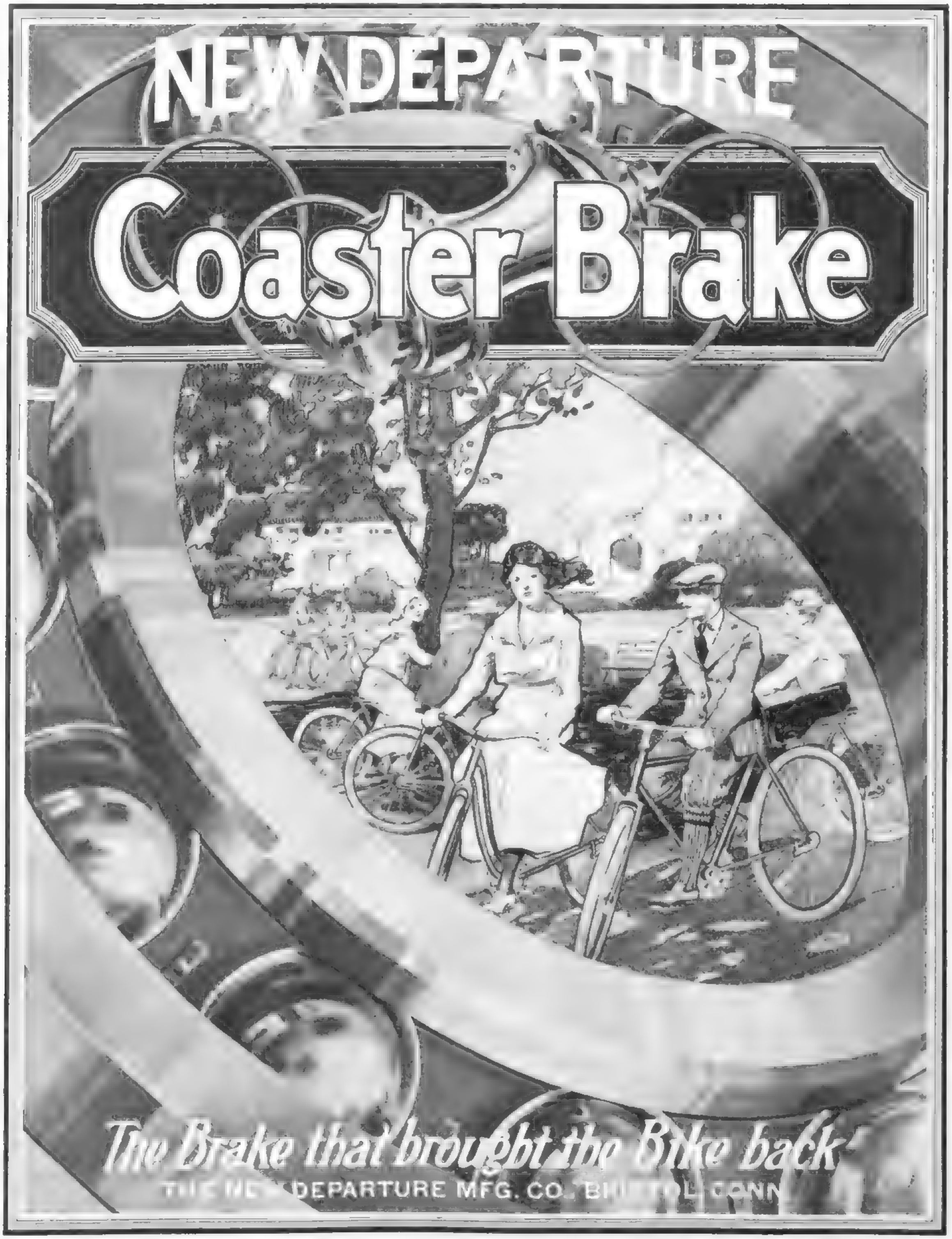
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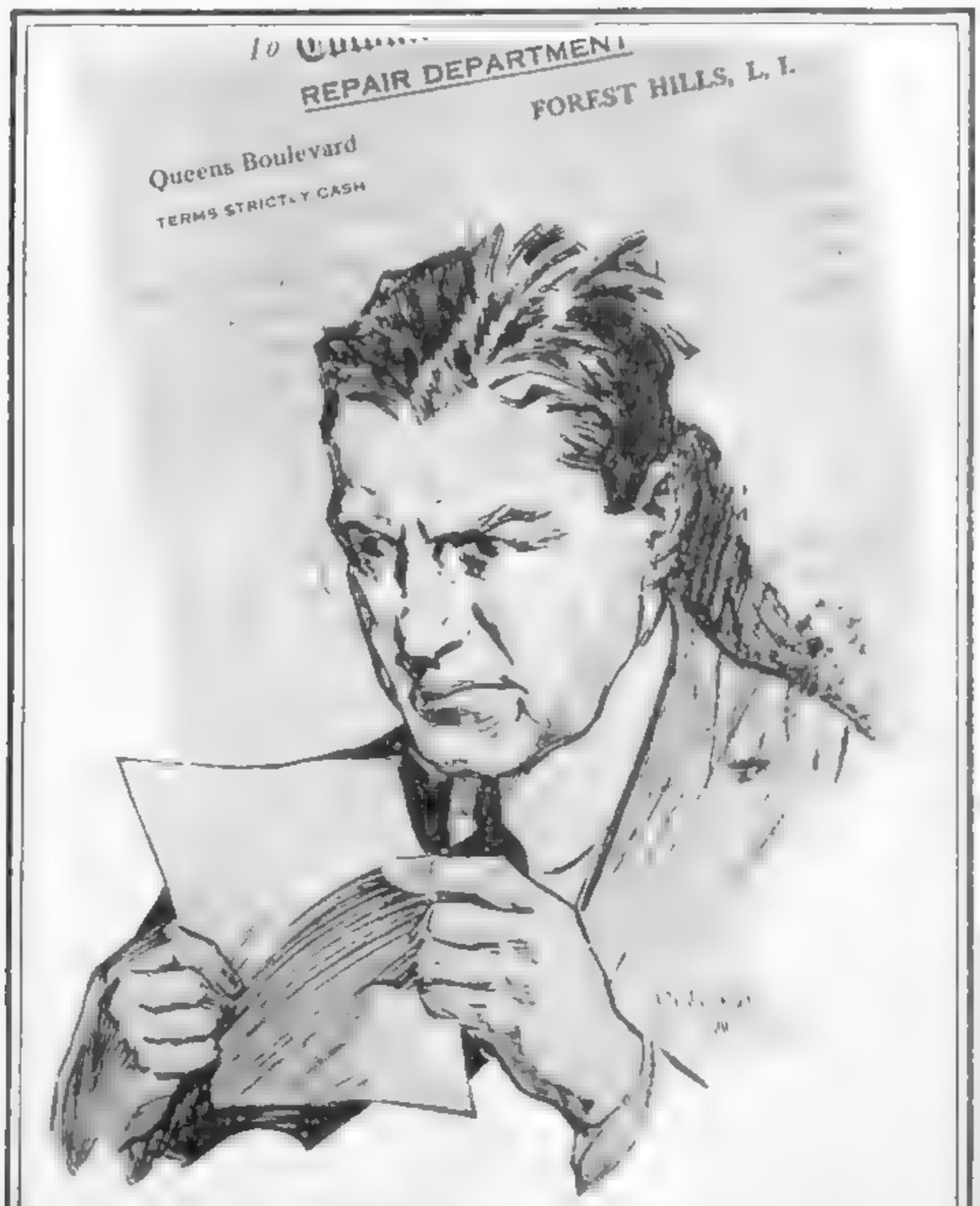

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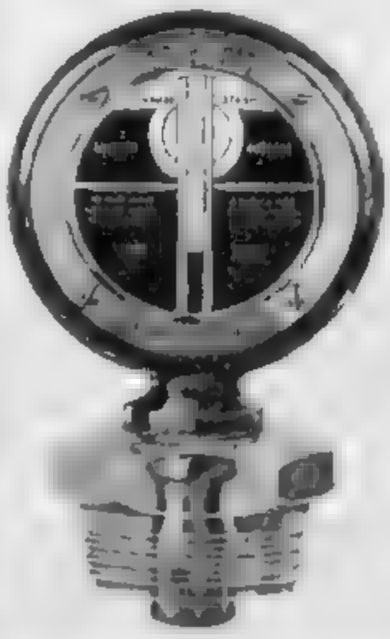

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(Continued from Page 157)

The man glared. Far from being reassured, he seemed completely taken aback. His lips made an impotent motion or two before he regained command of his tongue.

"Don't you worry about the publicity!" he burst out. "Publicity is just what I want."

"Oh, you want publicity, do you?" Policeman X exclaimed, in his turn surprised.

He looked keenly into the face so close to his. The features were regular and handsome—he supposed they would have been called that. Heavy lines underscored the large eyes and extended beyond their corners. The nose was large; the mouth large, clearly outlined and singularly flexible. It was stretched now to the full extent of a breathless grin.

"That's right!" he asserted. "All the publicity there is. Let 'em say what they please. Let 'em print it on the front page!"

"Oh, they can, can they?" Policeman X uttered. He was still at a loss, but beginning to pull himself together to deal with this extraordinary development. A glow of humor began to shine in his eyes. "And what is it, do you think, they'll print? 'Casualty in the park. Young man of prominent family attacked with intent to kiss.'"

The man appeared to choke. Red blotches appeared on the chalky pallor of his skin.

"Haven't I told you she was trying to do for me? Why, she would have destroyed me!" His voice shook with emotion at the thought. "I tell you I'm going to take this thing into court! I'm going to have justice!"

"I guess you've never been up against justice," Policeman X answered gravely. "It does your character great credit, young man. But look-a-here, let me tell you something. You take that story to the judge. You say to him that she attacked you. And he'll say, 'With what weapon?' And you'll say, 'With such and such.' And he'll say, 'Produce it.' Well—and you can't. Then he'll call Officer X, and I'll have to testify that the woman's hands were empty, and that after a thorough search nothing was found."

"You'll lie!"

Policeman X regarded the maker of this statement with a certain fixity.

"And then—did you ever see the judge smile in court? He does it behind his hand. And he'll say, 'No case. Dismissed.' And then the reporters will begin. And, say, did you ever hear New York laugh?"

"You lie! You lie!" the man repeated, thrusting his face close to that of Policeman X; and there overflowed from his lips a succession of epithets so astonishing that the officer on the force could only gape at him.

The white heap on the ground stirred and groaned.

"Shut your gab, and beat it quick," Policeman X whispered, "or I'll ——"

"Go ahead, arrest me!"

"I'm not going to arrest you, if that's what you want. But if you don't shut your gab and clear out of here I'll lick the living daylight out of you! I'll fix you so's your own mother'll need a magnifying glass to recognize you! Now!" He advanced a step, his fists clenched, the left raised a little and held in front of his body. He knew that fighting was inadvisable under the circumstances, might attract notice; but the knuckles of his right hand fairly itched to land on the point of that handsome chin. The thought of smashing the tip of that godlike nose filled him with a cool, calm, cheerful eagerness. For a moment it seemed as though that hope was to be gratified. The figure before him had at least the pose of an antagonist. But presently he realized that it was merely an attitude. And after a moment even the attitude had changed. The arms hung relaxed. The mouth opened, closed, opened again—an odd effect, as though it were chewing on something, possibly the policeman's description of official justice.

The face turned slowly to profile; and as it turned its glance swept the ground in a furtive survey. Then without knowing at all how the shift had occurred Policeman X found himself looking at the back of a head and shoulders moving rapidly away from him between the bristling masses of rhododendrons. In a moment he had disappeared round a turn of the path. Still the footsteps were audible; long, rapid. What if the fool should change his mind for some reason and come back? He strained his ears after the departing sounds. No, they were growing fainter; had ceased altogether.

The woman at his feet moaned again.

He knelt down beside her, looking at her with a touch of fear. He was aware that some sort of first aid should be offered. Water? There was a stream at a little distance. He could hear it dripping. And yet he hesitated to leave her; not because of the man—Policeman X had a very healthy intuition that he would not return—but because that white figure on the ground seemed too improbable. You did not rediscover such an apparition. Once turn your back, it would be gone; not so much as a crushed blade of grass to show that it had ever existed. Cautiously, as though approaching an unknown quantity, he put his hands under her head. It was warm and heavy. It stirred. A faint smile transformed her mouth.

"Basil!" she murmured.

Her eyes slowly unclosed. During a space of thirty seconds he perceived dimly what the love of a woman—this woman at least—might be. It was there, looking up at him from some unguarded depth of the blackest eyes he had ever seen—the faith, the surrender, the adoration. He saw it all, clear as though through an open window. Then something like a film passed between him and the vision, a glaze of bewilderment.

"Basil?" she repeated.

Her black pupils glided to and fro as if in search of another presence. She tried to lift her head.

"Basil!"

The sound seemed to be driven out from the center of her body, a groan of terror. With an effort she dragged herself to a sitting posture.

"Sh-h-h!" Policeman X whispered. "You mustn't try to get up yet. You're not strong enough."

He tried gently to force her back, but she resisted, clinging to his arms, her head swaying from weakness, looking round at the black foliage, the rock, the path, the yellow gleam of the lamp, as though these things were entirely strange to her.

"Where—where—where ——" she stammered.

"It's all right. You're in the park."

"Where is he?"

"Gone."

He had meant to be reassuring; but the face turned toward him showed only a rapidly gathering terror.

"Why? What for?" Her eyes, liquid, dilated, fastened upon him with an intensity amounting to challenge. "What have you done with him?"

"I haven't done anything with him," Policeman X protested, taken aback by the unexpectedness of the question. "Don't you remember what happened?"

She stared, at the words rather than the speaker. He felt her grasp upon his arms loosen; after a momentary hesitation she took her hands—and he had a singular impression that she handled them as though they were instruments, separate from her body—and held them open before her, looking with a vague preoccupied attention into their empty palms; then into her lap; from there across the grass, along the edges of the rhododendron growth, to the edge of the path, finally coming to a pause at his foot. For the first time he felt that regard take note of him as an object. He felt rather than saw it travel upward from his boot to the buttons of his tunic and the official shield on his breast; and, with a deliberate transition, to his face, where it rested without fear, without—as far as he could judge—any expression at all.

"Is he dead?"

"Good Lord, no!" he exclaimed, horrified by this revelation of what had been in her mind. "He was alive all right."

"Is he"—there was a pause; some reflection of the past seemed to hover in her eyes, then she brought out the word—"hurt?"

"Not he! Why, he wasn't so much as touched. I got him off before ——" Policeman X delicately relinquished the sentence. "And then," he resumed, "you see you fainted; and he went away, just walked off."

Involuntarily he glanced in the direction the man had taken. She turned, staring, as he had done, at the great shadow into which the path disappeared. He felt her limbs gather themselves. She had struggled to her knees, was almost upon her feet before he realized her intention and seized her, scandalized by what she was about to do.

"He's gone! Don't go after him! It's no use!" (Continued on Page 163)

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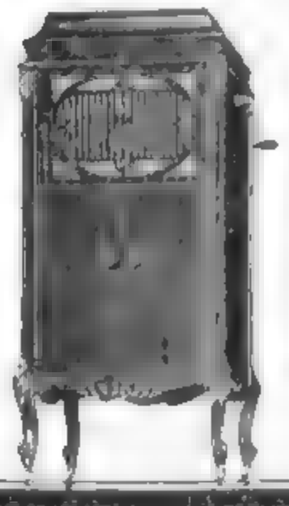

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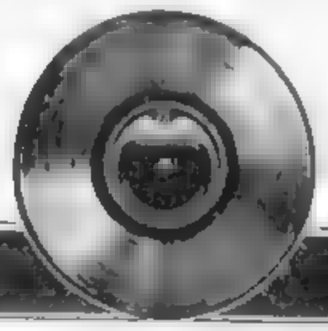

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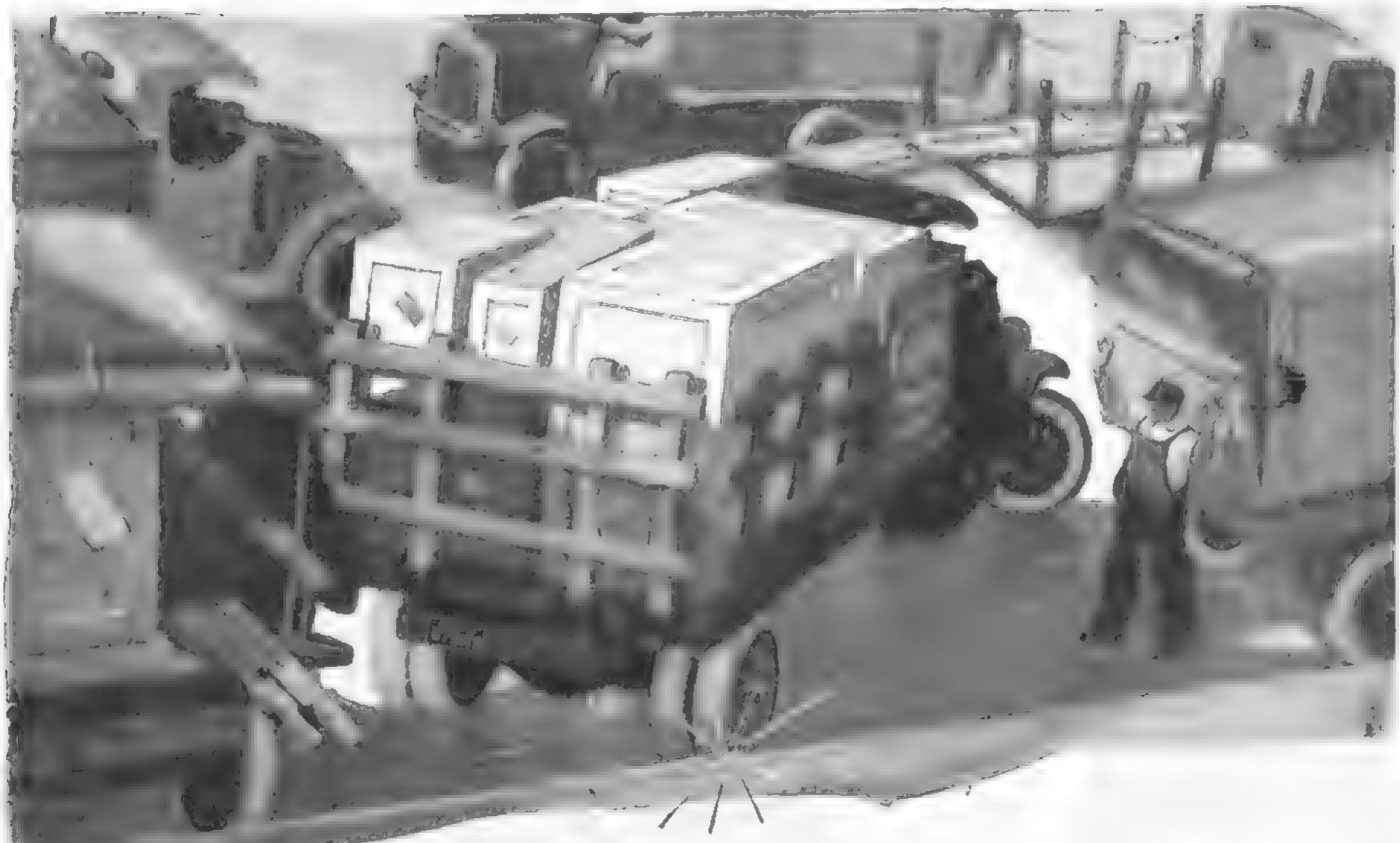

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FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

BUILT ON THE LOCOMOTIVE AXLE PRINCIPLE

(Continued from Page 160)

"I'm not going to hurt him." Her voice quavered plaintively. "I only want to explain to him."

Policeman X dragged her backward. Grasping her by the shoulders he forced her down again into a sitting posture, and hung over her threateningly.

"Don't!" he stammered. Then with a bitterness that astonished himself the words burst from his lips: "I tell you he isn't worth it!"

"How do you know what he's worth?" she panted, feebly struggling.

"He wanted me to arrest you."

She became perfectly still. He was unaware that he had put forth all his strength. It must have been a full minute that he was roughly, almost violently restraining a passive body. With a faint emotion of shame he released her.

She did not collapse. She remained seated stiffly before him, her feet tucked under her. Against the rhododendron bushes she looked like a figure of wax, white from head to foot. Only the dark cloud of her hair was merged in the darker background, making her face appear strangely small, like a mask; masklike, too, in its expression, the mouth slightly open, the eyes mere black holes under the forehead. Policeman X particularly did not like the expression of those eyes. He leaned nearer, making his voice confidential.

"Tell me, what was the matter? What did he do?"

The black eye holes of the mask continued to fix him. When she spoke her voice sounded faint, as though it came from a long way off.

"He left me."

"He ——" Power of speech deserted Policeman X.

"He said he would see me again," she went on in her remote voice, "but he was lying. Why didn't he tell me the truth?"

There was a sound in her throat as if some mechanism had shut off her voice. Drawing in her shoulders she hugged her arms together across her breast and rocked herself slowly as though in mortal agony.

"Look here," Policeman X protested, laying a somewhat uncertain hand upon her arm.

She did not cease to move her body to and fro. "Arrest me if you want to," she muttered.

"I'm not going to arrest you," he retorted in a fierce undertone.

"It makes no difference," she continued in the same voice, as if she had not heard. "Nothing that could happen! Nothing!" she repeated in a tone of profound lassitude; and as if she suddenly abandoned herself her arms dropped, her whole body relaxed, and turning partly away she leaned against the trunk of the tree, her cheek pressed to the rough bark.

Her face seen thus appeared to him as a profile a little bowed by the great weight of her hair, the eyes looking straight in front. Her knees were drawn up, and he noticed that one of her feet appearing from under the hem of her tattered skirt was without a shoe. Was she aware of that? he wondered. She appeared to be aware of nothing. She might have been alone in the midst of a wilderness. There was a strange finality about her attitude. While he looked her figure seemed to sink down closer to the ground, as though, like the tree, it was taking hold upon the earth itself.

"But you can't stay here," he protested.

"Why not?"

He looked at her helplessly, the reasons were so apparent.

"Because Officer Z is on this beat. Suppose he should come along? And, even if he doesn't—why, it'll be morning sometime."

He broke off, convinced that she did not hear him. She was too far away. If his voice reached her at all it was only as a disturbing noise. When she spoke it was from the midst of her own great preoccupation.

"If you'll leave me I'll go away myself presently."

"Where?"

"Somewhere. There are lots of places."

He saw her eyes shine as they moved, and perceived that now she was in fact looking at something. Her glance had fixed itself on a high point of rock showing darkly in a gap of the trees against the starlit sky. He recognized it. It was one of the two between which the rustic bridge was swung. In imagination he took the plunge down from the top to the pavement twenty feet below. To be sure, that was a place! And then there were the lakes, not far away, and quite deep enough.

The perspiration was rolling into his eyes, and there was a tremulousness in his joints as though he were bearing up against an overwhelming weight.

"Listen to me," he began, "you mustn't talk like that. I want to be your friend. I'm here to help you. If you'll tell me where you live ——"

The black pall of hair made a negative movement.

Policeman X planted himself more firmly on the sod in front of her.

"I'm going to take you home."

She raised her head suddenly, looking at him with a smile, almost a laugh, for it uncovered all her teeth.

"Home!" she echoed. The bitterness of the accent was indescribable.

"Well, you have a home, haven't you?"

"I have a place where I exist."

"Boarding house?"

Again the negative movement.

"Some place where you're employed?"

She stared at him with a dulled gaze. Then she nodded. After a moment's silence she added, "Housemaid."

He inspected her sharply. Her dress was cheap enough, anyone could see that; and her shoes. He judged the one she still wore. The stocking on the uncovered foot was cotton.

"Well, the family is away, I suppose?" As she made a slight motion of assent he continued: "Then it's easy. You've been knocked down by an automobile—that'll account for your torn clothes—knocked senseless; didn't come to for half an hour; couldn't walk for another. That explains the time. The other servants won't have a word to say; not if I tell 'em."

"I don't care what they say! It isn't that. I can't go back there."

The sudden passion of the tone, the reckless look—startled him broad awake to a possibility he had not thought of. A sensation like a cold breath seemed to pass through the midst of his body.

"You mean he has got you into trouble?"

They were opposite each other, not two feet apart, sitting, their eyes fixed on one another's faces as though they were playing some game, a game of questions and answers. For a moment there was no sound. Her mouth seemed to be the sport of some savage emotion. He saw the cords of her throat contract, and wondered if she was going to scream.

"Trouble?" she said, and began to shake with laughter. "Trouble?" She seemed to apostrophize the word in terrible amusement. "What does this look like, tell me?" Leaning forward she seized his arm, bringing her face close to his. "Did you ever love anyone?" she asked.

He could not speak; could only look at her. Her hair falling forward over her shoulders brushed his hands. He could hear the rapid take of her breath. Her eyes—large, black, staring between widespread lashes—seemed to burn with veritable heat. There was something alarming, something fairly intimidating in the intensity of that gaze.

"If he had left me anything," she continued. "If there was ever to be anyone who would need me —— Do you understand?" She shook his arm fiercely. "Anyone who would have to depend on me, do you think I would call that creature 'trouble'? I tell you I would be glad. But he left me nothing. That's the trouble. Nothing; not even the truth! I can't go back there and face it—the empty days, the memories. Oh, you don't know!"

She was trembling, and he noted the restless motion of her head. He possessed himself of her hand, holding it firmly but a little cautiously, in the fashion that he might have held a sharp instrument.

"Tell me," he suggested encouragingly.

Again she shook her head. "It's no use!"

"This fellow," Policeman X persisted—"was he someone that you knew well?"

The question, the first voluntary allusion to the person responsible for her despair, had the singular effect of quieting her. The hand in his relaxed a little.

"I thought so," she whispered.

"Did he promise you anything?"

"Marriage. I had his ring." She looked down at her bare hands, then up into his face, and added with an almost childlike simplicity, "I don't suppose you believe that?"

"It's not so hard to believe," Policeman X answered thoughtfully. "It's easier to believe than the other."

(Continued on Page 167)

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that cut down fire risks
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that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Continued from Page 163)

"What?"

"That you're a housemaid."

He had her attention at last, startled, diverted for the moment from her misery.

"What do you mean? Why shouldn't I be?" She seemed to make a rapid covert test of her authenticity. He saw her take a fold of her dress between thumb and finger. She was unable to restrain a glance at her hands. "Perhaps you think a housemaid doesn't look like other women."

"I'll tell you what I think—I think you might have told me the truth."

"I have."

"Do you expect me to believe for a minute that that fellow is the sort who would get engaged to a housemaid? Give a housemaid a ring? Him?"

Drawing into herself as if against a blow she whispered: "It was his ring!"

"I don't say it wasn't. I don't doubt he gave it to you—a girl like you—even if he did think you were his inferior, a shop-girl or a—a"—he gave a cunning glance at her fingers—"a manicure. But a housemaid!"

"I am now."

"Oh!" Policeman X ejaculated, outwardly sarcastic, but with inward elation. "And what were you?"

Her head was down, but he could still see the gleam of the eyeball beneath the brow, and could hear the words sullenly pronounced: "Midnight Follies."

"Oh!" His astonishment this time was sincere. "I see!" He saw indeed. As if in a broad illumination he saw the stage of the old Victory Theater as he had beheld it from the gallery a month ago, with the figures of women drifting across it, following the beat of the music as fish follow the current of water. He looked at the figure on the grass in front of him, cast up out of the stream of sound and color into this solitude! A stage woman! A chorus girl! That explained a good deal; above all, the exotic beauty in conjunction with unmistakable signs of poverty. It explained more than the woman herself. The second revelation flashed upon him almost simultaneously: "And he's an actor!" The aspect of the man in the park, everything about it that had been puzzling, suddenly became clear. In the ingenuous mind of Policeman X this discovery of the fellow's profession accounted not only for his face but for his whole contemptible behavior. The scorn in his voice was the scorn of the laboring class for the decorative.

The girl's reply instantly sounded the defensive. "He's an actor, a very brilliant one; a singer too."

Policeman X clenched his hands. In fancy they closed upon the brilliant one's neck. "Where'd you meet him?" he demanded.

"There, at the theater. I was looking for a job." She seemed to have come to a full stop.

"Did you have to do that?" he inquired resentfully. "Couldn't your people—your mother ——"

"My mother didn't care. She never loved me. Oh, there's no use looking at me like that! I've always known it! Even when I was a child. And I had no brothers or sisters; no one. There was nothing you could call a home. And—and I wanted something. I suppose I thought I was going to be a great actress. I could sing a little, and dance." She paused, seeming to consider her accomplishments disdainfully; but he saw that she was going on, and waited. "Well, the Victory was the third place I tried. He was there. I was waiting, and he came out of the manager's office. I remember he stood over by the window, and kept looking at me while I was talking to the assistants. They told me to come back, and as I went out I saw him speaking with one of them. When I went again the next week they gave me something in a dance they were putting on with the summer show. It was he who got the chance for me. He told me afterward."

"And he would too," Policeman X reflected contemptuously.

"The queer thing," she continued, "is that I wasn't very grateful. Men had always done nice things for me, tried to please me, and I took it for granted. I'd never been interested in anyone. Even when he began to take me to lunch the only thing that came into my head was that he might fall in love with me. I never dreamed that I—I don't know how it happened. It's strange, isn't it, the way you can go on seeing someone for weeks, every day, and they're like everyone else, and then something—nothing—a look, a word, just a tone of voice —— I remember he was laughing, not looking at me, not thinking of me, even! All at once I couldn't hear anyone but him. I couldn't see anyone else. I was conscious of every motion he made, even when my back was turned and I was talking to other people; when I was on the stage; going home that night every man I passed seemed to have his face. It was—a sort of madness. It was wonderful."

She had grown very quiet, as though in speaking of these things, recalling them out of the past, she had destroyed the present. Her eyes had a dreamy, half-intoxicated expression.

"I didn't realize fully what had happened to me—or I didn't want to until he —— You see he'd been making love to me in a way from the first; never saying so, except by the way he looked; and hinting; telling me that I had no heart, that I was mercenary, amusing myself with a poor player of no standing; and if I had any idea of my own power —— My power! It was his! And then, the night I wouldn't get into the taxi with him, he told me. I was so happy! He did love me then. It was true. He gave me the ring. We were together every free moment. We used to ride along the bridle path, and up there round the reservoir when the trees were coming into leaf; in May, that was. He looked so splendid on horseback, like a king. I would have done anything in the world for him." She sobbed suddenly, throwing back her head, closing her eyes, but two tears forced themselves slowly between the lids. Her voice was so choked that the listener could scarcely make out the words. "I don't know what I did!"

"What you—how do you mean?"

"To make him angry. I must have done something. Or he may have thought—or someone told him a lie. It couldn't have been for no reason, could it?"

Policeman X, conscious of a huskiness in his throat, muttered: "What did he say?"

"Nothing. That was the worst. It was as though a mist had come up between us, like losing someone in the fog. He didn't have much time, couldn't make as many appointments; I couldn't find him always if I wanted him, and once or twice when I tried there was that woman."

"What woman?"

"Oh, awful, ugly, hard!"

"Rich?"

"How do you know?"

"Well, when a man lets a woman stick round it stands to reason she has something, and money ——"

"I don't believe it! That's what they said."

"Who?"

"The girls. They said that he —— It was impossible! I knew that it ought to be stopped, and of course he was the one to say. One night when I knew he was in his dressing room—his dresser was out for a few minutes—I went in and told him. He was sitting at the dressing table making up. I stood behind him; my reflection was beside his, and all the while I was talking he went on—never looking at me—looking at his own face in the mirror, getting on the rouge, the black on his lashes; and when I stopped he went on with his pencil, drawing his eyebrows out a little longer—you know that takes a steady hand—and while he was doing that he said in a perfectly quiet, ordinary voice: 'Be careful to shut the door when you go out.'

"I couldn't say anything. I did just that; shut the door very carefully. I felt queer and light when I got outside; but I went and changed, and came on for the dance, danced across the stage behind him, and three steps with him. He put his arm on my waist and turned me round, looking over my shoulder all the time as though I wasn't there.

"I left the theater without trying to speak to him again. I couldn't; I was too stunned. All night long the scene in the dressing room kept going through my head; only instead of ending as it had actually, in my imagination I answered him. We had a dreadful quarrel. Sometimes I killed him, sometimes I forgave him. The last was that I forgave him. It was so real to me—the reconciliation—that by eleven o'clock in the morning—the hour we always used to telephone—I called him up.

"His servant answered; said he had gone out. At the theater that afternoon they told me that he wouldn't be in for the matinée, and there was another girl rehearsing for my dance. That didn't matter, being dropped. I scarcely thought of it at the time. I wrote to him."

She was silent again for a moment, staring. "I wrote, and wrote. I begged him to tell me what was the matter. What had I done? If he would just explain. Why this horrible mystery? That wasn't much to ask. Why, why couldn't he answer me?" she broke out suddenly in a sharpened tone.

Policeman X realized that that question was directed fiercely, personally, at him. He had a sickly consciousness that in some remote corner of his mind an answer lurked—somewhere in his memory the voice of a man at Leffert's: "Believe me, kid, there's only one way to say fare-ye-well to a skirt, and that is vanish!"

He moistened his lips. "Maybe he never got the letters."

"Yes," she answered in a lower tone, "I thought of that. But"—he heard her get her breath with difficulty—"it was that that made me go to his apartment.

"His servant said that Basil wasn't in. He took the letter I handed him, looked at my writing, gave it back again and said: 'There's no use sending any more of these, miss.' I asked: 'Have you kept them from him?' And he said 'No,' and seemed very much surprised. I think that was how I was able to get past him into the room. I went through the whole place. It was quite empty. Only on the floor I found my last letter, open, and torn across.

"Somehow then I began to wake up. I took off the ring and put it on Basil's dressing table. Then I gave all the money I had with me to the man, and said: 'Tell me, where is he?' He swore that he didn't know. I think he did; but he had one of those blind faces that have no expression. He kept near me and a little behind me all the time, and as I was leaving he came close up and said: 'You take my advice, and don't try anything. He's an ugly customer. And, anyhow, he's going to marry her.' And then he gave me a little shove forward into the hall, and shut the door after me very quickly. Then ——"

The voice paused, but it was evident that the events of that story were still continuing in the speaker's mind. Her face had taken on a drawn, equivocal expression. It aged with the passing seconds.

"Then I got it."

Policeman X was dumb. He was conscious of a great horror of hearing and an impersonal and feverish curiosity that demanded to hear, that kept him sticking there, speechless, with all the question in his eyes.

"I didn't plan," she continued. "That was accidental. I happened to see it somewhere, and took it up. I wasn't hunting for anything—of that sort. I wasn't thinking at all. All I wanted was to see him. But perhaps when I took it I meant, without realizing. Perhaps, if I hadn't found it, I would have found something else. I don't know. I put it in my bag, and after a while —— There's a narrow doorway next the stage entrance of the Victory. I stood there, way back. At eleven he came out with her. I walked out into the crowd, and got up close to the car without being noticed, and heard him give the street and number. It was an address on Central Park West. I took the surface car up there and got off in front of the house. So many people were sitting out on the steps that no one noticed me waiting. I was dressed like all the rest of them, and my hat was pulled down over my face.

"At quarter of one he came out again, alone. I saw him stop at the foot of the steps, and then I noticed that his car had not come back yet. He went forward to the edge of the sidewalk and stood there looking up and down. I went over to him and spoke to him. He started a little, and glanced round at me. Just one look! And then he began to walk away very fast, across the street. I ran after him. I think I called his name. We were just opposite the park entrance. He hesitated a moment; and then the first thing I knew we were crossing the bridge over the lake, he a few steps in front of me, but never looking back, walking with his head down. We went up the hill and along a path among the rhododendrons. Then we were under trees, and it was dark, and I kept running. I was so afraid I should lose him before I could make him speak to me. I managed finally to get hold of his arm. I don't know what I said; but he did stop and turn round, and then he took hold of my hands. His face looked queer, as though he was afraid of something. But he began speaking very quietly. He asked me if I were crazy; what I meant by following him about like this? Wouldn't I allow him any independent action? And when I asked him why he hadn't answered my letters he said I had made him angry tale-bearing; there would be no happiness for us together if I didn't trust him. Oh, they were the words I had been longing to hear! And yet, now they didn't sound real. He wasn't himself, and his eyes looked like stones. But he smiled; and then he kissed me and said I must be a good girl and go home; that he would put me on a car. And he began to lead me along. It was like a dream.

"I asked him when I should see him again, and he said he would meet me in the Astor, on Tuesday, at two o'clock, and said just where. But I knew all the time that he just wanted to be rid of me, and that after he put me on the car I should never see him again. I stopped and began to laugh and said: 'When are you going to be married?'

"That look! That dreadful look! I knew then that he hated me; that I'd never have him again; and I—I ——"

She turned sharply aside, hiding her face with her free arm. He saw her shoulders lift under the cloak of her hair, but there was no other motion. Only the hand he was holding closed upon his with a strength that made him conscious of actual pain.

He placed his left hand over it, inclosing the desperate fingers that seemed to be trying to wring blood from his, between two broad gentle palms.

"There!" he murmured; and presently in an unshaken undertone: "You didn't mean it."

"I did," she answered in the high voice of despair. "I knew. I wanted to see him dead at my feet."

"Well, then, you didn't succeed," Policeman X replied soothingly. "In a thing like that you want to stand a little farther off." He caught himself up sharply. "And let me tell you," he continued with a sudden accession of sternness, "it won't do you any good to go dwelling on what you have or haven't done."

"I'm not trying to make out a case for myself. I know I'm a criminal."

"A what?"

She let fall her arm. The expression on the face of Policeman X was so blankly glassy with surprise that she faltered.

"There's nothing criminal in what you've said," he declared coldly. "And if there was, where's the evidence of the fact? The thing? I never saw such people!" he continued irritably. "He kept going on about something that must be here; made me get out my flush and go over every inch of ground, shake out your dress; couldn't find as much as a pin."

She sat up straight.

"Then you have it."

Policeman X fairly sputtered.

"It! Look here, you don't know what you're saying! If I had evidence in my possession that you had attempted a criminal act it would be my duty to testify against you accordingly. I'll tell you what's the matter with you, my girl," he continued with the high impartial air of justice, "you've got the devil of a temper. You've had a case on a fellow that isn't worth a lead cent, and you're crazy in the head. Sometime, maybe twenty-four hours from now, you'll wake up in your own room at home and wonder what it was all about."

She continued looking steadily at him with eyes that grew larger, brighter, sparkled and suddenly overflowed. Her words seemed curiously irrelevant.

"I think you are the best human being I have ever known."

He snarled at her: "A-a-arr, I haven't done anything, except —— You can't stay here all night. I've got to take you home. You've lost your shoe," he continued accusingly.

She looked down at the uncovered foot. "I—don't know!" she faltered.

"It's round here somewhere," Policeman X muttered, beginning to grope among the rhododendrons. His heart was leaping up and down inside him like a dancer.

"All right; here it is."

He knelt down in front of her and put the trodden slipper upon the foot she extended. She had the meek, docile air of a child who is being put to rights after a fall.

"My hat," she murmured.

"Hat?" he repeated, dully amazed that such an unnecessary and frivolous object should concern her at this crisis.

"To hide my face." She pointed. "We came that way."

"Oh." (Continued on Page 170)

HYATT

In Farm Tractors

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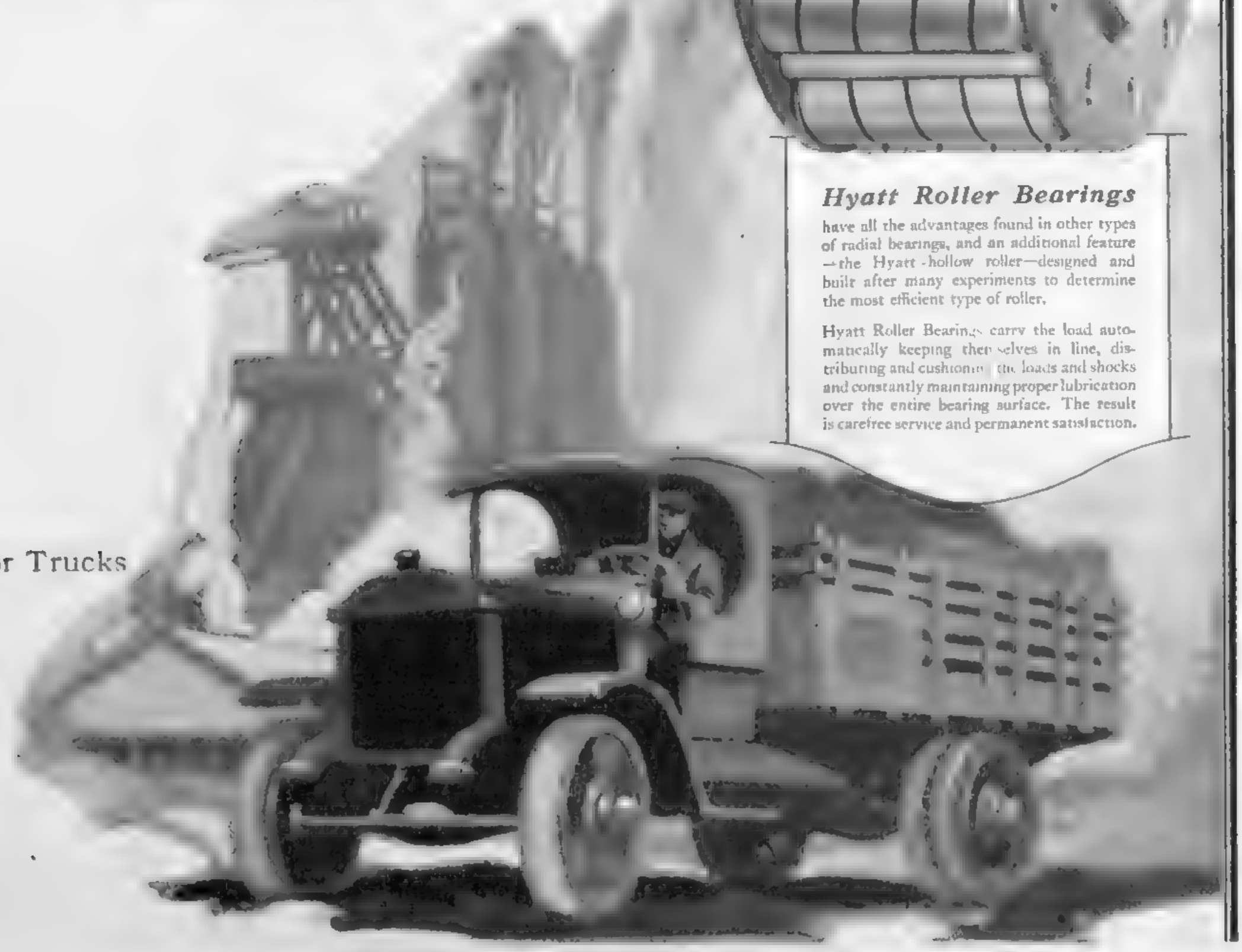

Greater Production

How Hyatt Roller Bearings Help

GREATER production is our most important need today. Factories and farms must turn out their products in larger quantities to replace the wastage of war and meet the increasing needs of our hundred million people.

Hyatt Roller Bearings are doing their share in speeding up production by making machinery of all kinds more durable and by eliminating the dragging friction that eats up so much costly power.

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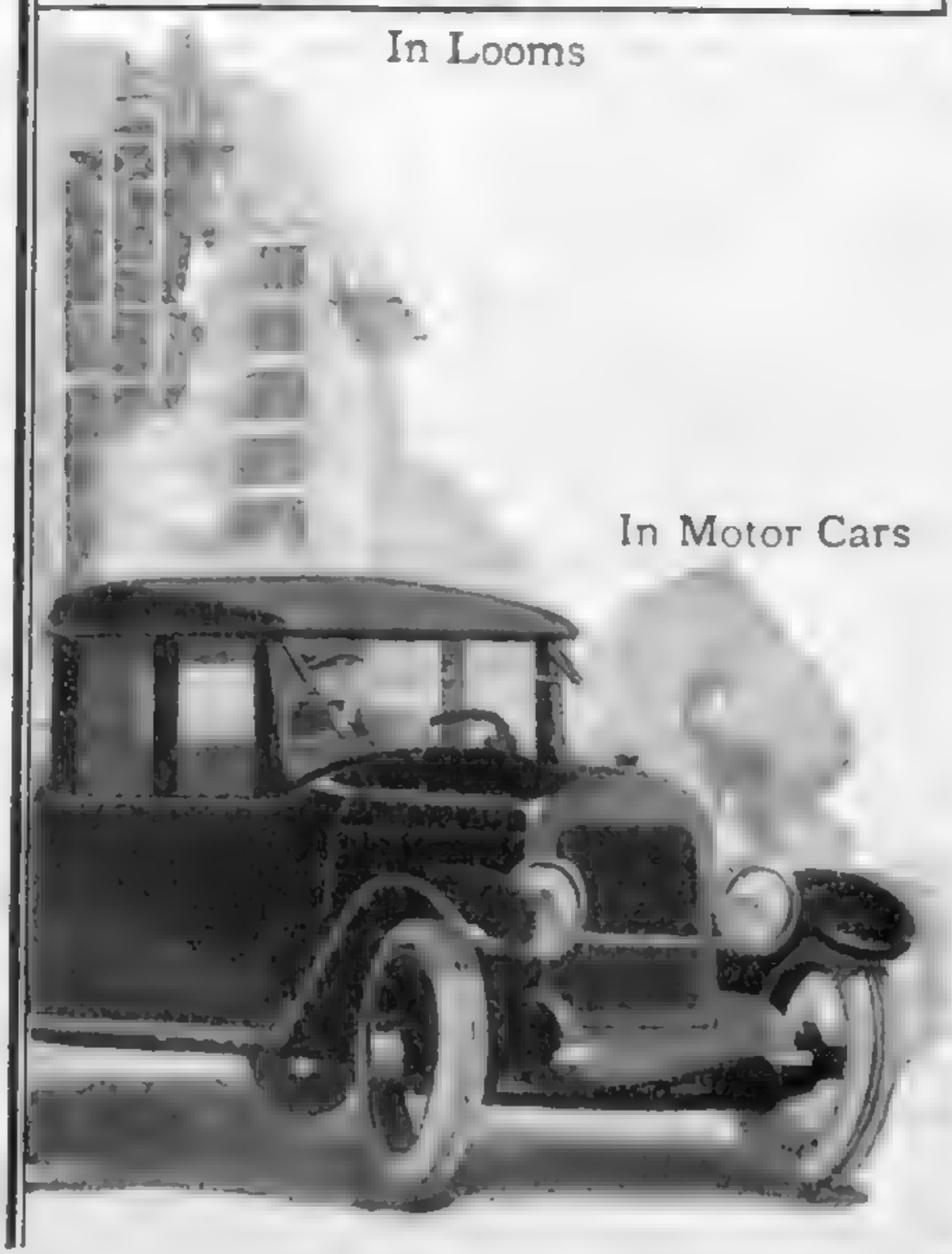

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(Continued from Page 167)

He rose and, searching back in the direction indicated, picked up a limp black mass of straw.

Returning he saw her sitting on the bank, her torso erect, arms raised, rapidly winding the mass of her dark hair round her head. Those lifted arms with their circling gestures, the head thrown back showing the length and fullness of the throat, the strange whiteness of her against the jet-black night—sent old stories reviving in his head of beguiling goddesses. She reached and, taking the hat from him, put it on, pulling it down upon her forehead. The goddess disappeared under its brim. There remained only a young girl crouched on the ground.

He held out his hands to her. "Come along."

"But I ——"

"Don't tell me you can't face it," Policeman X said sternly. "Everyone has to."

"What do you mean?"

"Everyone has to get up every morning and face nothing."

A scornful murmur made itself audible: "Then why do they go on living?"

"Because now and then something happens that makes everything seem different; like to-night, for me—finding you. I'd do anything in the world to help you. Come on now."

Feeling her yield he drew her to her feet. She was taller than he had expected, and quicker. Without his knowing how it happened her hands had freed themselves, and instead of holding he was being held by fingers on his sleeve. Once more he was aware of her nearness like the approach of danger, alarming and attractive.

"Will you tell me something?"

"What's that?" he asked.

"If you weren't a police officer; if you were just an ordinary man, and had found a—a weapon, what would you do with it?"

"If I wasn't an officer of the law?" Policeman X repeated slowly, a little doubtful of her meaning.

"Yes, if you were a private citizen who hadn't taken an oath to the city, you understand, and had found that would you hold it over me?"

"What do you think I am?" he demanded indignantly. "Yellow?"

"Then would you destroy it? Would you take it, and throw it into the river?"

"The river?"

"Yes; and it will be carried out to sea, and no one will ever be hurt by it or reminded of it again."

"Yes—I would," Policeman X answered slowly; and added cunningly: "If I had it."

"Promise?"

"Sure."

He felt her arm press trembling against his. The voice under the hat brim murmured: "No one has ever been so good."

Then Policeman X was aware that he was walking, and that her arm was still knit within his; that he had asked her "Which side?" and she had replied "East." And they had threaded among bushes and pools, and descended under interlacing branches, coming out presently upon open lawns strewn with papers, with here and there the figure of a man prone on the grass in a grotesque attitude as though he had been struck down.

Feeling her shrink he murmured reassuringly: "It's all right. They're asleep."

He felt quite indifferent now to whoever might see him. They seemed to have exchanged moods, she absorbing his timidity. She hung back as they mounted the hill, and below the opening in the wall where paths and drive converge she stopped abruptly, pulling him into the shadow of a tree. For in the middle of the entrance, and looking down the main drive, stood an alert figure in a cap with a gleaming speck of metal on its breast. While they watched it this figure turned slowly, glancing over the trees at the southwest, faced south, and moved away at a deliberate pace, disappearing presently behind the wall. He was already halfway down the block when the two crossed the street and found themselves walking along an empty block of pavement between the shuttered façades of houses.

"What's the matter?" Policeman X inquired, lowering his voice in the profound stillness.

"I didn't want him to see me."

"He wouldn't have said anything. You were with me."

"He might have recognized me."

He looked at her in astonishment. "You live here?"

"The next block."

Romance, the amazing romance of that coincidence, uplifted him in a greater elation of wonder and curiosity.

"Why, that's my beat; nine hours, four to one."

She seemed to puzzle over the significance of this.

He helped her out. "I wonder why I haven't seen you."

"Haven't you?"

"Never. I'd have remembered; I'd have known you in a minute."

She received this tribute in silence, lids drooping.

Policeman X added: "And his beat doesn't extend this far."

A broken whisper at his shoulder informed him: "Friend of one of the girls; seen him there at the house."

She gave a darting glance upward at a row of windows overhead, blank, curtained, unobservant; then before he could reply, before he realized what was happening, her arm slid from within his and he was looking at her back turned upon him and descending into an areaway.

He had an alarmed impression that he was being eluded. Like a child following a light he followed downward.

In the choking darkness of the entryway beneath he was aware that she had turned again and confronted him. He felt within his hand the pressure of hers; heard a whisper, sharp and intense: "You promised."

"Yes," he answered mechanically, making a vain effort to retain the elusive fingers. He stammered: "When can I—can't I come and see you sometime?"

The reply came softly, promptly: "No."

"But can't I do anything?"

"You've already done everything that anyone could; more than anyone ever has. I shan't forget."

There was a stir in the darkness, a click, a faint current of close air wafting upon him; then a scarcely audible concussion. He put out his arms, groped, touched stone on either side, in front; wood. The door. It was shut.

His incredulous fingers groped along that surface, and finding the knob turned it, cautiously, in vain. Gone—like that! A whisper in the dark: "No." Why no? He had so many things to ask her. The door had closed. There was nothing to remind him that she had ever been there. Nothing, except ——

He took his hands from the doorknob and swore softly. A mental qualm, a faint revulsion of feeling seized him. Alone in the narrow darkness he realized for the first time with undisturbed clearness one thing. All the black magic of the night seemed to have shriveled down and resolved itself into that one sinister object. He moved backward, reluctant, as though drawn by an invisible hand, his eyes fixed on the door. It didn't open; wouldn't of course. She had succeeded in getting in without rousing anyone. It was that she had been afraid of. Not likely she would risk it a second time, even supposing she had remembered something important she wanted to tell him. His heel struck against the lowest step.

Turning, groping cautiously for the railing, he mounted out of the shadow. The house number was upon the newel post of the upper steps. He observed it in passing, taking note of that and nothing else in the street. By a fortunate chance that block was quite deserted, Policeman Y having just rounded the corner into the parked thoroughfare. Policeman X, unaware of his good fortune, oblivious, moved forward, still going eastward.

Yes, if she had remembered anything she wanted to ask him of course she would wait until to-morrow afternoon, when he would be passing, and it would be easy for them to speak. What more natural than that the maid should have a few words with the officer on the beat? She had said "No"; but she had been wretched and frightened. In a week perhaps, when she began to forget that scoundrel ——

The sound of feet running swiftly behind him put an end to his thoughts. A light, short, uneven patter. He stopped, feeling weak. The impulse to bolt was succeeded by a dreamlike incredulity, an exultation that seemed to float him off the earth. She was running after him. After him! He dared not look. His arm was seized. The violence of the grasp sent a thrill along his already agitated nerves. He turned quickly, and remained with lowered head staring bewildered into the white face and fierce black eyes that stared back.

(Concluded on Page 173)

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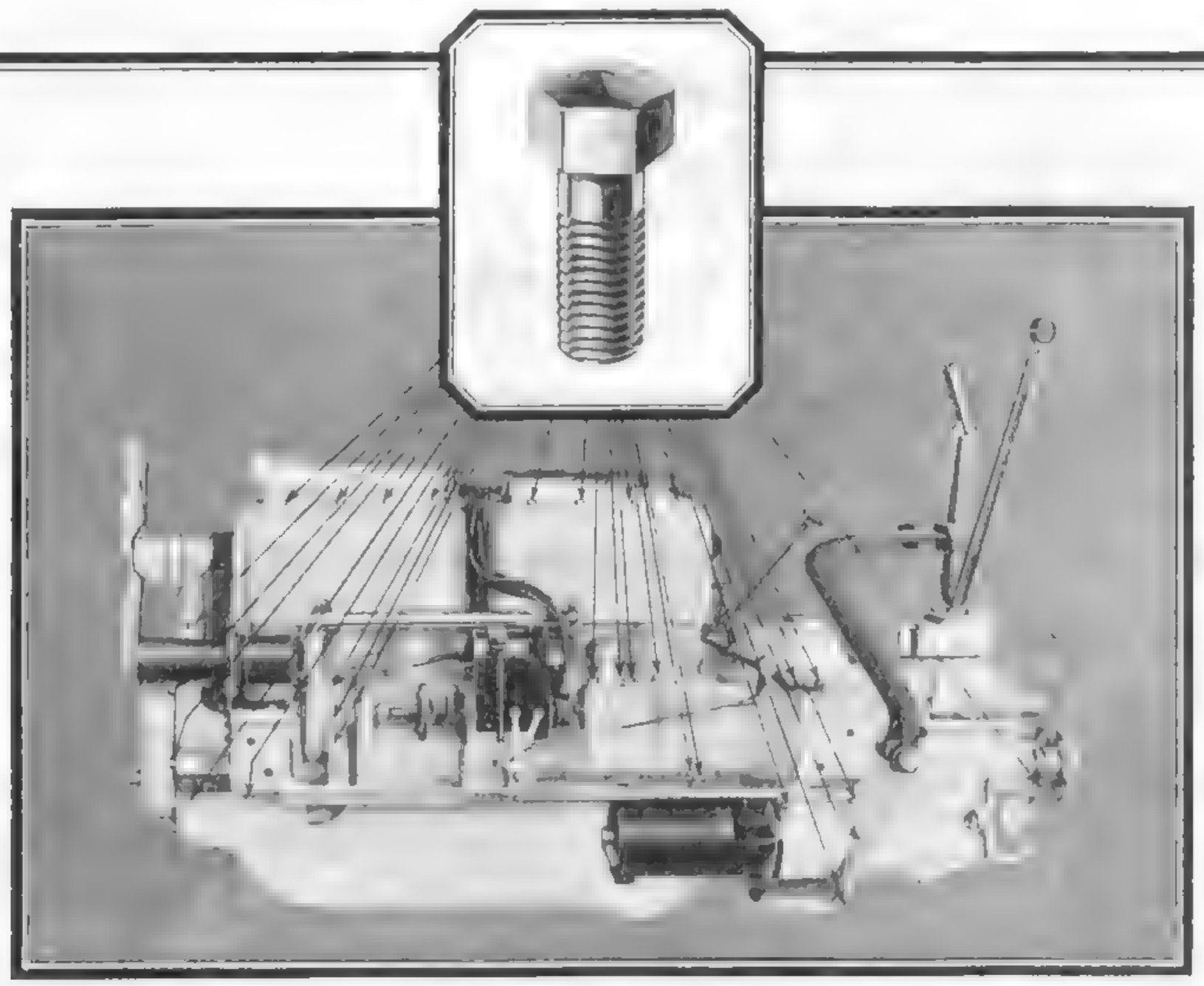

Why Ferry Process Screws are used in Chandler Motors

FOR more than four years Ferry Process Screws have been an important unit in the building of the Chandler Six, "famous for its marvelous motor."

The selection was not made offhand. Chandler engineers tested these screws in every possible way—in the laboratory, in the shops, in the completed motor under actual road conditions. So satisfactory were these tests that Ferry Process Screws have been used consistently ever since, as evidenced by the following letter from F. C. Chandler, President of the Chandler Motor Car Company, to the Ferry Cap and Set Screw Company:

> "We have been large users of your product for the past four years and we have been very well satisfied with the quality of the goods furnished us."

Large users of the product! Very well satisfied with the quality! Here, indeed, is convincing proof of the superiority of Ferry Process Screws.

* * *

Since 1907, when Thomas Ferry came forth with a wholly new principle in screw-making, Ferry Process Screws have won an enviable reputation in the manufacturing world. Many other leading manufacturers besides Chandler have put the stamp of their approval upon Ferry methods and Ferry products.

What is this new principle in screw-making? The diagram at the bottom of the page gives graphic answer to this question.

Under the old method, a bar of steel the size and shape of the head, not of the shank, is used—and then the shank is formed by milling away the steel until the right size is obtained. This comparatively slow and tedious method represents a considerable waste in raw material.

The Ferry Process completely reverses the old method. Here a bar of steel is used—its size *not* that of the head—*but of the shank*. The waste of raw material is inconsequential.

The matrix-compression principle

But the real problem was to form the head. To batter on a shapeless knob, and then to cut this knob to size and shape, would disturb the molecular structure of the steel. Thomas Ferry solved this problem—by inventing an ingenious matrix, or die, in which the head is formed by powerful compression.

Following this, the heads are accurately finished, the ends pointed, the shanks threaded to micrometer accuracy, with Pratt & Whitney gauges as the standard. The Ferry heat-treatment insures uniformity in strength. All of these steps are performed by high speed automatic machines, with special tools and equipment, developed by Thomas Ferry and fully covered by patents.

* * *

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THE FERRY CAP AND SET SCREW COMPANY, 2151 Scranton Road, Cleveland, Ohio

FERRY PROCESS SCREWS

(Concluded from Page 170)

"Annie!" he whispered.

"I saw you!" she panted.

"Annie!" he repeated, distracted, trying to convince his eyes. His dream seemed to be turning upside down in his head.

"I saw you!" she repeated wildly. "Don't deny it."

"Wha—wha—what are you doing here?"

"What are you doing?" she retorted. "I saw you with her. I was at the window. I—was there at one o'clock when you went by; but you didn't see me. I've been there; I couldn't sleep; and I saw you come back with her, and go down to the door with her."

"Well, what if I did?" he stammered feverishly. "I was only seeing her into the house safe."

"You stayed there."

Her voice was in fact hardly above a whisper, but to his appalled ears it seemed to ring out between the silent houses.

"Sh-h-h!" he whispered. The sight of her, disheveled, wild, in the open street, and at such an hour! The shocking impropriety of it! A woman—a nice woman—acting like this! The scandal if she should be seen! "It's nothing. I'll tell you to-morrow. Go home!" he commanded desperately.

He tried to release his arm. He began to walk forward again mechanically, but she kept beside him, talking against his profile.

"I won't! You can't send me home like a dog!"

He gasped, genuinely shocked.

"I don't mean that. Someone might miss you at the house."

"I don't care. Why are you going this way? Where are you going? What has she got you into?"

"Nothing," he retorted, but he was conscious that that question touched a vulnerable point. "You're all wrong about her, Annie. She's nothing but a poor girl."

The woman beside him swung off an arm's length. "Poor girl! She? Half a million dollars!"

Policeman X stared at his companion. He wondered if Annie had suddenly gone crazy.

"What are you talking about?" he muttered.

"Her—that devil—Mary Fane!"

His knees became jelly. He stopped, turning a pale vacuous countenance upon her blazing wrath.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am! I haven't lived opposite her for three years, I haven't seen her get out of her mother's automobile a hundred times, and not know her, even with that hat over her face! And that dress! Masquerading!"

Something in the breast of Policeman X seemed to be sinking down like lead through his body. A wave of heat crept slowly upward, scorching his throat, dimming his eyes, burning to the roots of his hair. His head felt like hot glass at the point of bursting. Two small, detached memories floated in it like sparks.

"And I told her she had the devil of a temper; I asked her if I could call on her!"

"Oh, I know her!" the voice beside him continued frantically. "Masquerading like a respectable girl so she won't be recognized. Runnin' round after you as she ran after that actor."

"It's not true," he burst out in his agony of humiliation. "She wouldn't look at me!"

The woman before him glared like a lioness.

"Why wouldn't she? Why wouldn't any woman look at ye? She was lookin' at ye all the time yer comin' down the street. She's just the kind to get hold of a poor unsuspectin' feller like you. And you'll defend her to me! Michael!"

Her hand dragged at his arm, and suddenly he felt her whole weight against his shoulder as though her own strength had deserted her. Her face startled him. It was so like—no, it wasn't—but it was the look—that look so like hate.

The only difference seemed that the face in the park had been for someone else. This was for him.

"Annie," he whispered, "on my honor, she thinks nothing at all about me. I never saw her before to-night. I'm nothing to her. And she's nothing to me." He was conscious, strangely enough, that as he spoke them the words became true. When the door had shut upon her, when she had said "No"—that had been the end. The dream had melted. And the thing that made it hardest to bear was that the reality confronting him did not believe him. The eyes, so strangely like the eyes of his dream, so different, clearer, more direct and uncompromising, were fastened upon him with a merciless incredulity. He took her hand. The muscular fingers were trembling.

"It is true," he entreated, pulling her arm through his and beginning to drag her forward again. "Listen, now, if I tell you ——"

"Ah-h-h, tell me what you've been tellin' her!"

"I'll tell you more." The inspiration seized him, sweeping him off his feet. "If I tell you something I've never told her, an' she'll never know—nobody'll ever know but you—would you believe me then?"

"What?"

"It's my secret. I'd meant never to tell anyone. If I trust you with it ——"

Her steady probing gaze faltered. Something more piercing than hate, more profoundly disturbing, looked at him for an instant.

"If you're tellin' me true?"

"I am, as God's above! I never saw her before to-night. As I was crossin' the park—she was after a feller ——"

"That actor!"

"You know about it?"

"Sure. Everybody does."

"Then if she has the money, why wouldn't he marry her?"

"She ain't of age. Maybe she couldn't get it."

He reflected. "H'm, it would be that. He's a bad lot; and y'see, he threw her down. She tried to—well, it's something you'd never think of, Annie."

"To kill him?" Annie inquired calmly.

Policeman X was not so appalled at this remark as he might have been three hours before. Nevertheless there was something odd in the way he looked at her.

"What made you say that?"

"Ah, Michael, you're so innocent! What else would she do, a woman like that, with no respect for herself?"

"Yes," Policeman X murmured, "that's it. She had no respect for herself; but, Annie, she wasn't bad. There was no harm in her at all except that she was crazy with love for him. She had no idea what she was doin', poor kid. An' when she fainted I took it out of her hand without his ever seein'."

"It?"

"Yes. An' lied to him, and bullied him until he run off."

"Michael, suppose he brings it up against you?"

"How?"

"But doesn't she ——"

"Haven't I told yer she doesn't know anythin'? I pretended to her there was no such thing; that she had just dreamed it. To save her face, you know, Annie, and anyhow I thought it was safer. No one knows that I've got it—but you."

Her gaze, fascinated, horrified, traveled over his imposing figure. She breathed "What?" and then became aware that they were no longer walking. They were standing in a huddle of shadows between two gaunt brick walls, looking off on a purplish-black void edged with glittering lights. An odor of wet decaying timbers rose to their nostrils. She shrank back.

"What are you going to do?"

He was looking away from her, out upon the wide black expanse where an occasional red or green eye like that of some sea monster moved deliberately. He repeated as though he were reciting a lesson: "I'm going to take it and throw it into the river, where no one can ever be hurt by it or reminded of it again."

She leaned forward eagerly as he drew his hand out of his pocket. Only a hand appeared, closed, and half hidden by the cuff.

"You don't want to see it, Annie. I've trusted you. Now you trust me, and take my word for it."

He made a long step aside from her, swung on his heel, bent his body and arm, and with the strong twist of the thrower flung high and far. A small twinkling speck soared upward, flashed in a narrow arc across the sky, shot downward, vanished as if the night had opened its mouth.

Turning he advanced, his face very grave, and held out his empty palms. Her eyes were fixed upon him with amazement, with a touch of awe, as though he had just performed some magic transformation. It was that, if anything, that made her hesitate before suddenly giving both hands and pressing close to him in an irrational panic.

"What was it?" she whispered.

"Vitriol," said the innocent Policeman X.

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THE EVERLASTING HILLS

(Continued from Page 32)

"Oh, I see," she smiled. "Runaways?"

"That's it," he said. "That's just it."

"Well now, that's different. But there ain't no one up yet—table girls nor nothin'. You'll have to eat in here."

"I'm game," agreed Hardington. "Shall I get her?"

"I dunno what the boss'll say when he gits up."

"We'll be out of here before then," answered Hardington.

Helen was able to set her hat right, which helped considerably in her general appearance, but for all that there is not much doubt but what she would have occasioned gossip had she been obliged to run the gantlet in the public dining room of the boarders now happily sleeping. As it was Mrs. Hamden, who received her hospitably enough at the beginning, tossed up her nose a bit when Mrs. Hardington after being seated at the wooden kitchen table threw back her opera cape revealing her white rounded shoulders and the beautiful lines of her soft neck.

When Hardington tossed aside his coat and calmly seated himself in full evening dress the effect might have been disturbing to anyone even less conventionally inclined than Mrs. Hamden.

Helen found her own cheeks a bit flushed and when Hardington laughed at that they only deepened in color.

But Mrs. Hamden was true to her word and served them breakfast—a piping hot breakfast right off the stove not three feet away. She even sat down with them and had her own coffee at Hardington's invitation.

"Lordy!" she exclaimed. "You two must be younger than you look."

"I should hate to tell you how old we are," answered Hardington.

"Well, I suppose it's all the way you feel. How much farther you planning to go?"

"We haven't made any plans. Can you tell us where we are now?"

"This is Charlestown, New Hampshire. Didn't you know even that?"

Hardington shook his head.

"Well, you must be in love!"

That struck Hardington as a curious idea. He had not thought of anything of the sort. But when he glanced up and met his wife's eyes he saw them tremble as shyly away as though she were twenty again.

"Maybe," he smiled. "Maybe there is something in that."

"Carl!" she exclaimed in protest at public discussion of such decidedly intimate personal matters.

By the time they had finished, life was already beginning to stir above and about them.

Reluctantly he rose and draped the cape once more about his wife and shut himself up in his coat.

"It's time we moved on," he decided.

He pressed a ten-dollar bill into Mrs. Hamden's hospitable hand and left her staring at it as he turned back to the machine. He took his place at the wheel, started the engine and moved on—in the direction he was pointing.

"Where are you going now?" gasped Helen.

He raised his eyes to the clean-cut horizon bounded by purple hills.

"See that big one in the middle? I'm aiming for that."

"But, Carl," she exclaimed, "it's broad daylight now."

She seemed to imply that they had no place out here in the full glare of the sun. And as far as their costumes went there was some truth in that. But though the exclamation pulled Hardington up with a jerk, it was not of this he was thinking. Until this moment he had considered the morning as a continuation of the night. She had reminded him it was not that. This was a new day—a working day, and here he was nine hours distant from his office. Hardington threw off the clutch and applied the brake, bringing the car to a standstill with a jerk. There were a dozen matters he had planned to attend to this forenoon; matters that yesterday he had considered vitally important. So at this moment they still seemed. They involved a possible profit or loss of several thousand dollars. Never before in his life had he failed to be on the job in a situation of this sort. He turned his car.

"Oh," she cried, "are we going back?"

It was a sharp impulsive cry that drew his eyes to her. Once again as at the breakfast table he saw the color in her cheeks deepen. But with a frown he drew out his watch. It was six o'clock.

"I can't make the office, but I can get Dunbar at his home on the long distance," he snapped.

So he turned his back on the purple hill and retraced the road to the little town. He found a telephone in the local grocery store which was just opening and put in his call, pacing the floor once more as he waited. Central worked hard to rouse the soundly sleeping young gentleman in peaceful New York, and when he did answer found him in no very good humor at being dragged from bed at this unearthly hour. But that was all in the day's work and she calmly connnected him with Charlestown, New Hampshire, and Hardington.

"Hello, Dunbar! Hardington speaking."

"Yes, sir," answered the astonished general manager.

"I—I've got stranded up here in the mountains. I don't see how I can get in to-day."

"Stranded? Car broke down?"

"No, but—well, never mind how I got here. I'm two hundred and sixty miles from New York."

"I see. Now that you are there," ventured Dunbar, "why don't you stay a while?"

"Eh?"

"I think I can swing things all right, sir."

"You do, do you? Well, I don't"

"I beg your pardon. I only thought——"

"There are plenty of other things for you to think about."

In the next five minutes Hardington gave him a list, receiving in reply merely confirmatory "Yes, sirs." Except in the matter of getting out of bed at six o'clock in the morning Dunbar was remarkably level-headed.

"I'll be at the office at eight to-morrow," concluded Hardington.

He returned to the car feeling easier, when Helen called to him from the door of a neighboring store.

"We really can't go farther in any direction looking like this," she declared. "I've found a suit in here which I think will just fit you."

He entered reluctantly, having just figured that in the next hour he could do forty miles toward New York. To humor her he retired to the rear and tried on the pepper-and-salt thing she handed him. Of course the question of a proper fit of a suit of clothes is—like most things—purely relative. The proprietor assured him that except for a few details like taking up the trouser legs some three inches and taking in the coat as many inches more—trifles which could be attended to in an idle moment—he could not ask for anything more.

"I'm not asking for anything more," replied Hardington. "I'd even be satisfied with a little less."

But when he came back to Helen he immediately forgot his own appearance, for she stood there ready to greet him in a purchase for herself—a suit technically described as a nobby blue serge. It had been somewhat hastily adjusted over a blue and white shirt waist approximately a size too large for her.

As Hardington burst out into a roar of laughter she stammered: "Anyhow it covers me."

"It does that," admitted Hardington—"in folds."

But as she grasped the details of her husband's suit she felt more comfortable.

"We'll take these," she decided.

"Not seriously," returned Hardington. "We can't do better."

"Then," declared Hardington, "it won't do to reach New York until after dark."

Hardington paid for the clothes out of the hundred-dollar bill Helen had given him and which fortunately he had broken at the roof garden. He still had some sixty dollars left.

Returning to the car he again caught sight of the purple hill in the middle distance.

"Do you know," he said thoughtfully, "I think we could make that and still get back."

"It doesn't look far," she nodded.

So they turned their car north for a little way. But this was a curious sort of purple

(Continued on Page 177)

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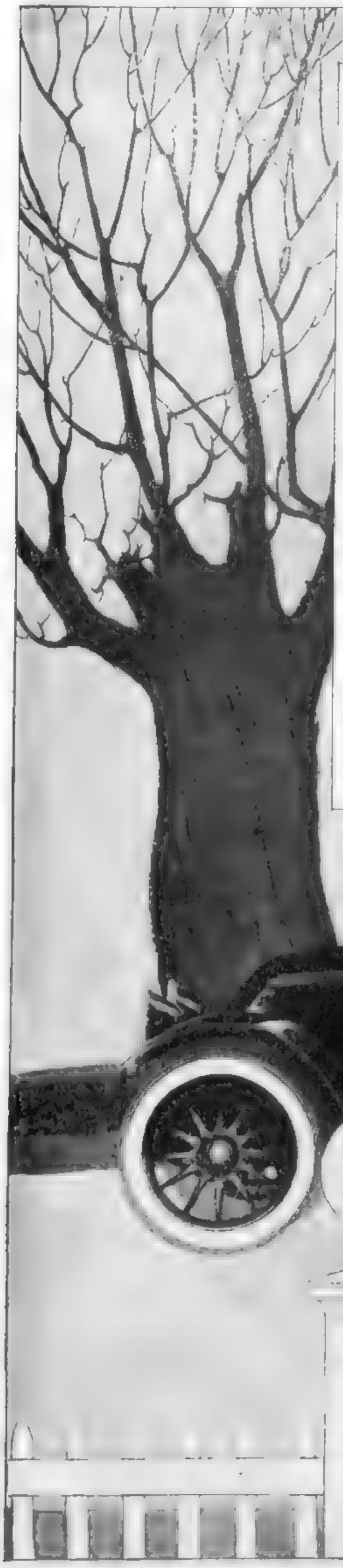

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Those who are familiar with the Franklin Car regard its riding comfort as a trustworthy index to its entire performance.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 174)

hill. It kept receding will-o'-the-wisp fashion. No sooner did he reach a crest that appeared to be the one he was seeking than he saw that as a matter of fact the real crest lay much farther beyond. Swooping down the long inclines and skimming across the intervales and climbing the winding yellow roads he kept on and on and on. And the farther he went the less he thought of what lay behind him and the more curious he became of what lay ahead.

They lunched at Littleton and then swung to the right into the very heart of the White Mountains. But they did not stop where the big hotels were. The gentlemen with golf sticks and the ladies in riding costume frightened them on. From this point their course became even more aimless than before. They merely kept to the good roads. Toward the middle afternoon the guideposts seemed to indicate they were headed for Dixville Notch, but at a town called Errol they got off the road and toward five that afternoon found themselves at Wilsons Mills—a hamlet that as far as anyone could see was of no consequence at all. And yet it was here that Hardington met Bill. It happened most casually. He had stopped for gasoline, when Bill strolled out of the only store in town, a gunny sack over his shoulder, hesitated a moment and came to the car.

"Going up to the dam?" he inquired.

"I don't know," replied Hardington. "Any reason why I should?"

"Thought you might be going fishin', that's all."

"Fishing for what?"

"Red-spots, o' course."

"I don't have to fish for red spots," shuddered Hardington, remembering the things that used to come over his eyes at the end of the day.

"I've hearn tell 'bout where you could ketch 'em in your hands, but I ain't never seed the place yet," responded Bill.

Hardington rather liked the appearance of this lank tanned man with sky-blue eyes. So he continued the conversation.

"Supposing I should go to the dam, what then?" he asked.

"I'd ask ye for a lift."

"How far is it?"

"Round three miles."

"Get in."

Bill climbed in back and Hardington started for the dam. It was on this road that he met with his only bit of bad luck, or perhaps the accident was due to the fact that his eyes had begun to feel the strain of his long drive. At any rate he did not see a bad water rib in the road and took it at a pace that snapped a spring. It left the car as badly crippled as a man with a sprained ankle. By careful driving Hardington managed to limp to the dam—a big stone structure that held back the waters of Magalloway, making a lake some fifteen miles long and from a mile to three miles wide. And all round these waters lay purple hills of the kind he had been chasing all day. Bill got out with his gunny sack.

"What ye goneter do now?" he inquired.

There was one house in sight and Hardington saw running into it the little wire that connected it with all the rest of the world.

"Telephone New York for a spring," he answered.

"How soon you reckon you'll git it?"

"Not to-night, sure," reflected Hardington. "To-morrow possibly. Any place round here to put up?"

"Dunno of any unless ye come to camp with me. You're welcome to a bunk in the shack and I reckon we can scrape up some grub."

"That sounds good only—holy smoke, I'm due in New York in the morning!"

In the excitement of the day he had lost sight of that fact. Even now it did not stir the response in him that it should. For one thing it was amazingly still round here. When he stopped talking he heard nothing but a sleepy twitter of birds and the low deep rumbling of the water booming over the dam—a noise that scarcely seemed like a noise. It was more like a song.

"Well," said Bill, picking up his sack, "I guess I'll be stirrin' then. The old motor boat gits kind of cranky sometimes and I'd rather cross these waters in daylight."

"But look here," protested Hardington helplessly, "you can't leave us like this."

"You're welcome to come along as I said afore."

Hardington turned to Helen.

"It's the only thing to do, isn't it?"

She nodded wearily.

"You wait where you are and I'll telephone Dunbar."

Dunbar was at his club enjoying a well-earned dinner when he received a telephone call. He resented the interruption. Privately he did so none the less when he found that it was Hardington calling from somewhere up in the wilds of Maine. He should have called up during business hours. He felt better about it, however, when he learned the boss was stuck for another day. Hardington had been getting on his nerves lately. Yes, everything was going along all right and he would ship a spring by express. Yes, also a money order by mail.

"Hope you get some fish, sir."

"Who's going to fish?" snorted Hardington.

"Beg pardon, I thought that was what you were there for."

"It isn't. I'm here because I'm here—that's all. Better get that spring off to-night if you can."

The sun was beginning to set when Hardington and his wife stepped into the greasy tub Bill called a motor boat. He wrapped a blanket round his wife and watched the phenomenon of the morning reversed. The gold in the west became crimsoned. Then the pinks and greens appeared, slowly fading into the purple of the sky. One by one, then thousands by thousands, the timid stars ventured from their hiding places. With the noisy engine working hard the boat began to cut through the darkening waters into the land of nowhere. Rugged hills topped with trees were silhouetted against the sky—silent things in an immensity of silence.

Hardington stared at them in awe. He had never been in the woods in his life. What few vacations he had taken had always been along the coast among people. His impression, however much it ran counter to an elementary education in geography, was that there were people everywhere. And people are a shifting, changing, ephemeral lot. But standing here by his wife's side with the liquid dark his highway, and the old hills his horizon, and a million miles of space above him, he forgot the crowds. He was in a setting that went back a million years into the past and was prepared to go forward a million years into the future. And people—lives—were compassed, trimming them of infancy and dotage, by a matter of thirty or forty years. He sat down beside Helen and felt round until he found her hand.

"Some world, this, isn't it?" he whispered.

But her head was nodding. And pretty soon his own began to nod. After this he remembered indistinctly getting a bump as the boat made a landing on a wooded shore, of stumbling up a rocky path to a cabin and still more hazily of climbing into a bunk which he mistook for a sleeping-car berth.

In spite of this Hardington was up at dawn. Helen, too, insisted on rising. The same force roused them that kept the sun on his course and trumpeted reveille to all living things among the pines. Bill already had the coffee boiling on the camp stove in the cooking shanty. Moreover, he already had corn cake in the oven and bacon in the frying pan. He showed his guests where the running water was—a spring bubbling up from beneath the roots of an old tree. When Hardington dipped into it and splashed it over his face he gasped from the icy sting of it, but it left him feeling as fresh as though just shaven.

During breakfast Bill apologized for leaving them alone during the day.

"I'm forest warden here," he explained. "I've got to look at some trails over the hills yonder. Of course if ye want to come along—well, there's a stream I know about that will keep you busy."

"Yonder!" exclaimed Hardington. "I thought this was the end of yonder."

"You're not far from the Canada border," answered Bill. "I reckon you could keep right on across that to the North Pole."

"Then this is only the edge of the woods?"

"Just the fringe as ye might say."

"Are you game to go a little farther, old lady?" questioned Hardington.

"With you," she smiled.

Bill found a couple of poles and a book of old flies for them and at six they started through the woods, still wet with dew, over a narrow path that looked as though it had been traced by a frightened squirrel. With Bill leading, they went on and on and on over pine-crested knolls and down tiny gulhes and through sun-sprinkled openings and over more pine-crested knolls. So it

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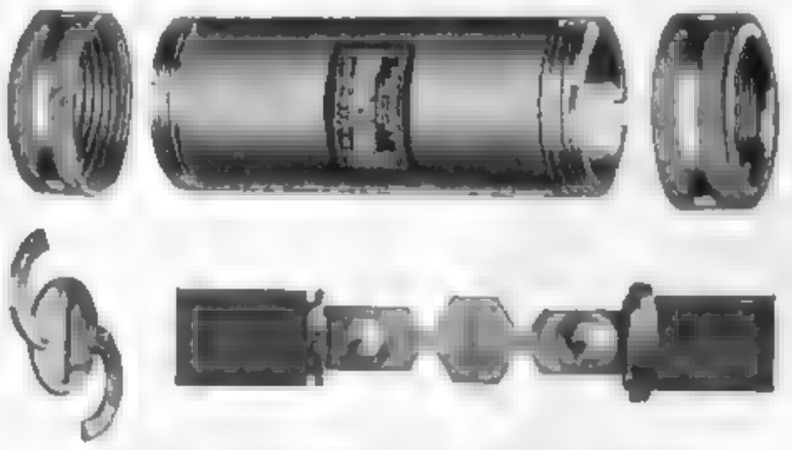
Do you know what you spend yearly for electrical protection? Call in your electrician—get the figures—they are four-fifths too high if you are using fuses which are discarded after operation, on circuits carrying variable loads.

How scores of thousands of fuse users cut the cost of electrical protection 80% yearly.



The Economy "Drop-Out" Renewal Link

An inexpensive Economy "Drop-Out" Renewal Link, applied in a few minutes, makes a blown Economy Fuse as good as new. Nothing is discarded but the broken fuse strip which has operated. This makes possible the 80% saving annually as compared to the cost of securing adequate electrical protection by means of "one time" fuses.

Sold by all leading electrical jobbers and dealers.

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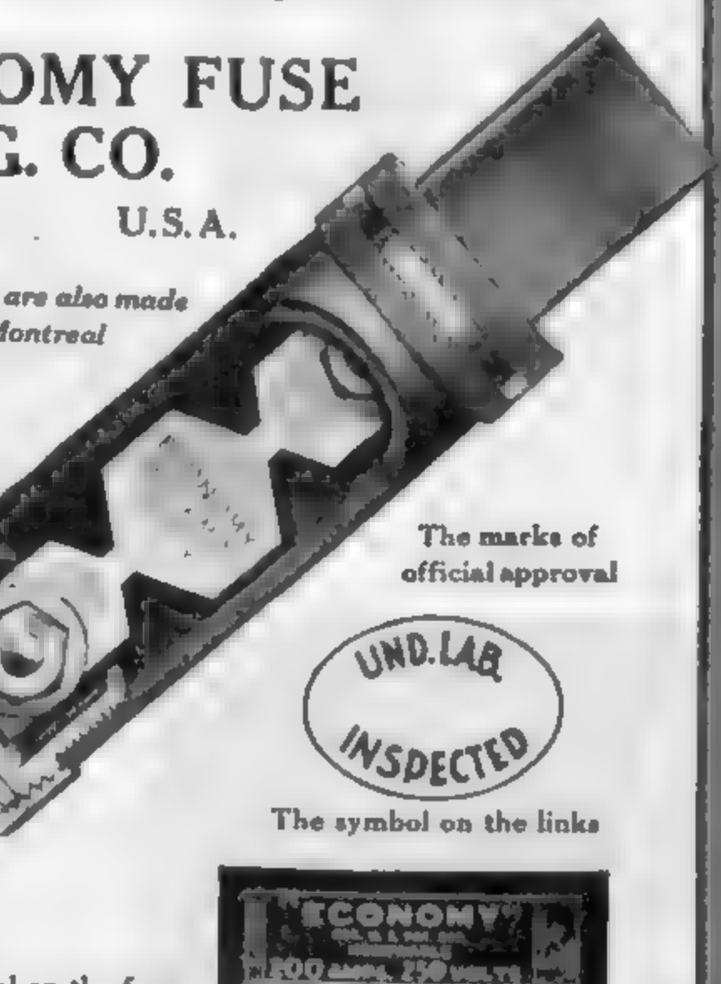
Economy Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal

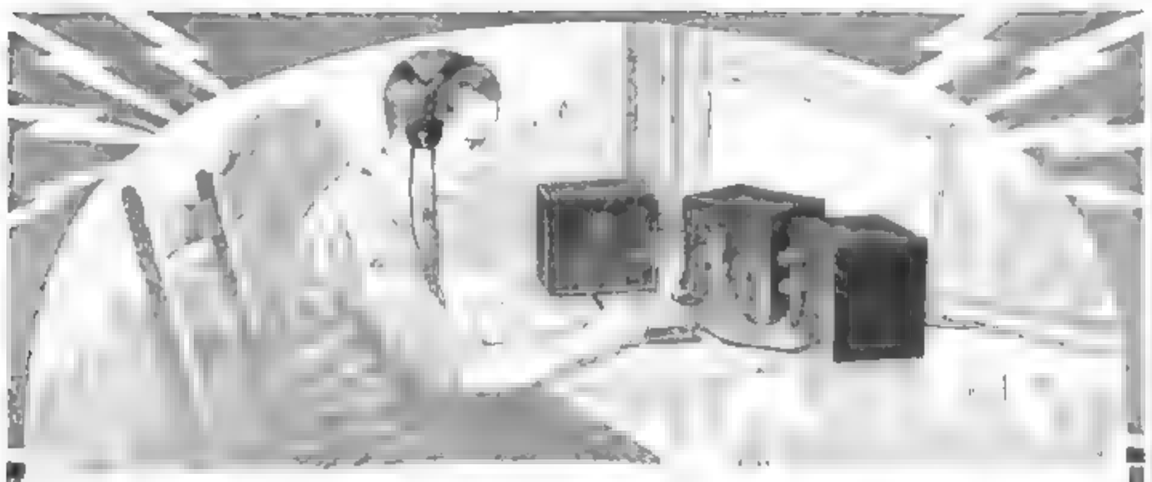


The marks of official approval

UND. LAB. INSPECTED

The symbol on the links

The label on the fuses



A wireless station in an hour

Wireless operating is no longer complicated or expensive. Your boy can have his own wireless station completely assembled and be receiving messages within an hour after he gets a Gilbert No. 4007 Receiving Set.

This outfit, designed and built by an expert, a Radio officer in the U. S. Army during the war, is a complete station of the latest and most approved type and will receive messages from stations 300 miles away. The Loose Coupler included is not the old, obsolete type that pulls out of the box, but a compact instrument of the new enclosed panel type, in a quartered oak cabinet.

The Book of Instructions included with the outfit contains full information about operating and tells the location of the Government and commercial wireless stations—when they send messages and how to receive them.

4007 Set

Gilbert Radio outfits are all illustrated and described in our special Radio catalog—sent free on request. If you wish to purchase a Gilbert outfit immediately and your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

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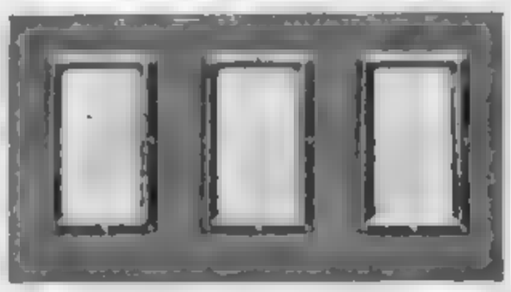


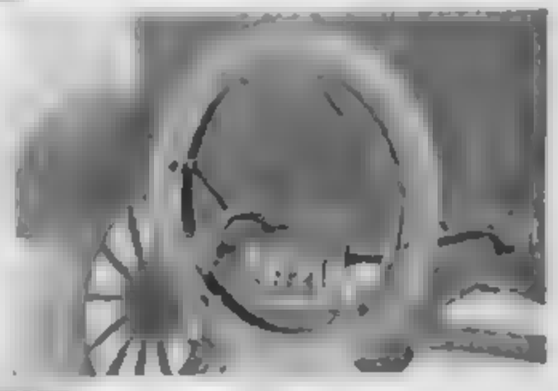
STYLISH GLASS REAR CURTAIN LIGHTS

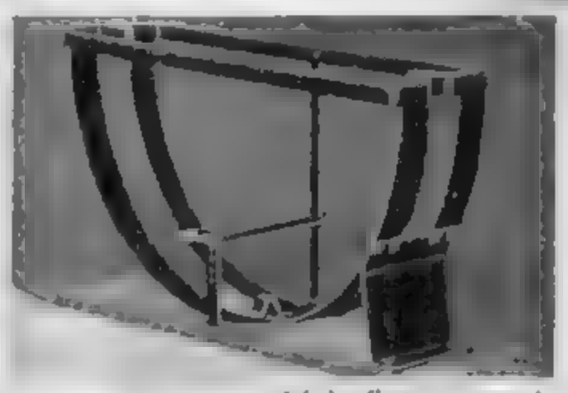
Will dress up your Ford, give you better rear view and protection from the weather. Wear as long as the car itself. Metal sashes are light and strong; clamp, one on each side, to reenforced edges of opening. Finished in fired enamel. Will not sag or tear curtain. Set of three, **$2.50.**

SINGLE EXPANSION TIRE CARRIER

The newest addition to our well known line of carriers. Combines neatness of appearance with greater convenience. A simple pull of lever instantly releases tire, which is gripped tightly from the inside. Carries any size tire or rim used.

Rear Single **$5.00.**
Rear Double **$6.50.**





DOUBLE CRADLE SIDE CARRIER

No tire carrier has been more popular among Ford owners. Fits close to the body, is strong and rigid, well finished in fired enamel. Has thief-proof self-adjusting locking device. Easily installed. Price **$5.00.**

Single Cradle Carrier (for one tire only), $3.50
Rear Double Cradle $6.00
Rear Single Cradle $4.50

Ask for Hastings accessories at your dealer's. If not immediately obtainable we will send prepaid.

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Hastings, Michigan
Dealers: Send for Catalogue of Our Full Line

seemed to Hardington it would have been possible to have gone forever, world without end, amen. So it seemed to the woman trudging along just ahead of him. There was a sense of limitlessness here both as to time and space. He who had gauged every hour of the day in minutes was in the land where not even centuries counted greatly. When La Salle and Father Marquette had roamed the trackless wilderness these acres looked just as they did to-day. So they had looked even before that. What a number of years, when you stopped to think about it, this old world had persisted! And though at different times and in different sections men had made for each other's throats and killed almost to the point of extermination, things had gone on. Somehow things had gone on. Hardington got hold of this as a new idea—vaguely at first, sensing it only as he did the intangible earthy smell of the damp woods. But the deeper he went into the cloistered fastness of these mute companions of the sun, the sky and the stars the more of a reality it became.

At Little Bear Brook Bill put together the poles and showed Hardington how to tie on a fly.

"Then," he said, casting over the waters of the broad stream, "you just tickle the ripples and ——"

As he spoke a half-pound trout jumped for the bucktail. Quickly he handed the pole to Hardington.

"Keep him in the water!" he shouted.

That looked easy, but it did not prove easy at all. In less than ten seconds the trout shook himself free. Hardington was all out of breath with excitement.

"There's plenty more," consoled Bill. "I'm goneter leave ye now. Keep to the stream and come back here round three and I'll pick ye up."

With a wave of his hand he plunged into the woods again, leaving Hardington and his wife alone with the singing waters tumbling down from the everlasting hills.

When Dunbar appeared at the plant that same morning he was met by the foreman of the assembling room with a flat ultimatum—an advance of fifteen cents an hour or a walkout within twenty-four hours.

"But look here," protested Dunbar. "Mr. Hardington is away."

The foreman shrugged his shoulders.

"That's your hunt," he concluded indifferently, and walked off.

Dunbar went back to his desk with his head swimming. A strike in that department would tie up the whole factory and this at such a time would be nothing short of a catastrophe. They were working overtime now to catch up with their orders.

Dunbar picked up the telephone and put in a call for the operator at Wilson's Mills. This was a situation calling for Hardington himself and if he knew the temper of the man he would fight this outrageous demand to the limit. The pity of it was that he had not known about this last night so that he could have had Hardington here this morning.

The answer came back that there was no operator at Wilson's Mills—only a Mr. Trumbull at the dam.

"Give me him," snapped Dunbar.

But when that connection was made Dunbar was not much better off. Mr. Trumbull had never heard of Mr. Hardington.

"You must have seen him," insisted Dunbar. "His car is laid up with a broken spring."

"Oh, that feller," replied Trumbull. "He's gone off with Bill Stevens."

"Well, can't you get him? This is important."

"Don't see how. Bill's camp is twelve miles up the lake."

"Look here," pleaded Dunbar, "I've got to reach him. He's got to get back to town to-day. I'll give you twenty-five dollars to take a message to him."

"Twenty-five dollars?" repeated Trumbull skeptically.

"Are you on?"

"You bet!"

"Then write down this. Ready?"

"Let her go."

"Assembling room demanding an increase of fifteen cents an hour and threatening to walk out in twenty-four hours. Come at once. Urgent. Answer. Signed Dunbar. Repeat."

Trumbull repeated.

"Rush that now. If you get this to Mr. Hardington in time for him to connect to-night with a train for New York I'll add ten more."

Hardington did not receive this message until he returned to camp at six that evening from Little Bear Brook. Then he found Trumbull waiting.

"I guess this is pretty important," exclaimed the latter as he handed Hardington the scribbled memorandum.

Hardington lowered to the ground a string of eight red-spots ranging in size from a half pound to three. Helen stepped to his side anxiously as he read aloud.

"Oh," she exclaimed in relief, "is that all?"

The frown which had begun to furrow Hardington's brow vanished. The piquant aroma of birch bark and pine came to him from the shanty where Bill was kindling a fire.

He saw the smoke curling toward the deepening purple above—the purple which had been since God first said "Let there be light"; the purple which was one with eternity. Rimmed below that in a triumphant circle stood the everlasting hills.

Hardington took a deep breath and as he did so he met his wife's eyes—eyes which at this moment were as deep as the sky itself and quickened with a love light as tender as the dawn.

It was almost in awe that Hardington answered.

"Yes, that's all. Queer Dunbar should get worked up over that."

At eight that evening Dunbar received the following reply:

"Do the best you can. I'll be back in a couple of days."

"A couple of days!" exclaimed Dunbar. "Good Lord, the man has gone crazy!"

Perhaps. Or perhaps it was just a matter of perspective. A couple of days does not seem very long among the everlasting hills.

Taking the Risk Out of Gambling

If you are like most people, the word "gambling" to you means "taking a chance"—with success or failure governed by luck or the lack of it.

When a man tries to pick a winning number on the roulette wheel at Monte Carlo, he is guessing—placing his money against what may or may not come out of the thin air.

He *is* taking long chances because he's going it blind.

But the fellow on the other side of the table has a sure thing—the house percentage backed by the law of averages makes the Monte Carlo corporation pay dividends on their gambling play as sure and certain as the profits big corporations make on their sales.

You've heard of the famous policy a London insurance company wrote for a man who wanted male issue—they insured him against the birth of a girl.

That sounds like the riskiest kind of gambling, but it wasn't. The insurance actuaries studied birth statistics—compiled their figures and charged a premium in accordance with the risk—just as a bookmaker estimates the chances of the various horses winning and figures his odds accordingly.

Here's the whole story in a nutshell—

—gambling is the riskiest pursuit in the world when you're *conjecturing* on what's going to happen—just guessing—that's the one time when it's a safe bet you're going to lose.

—but—the moment you survey the situation—take advantage of experience and the laws of *average*, you cross the table—you're taking bets instead of making them—you're in business instead of just going it blind—the risk is practically eliminated.

—this sounds like a treatise on gambling but it isn't—for no thoughtful man gambles.

To the majority of men, Life is the biggest gamble of all—with success the stake and failure the penalty. And ninety-nine out of every hundred human beings are on the wrong side of the table—blindly wagering their time—their work—their effort against what *may* come, with the chances so strong against them that they probably never will collect.

It isn't lack of ability that makes men fail. It's the lack of proper *application* of ability that finds men gray of hair and faltering of step, drawing down the same wages they made when they were in the early thirties.

There's one way out. Stop betting on what the future *may* bring you and get the percentage in your favor. Start putting yourself in a position where you can mold your own destiny instead of just waiting for things to happen—the things that never come.

What are you doing to advance yourself—to make yourself *worth* more money to the man who signs your pay check?

Do you know a hundred different places where your services would be more than welcome if you needed a new position tomorrow?

If you can't answer those two questions in a manner that would be satisfactory to your wife and those dependent upon you, then—you're gambling—and you're gambling blindly—you're on the wrong side of the table.

The one way to take the risk out of the gamble of life is to profit by the experience of other men—follow the beaten road you know leads to more money every month and independence in the gray years.

Here is the way: Right at home—in the evenings—you can acquire specialized training that will make you a better man mentally—a more prosperous man financially and a braver man—a man not afraid to face what is to come.

Over two hundred thousand men have taken up LaSalle specialized training.

When a letter comes to us saying that the writer has increased his earning 200% or has risen from a clerkship to the head of a department through our training, we are glad to get the letter, but it arouses no special comment, simply because we receive many communications of this kind every day.

We are in the business of preparing men to earn from $2,000 to $10,000 a year or more. And our records show that every serious LaSalle student has made the little money and time he spent pay him hundreds and often thousands of per cent upon his investment.

The day you are an expert accountant—a business correspondent—a law trained man—a business executive—a traffic manager, etc.—that moment you are a trained man—the kind of man employers everywhere are *looking* for—your salary—your earnings rank up with those of the *few*—you rise from the untrained masses who are gambling with that most precious of all human possessions, Time—you *know* what lies ahead and you're prepared to take advantage of it.

Be honest with yourself.

Are you gambling—taking the long chances—do you know today what lies ahead tomorrow—next year and five years hence?

Start taking the risk out right now—the *trained* man backs a sure thing—he has confidence in himself.

J. R. Chapline

President, LaSalle Extension University, at Chicago, Illinois

LaSalle Extension University

"Brings Opportunity to the Door of Every Ambitious Man"

for instance—THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION has 309 men who are increasing their earning power thru LaSalle help. There are 2 102 LaSalle trained men in the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD employ—390 in the STANDARD OIL COMPANY 811 in the AMERICAN TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE CO.—364 with ARMOUR & CO. In big corporations and small institutions—villages and cities—all over America, men are turning ambition into money by utilizing the short cuts which LaSalle training offers. Can you afford to stand still?

THE UNITED STATES MAIL MAKES IT POSSIBLE

No longer is a practical University training available to only a fortunate few. Nothing could be truer than ex-President Taft's recent statement about LaSalle: "You, in this school, are facilitating that which we cherish as the great boon of Democracy—that is, equality of opportunity."

LaSalle specialized training can be taken up in evenings at home. Experience acquired in day work, plus LaSalle training, can be capitalized and made to blossom into more money for you, and your family—two, three, four and five times as much, if the experience of thousands counts at all.

It is a proven method and offers you a path to promotion that has been trodden smooth by the footsteps of more than 200,000 other ambitious men who have found success the LaSalle way.

GET MEASURED FOR MORE PAY

Here lies Opportunity. It needs only action on your part to turn it into Money. Study the list of courses and service scheduled below. Check with an X the department which interests you most, sign your name and mail the coupon. We will send without expense or obligation a catalog, full particulars and the book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," which of itself is worth real money. Getting in touch with LaSalle is nothing more or less than getting measured for more pay. Are you ready?

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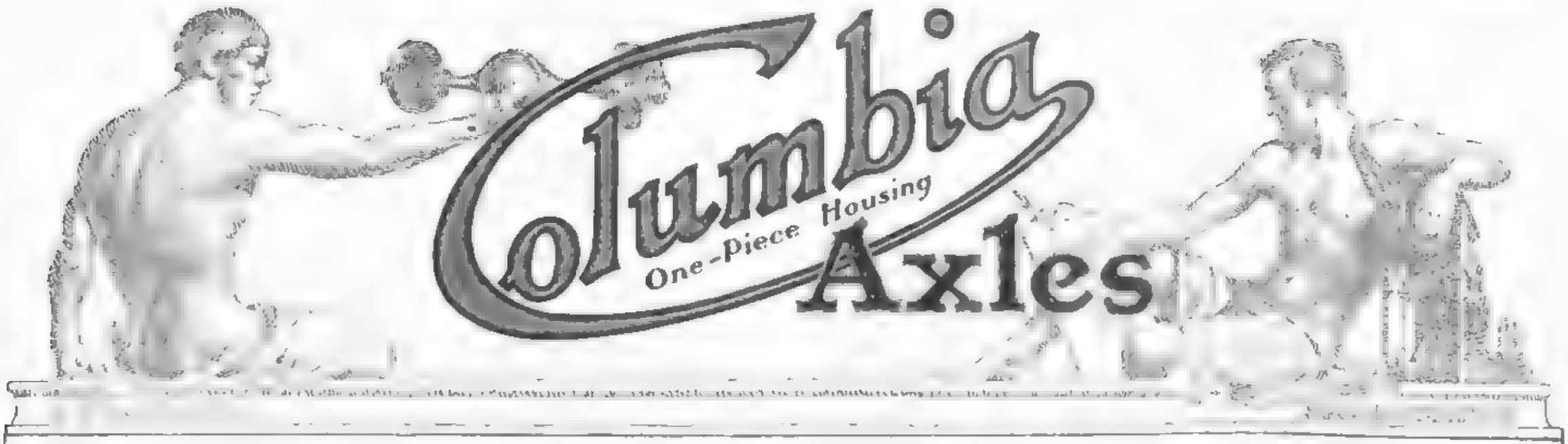
Name Present Position Address



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OUR axle is the result of faith in specialization. The tendency of industry today is toward fewer establishments and a greater output with a corresponding improvement of the product.

The Columbia One-piece Rear Axle Housing is formed from a single piece of steel. It has one lengthwise weld, instead of the two welds required in two-piece housings.

Tests show that Columbia One-piece Housing Rear Axles have more than fifty per cent greater torsional strength.

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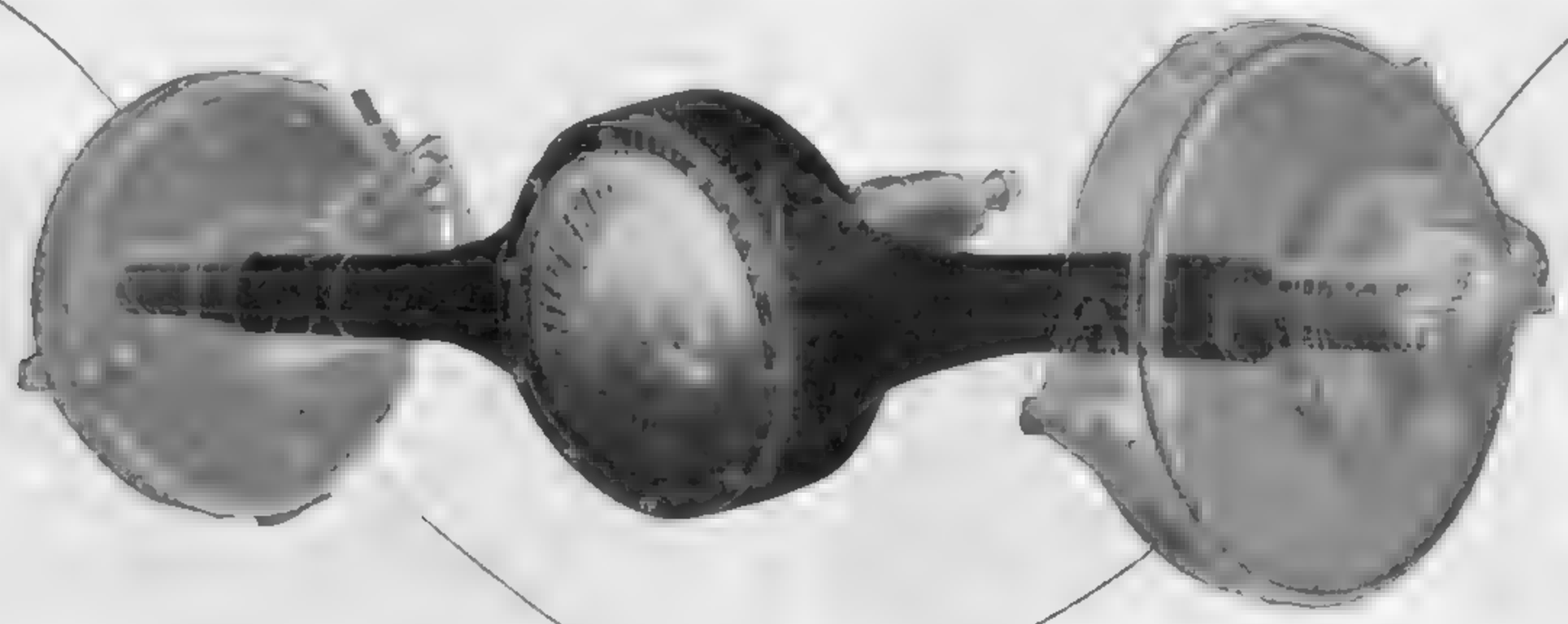


THE CAT CLAUSE

(Continued from Page 9)

down in the cat clause—as I call it—to wit: Before the termination of the six months immediately following his uncle's death he must deliver to his cousin, Anne Brewerby, at her house a living bobtailed black cat with a black tongue. Failing in this he loses all interests in his uncle's estate, and the cool quarter of a million bucks—dollars, you know—goes to Miss Anne Brewerby.

"And there you are, Mr. Clesby. Tough, isn't it? Now I don't for a minute believe that old Brewerby ever expected young Coakley to be able to meet the conditions laid down in that cat clause of his will, do you? It was just his humorous way of taking revenge on the boy for having caused the death of Rastus—that was the name of the animal he booted out of existence. There may be—I say there may be a bobtailed black cat with a black tongue somewhere on this spinning sphere of ours, but I'd say it's a hard combination to beat, and John Brewerby knew he was setting up a hard combination. I know that I've done little else in the past six months but hunt for such a cat, while Mortimer Coakley has spent his last cent many times over in running about the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba and Porto Rico trying to dig up a bobtailed black cat with a black tongue. We are in despair—in deep. The time expires in three days. Now if you ——"

"I suppose you'd be willing to pay ——"

"Pay? Mr. Clesby, we'd pay ten thousand dollars for the beast! We'd pay twenty thousand! Man, man, the man who brings that cat to me will simply be pointing a loaded gun at the head of Mortimer Coakley and saying: 'Stand still and deliver!'"

"It's an interesting story you have told me, Mr. Rawlings," said Mr. Clesby, rising to depart. "I'm not sure that I may not be able to ——"

"Don't forget, Mr. Clesby—only three days left. As the poet What's-his-name said, Time and something-or-other doesn't wait for anybody."

"No, no, I'll not forget. No use my telling you what I have in mind but—you may see me again, Mr. Rawlings. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Clesby. But honestly I don't believe I'll ever see you here again. It's a hard combination—a regular old Gordian knot that old What's-his-title couldn't untie with a two-handled sword. Good-by."

Out in the street Mr. Clesby stopped and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Good money there!" he whispered to himself. "Deuced good money! Manx cats are bobtailed—I thought of that. And I saw one of 'em—a black one too—out at the Widow Malone's last week when I was there for her rent. It had a white spot over one eye, but that could be taken care of. If that cat—I guess I'll take a run out there and look at that cat. There's a chance—you never can tell."

But first he went to the New Union Bank, where he transferred a factory site to the International War Munitions Company. He had purchased the property less than a year before and its sale now netted him something more than ten thousand dollars. As he passed out of the bank Fred Markley, busy at one of the paying windows, gave him a friendly nod and smiled a cheery smile.

"Too fresh!" muttered Mr. Clesby as he returned the nod.

He ate a frugal lunch at the Highwayman's Club, where he was a member, then took a street car and traveled to the Hill District, where he owned a number of shacks that were occupied by steel-mill laborers.

Something like fear showed in the Widow Malone's face when she opened the door in answer to a knock and saw her landlord standing on the steps.

"Why—why, it ain't rint day yit, Mr. Clesby," she stammered.

"No, Mrs. Malone," returned Mr. Clesby, "I've come on another errand. I'll step inside and sit down if you'll allow me." He stepped into the poor little room that Mrs. Malone called her settin' room and took a chair.

"Don't tell me, Mr. Clesby, that you've sold the house to the mills and that I'll be havin' to move!" cried the worried woman.

"Oh, no, no, Mrs. Malone! Calm yourself. This is my errand: When I was here the last time I think I saw a black cat about the house. I'd like to have another look at that cat. I might now wish to buy it from you."

"A black cat is it? Yes, we do have a black cat—we call 'im Netty, but the name doesn't suit the baste whativer. The mishtake, Mr. Clesby, was made at first whin we wasn't sure and we got so used to callin' her Netty that we've called him Netty iver since. Patsy! Oh, Patsy!"

A shock-headed freckle-faced boy came running in from the rear of the house.

"Patsy, darlint, go bring Netty fer Mr. Clesby to have a look at. Where is he?"

"Under the house playin' with the rat him and me ketched."

"Fetch him out," said Mr. Clesby. "I may want to give you a half dollar for him."

The boy dived out of the room and in a minute there rose a hubbub of noise directly beneath Mr. Clesby's feet—yells and hoots and caterwauling and the thump-rattle-bang of thrown brickbats and tin cans. Then a voice came floating up through the thin worn flooring: "I can't git 'im! He's backed back in a hole!"

Mr. Clesby went outside to help. He fetched one of the Widow Malone's clothes poles and got down on his knees at the side of the house where under the boy's directions he poked and prodded in the dirty darkness beneath the building. His trousers were soiled and stained at the knees; he blackened his hands; cobwebs swept his face and pulverized portions of his old house rattled down upon him, mixed in his hair, stuck to his perspiring face and neck, slipped down his collar; a rusty nail in the house siding scratched a red line across his bald dome. But Mr. Clesby heeded not such trifles. He poked and prodded with the clothes pole. He yelled to the boy beneath for instructions.

"Which side? How's that? Am I close to him? Tell me where!"

"Ye-o-ow! I've got 'im!" screeched Patsy from the gloom. "Ouch! Quit yer pokin' me, dad-blame it! Ain't I told you I got 'im?"

Mr. Clesby laid down his pole and rose to his feet. Out from beneath the house came the boy with a squirming, clawing, yowling, spitting black cat held firmly under one arm. They went into the settin' room. Patsy with much effort was keeping hold of the cat, jet black in color with the exception of a single spot of white above its right eye.

"I'd 'a' got 'im sooner if he'd a' had a tail, but he ain't got no tail," said the boy. The animal was a bobtailed Manx.

"That's the ticket—you got him anyway," said Mr. Clesby. "Now pull his mouth open."

"Pull his mouth open!" repeated Patsy in astonishment. "Pull his mouth open, my old gum boots! Fer the lova Mike, how'm I goin' to pull his mouth open? He'd chaw me up like a—like a wild hyena in a circus! Wouldn't you, Netty?"

"But I've got to see his tongue!" snapped Mr. Clesby. "Did you ever see it? What color is it?"

"Sure, I've saw it! It's 'bout the same color as a ripe watermelon inside. Gee, I like watermelon, don't you? Ouch! Geewhillikens, Netty, keep them claws outen my legs!"

"Here, here! If I can't see the cat's tongue I won't know whether I'll want to buy him or not," cried Mr. Clesby.

"Well, d'ye reckon we could manage it if you'd hold his hin' legs 'nd me his front legs, 'nd have maw prize open his mouth with the handle of a knife?" asked the boy. "Let's try it anyhow. It won't hurt 'im a bit. Grab holt, Mr. Clesby, 'nd grab tight, you bet! Now, maw, bring a knife—one of them old ones."

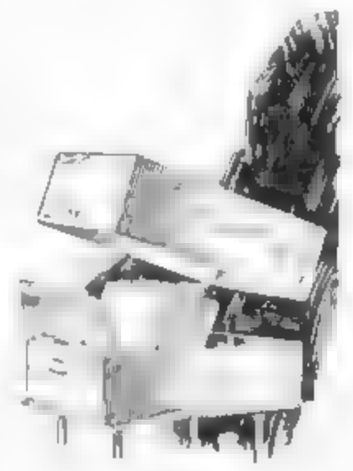
The Widow Malone protested volubly at the proposal, but at last consented to try to perform the part chosen for her. The cat protested silently with set jaws and staring eyes. Mr. Clesby offered no objection to the scheme and the Widow Malone unenthusiastically set to work. A minute, two minutes of persistent application of the knife handle against one side of the animal's mouth, and then Patsy gave a cry.

"Hi! Looky! 'Sopen!"

Gleaming rows of white stalactites and stalagmites in a small pink cavern became visible to those who wished to behold.

Mr. Clesby looked but once.

"Bah!" he snorted. "Let go, everybody!"



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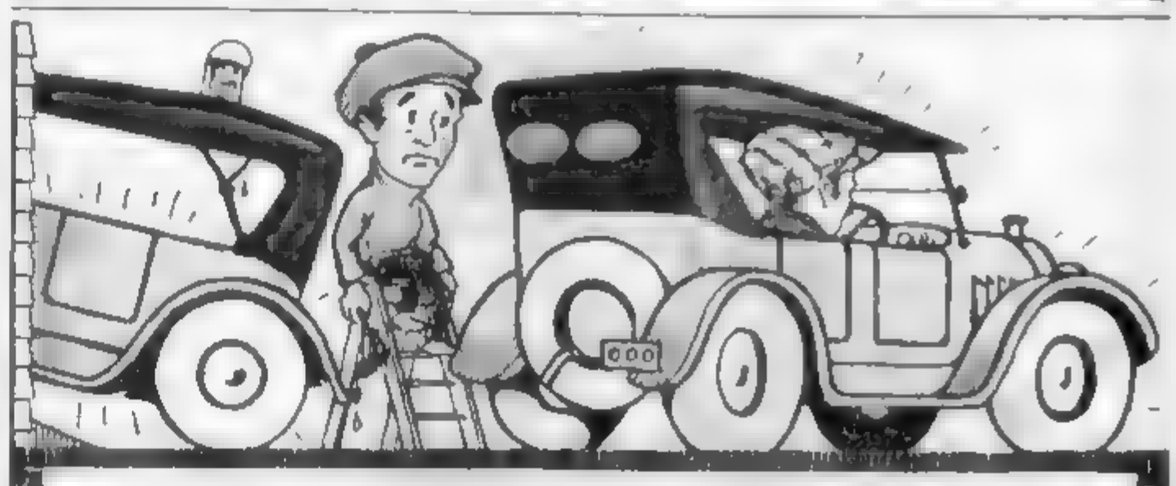


You Can Paint Your Car But You Can't Paint the Top

A coat of paint will make the body shine and cover up the signs of wear—but you can't fill holes in the top or make the top look new with paint—*it just can't be done.*

What you need for that newly painted car is a BADGER SLIP ROOF

A Complete New Re-Covering

The BADGER SLIP ROOF is a perfect fitting Roof and Back Curtain patterned from the car manufacturer's original models; completely sewed and ready to put on. For all models and makes of cars.

Choice of the world's finest Mohair and Rubber fabrics—including the famous "Neverleek" and "Dreadnaut" guaranteed toppings—now used as standard equipment by most fine car manufacturers.

See your garage, automobile or accessory dealer for actual samples of materials, styles and remarkably low prices. No loss in use of car—attached in a couple of hours. Thousands already in use.

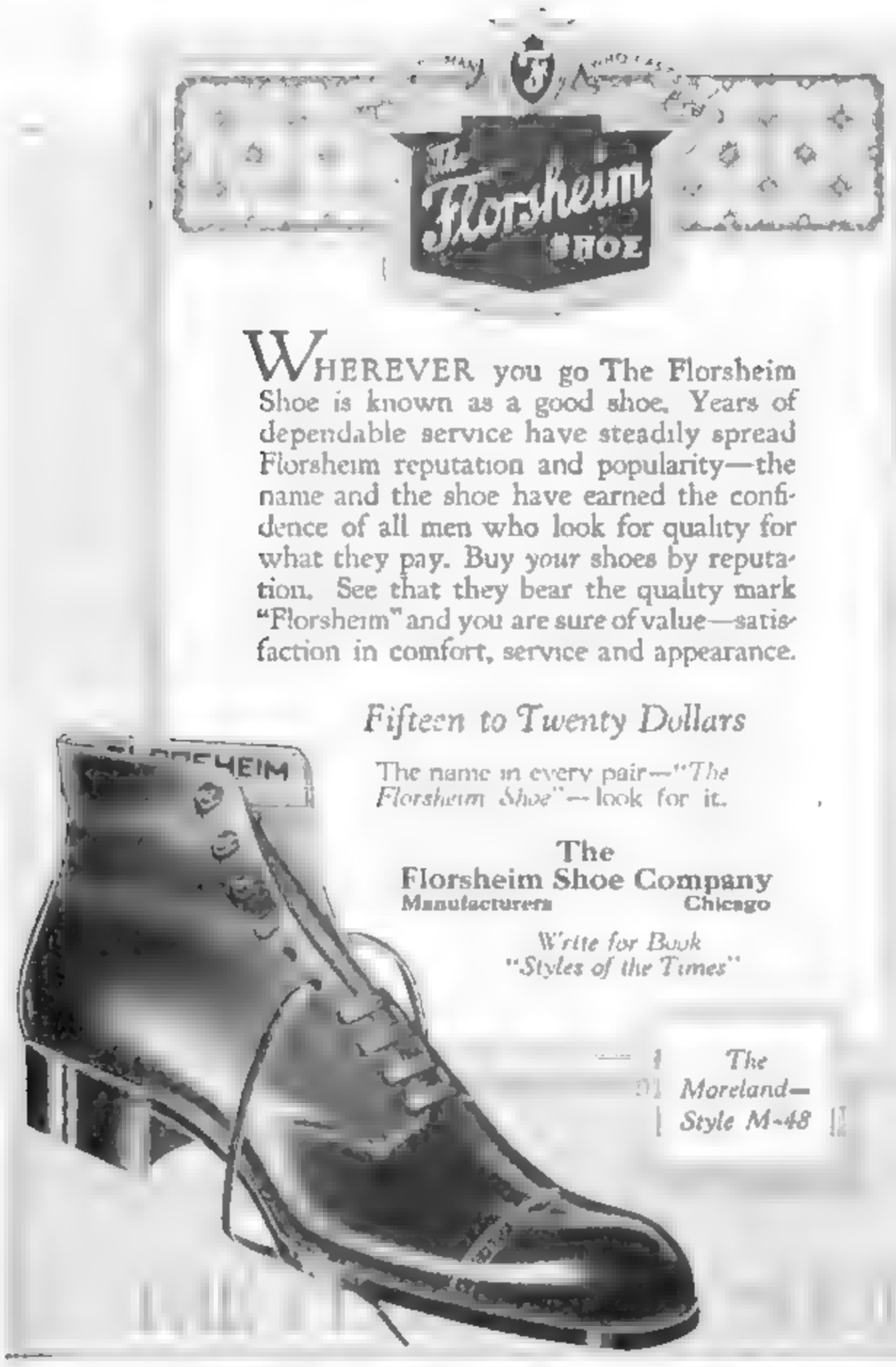
WISCONSIN AUTO TOP COMPANY, Racine, Wisconsin

Also makers of the Famous BADGER SEAT COVERS for Automobiles

Badger Slip Roof

READY MADE & MADE TO MEASURE

FOR ALL CARS AT ALL GARAGES



WHEREVER you go The Florsheim Shoe is known as a good shoe. Years of dependable service have steadily spread Florsheim reputation and popularity—the name and the shoe have earned the confidence of all men who look for quality for what they pay. Buy *your* shoes by reputation. See that they bear the quality mark "Florsheim" and you are sure of value—satisfaction in comfort, service and appearance.

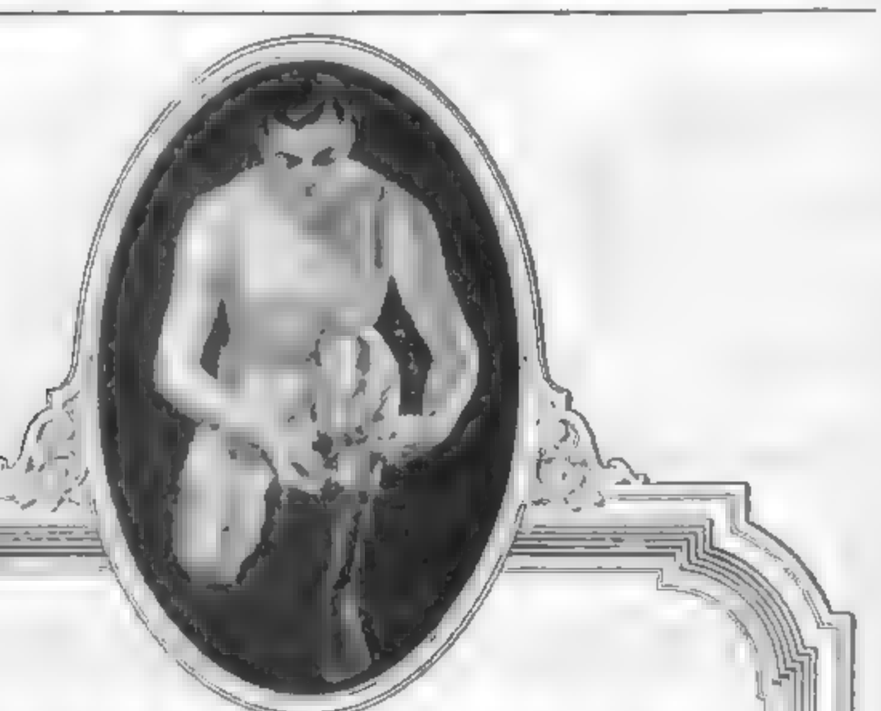
Fifteen to Twenty Dollars

The name in every pair—"*The Florsheim Shoe*"—look for it.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Manufacturers Chicago

Write for Book "Styles of the Times"

The Moreland—Style M-48



PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

The famous Paris kneeling figure stands for the highest ideals known in the garter industry. It guarantees the fulfillment of the "square deal" principle all the way from the happy, well paid workers who make them, to you—the satisfied wearer.

Imitations, at any price, cost you too much

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Makers
Chicago New York

Three pairs of hands were simultaneously jerked away from the body of the straining struggling cat. A tailless black comet shot out through the open door, described a beautiful parabola through the yard and disappeared behind a coal shed.

"Here's your dime," said Mr. Clesby, handing a coin to the boy. "I don't want the cat." And he left the house.

Putsy stood watching him up the street.

"Maw, that ol' guy's gone plumb bugs!" he said. "Yes, sir, he's bugs plumb!"

"He's crazy, that's what it is!" declared the Widow Malone with emphasis. "And it's me that'll be movin' out of his house afore iver he comes here agin. Wantin' to have a look at a cat's tongue! Boosh! Crazy as a loonytick!"

In the street car which Mr. Clesby boarded to return to the city he sat and mused.

"It was a chance in a million, I know, but worth looking after just the same. You never can tell. It's mighty nice money that's going to go to waste—mighty nice! Twenty thousand—maybe more—— I'll bet I could make him raise it."

He carefully brushed the knees of his trousers; he rubbed his blackened hands vigorously with a pocket handkerchief; he traced the long red scratch made by the rusty nail across his bald head with a pudgy forefinger and looked at the end of the finger to see if it was stained with blood.

"Pshaw!"

He said it so loud that the conductor jumped and reached for the bell rope. But he dropped his hand and turned to glare at Mr. Clesby.

"We passed Shaw Street five blocks back and I called it, too, you bet! Why don't you listen for your street?" The conductor was angry. Mr. Clesby moved to another seat in the car.

"Pshaw!" He said it again—this time in a lower tone. "Still you never can tell."

On the following morning Mr. Clesby again sat before his open fire of glowing anthracite smoking his pipe and reading the classified advertisements in the Times.

"Business as usual, papa?!" asked his daughter Mildred in a laughing voice as she came from her plants in the sun room.

"Always, my dear, always. And I notice that the black-cat ad is in again this morning. There's a tidy little purse waiting for the man who can produce a bobtailed black cat with a black tongue, Mildred. I should say so! Now if young Markley—— Ha, ha! But he isn't cute enough—no, no!"

"Do you know something about this black-cat ad, papa? Have you been investigating?"

"Why, yes, I sort of looked the thing up, you know, and found out about the will. Just happened to be down that way—Wilmot Building."

"What is it? I want to hear all about it. Tell me, dad, tell me!"

The girl drew a chair before the fire and sat down by her father's side. Mr. Clesby nothing loath at once started to repeat the story told to him by Attorney Robert S. Rawlings. The tale made Mildred laugh. She laughed at every pause the story-teller made. She laughed even when the death of old Mr. Brewerby was mentioned. She laughed so much, thereby causing frequent interruptions, and Mr. Clesby was so particular as to details that the end of the story had not been reached when the postman came bringing the morning mail.

"You will have to wait for the remainder of the yarn, my dear, until I have looked over my mail."

"Very well, papa, but please hurry—I am so interested." And still laughing the girl left the room.

Mr. Clesby opened and read his letters. There were a dozen or more of them. All of them interested him—one more than the others, it seemed. He read it twice and when all the others had been disposed of he returned to the interesting one and read it through again. He liked the brevity and the businesslike tone of it.

"This may come to something—you never can tell," he murmured. "Good property out on Millbank Avenue." He read the letter again—this time aloud:

"*Mr. Uriah Clesby, City, Dear Sir:* I understand that you do an extensive business in buying and selling real estate in your own interests. I am owner of a property located on Millbank Avenue which I must dispose of quickly as my physician has ordered me to start South at once. Could you not call to see me—I am too ill to come to you—at my room, Number 312 in the Rialto Apartments, Hawgood Avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Street? I believe you will be interested in my Millbank property.

"Trusting I may have the pleasure of seeing you not later than Friday of this week, when I leave for the South, I am,

"Very truly yours,
"JOHN Z. UNDERHILL"

When his daughter entered the room again Mr. Clesby was pulling on his gloves.

"Why, you're not going before you have told me the rest of that story, are you, papa?" she cried.

"Yes, my dear, I must go at once," replied Mr. Clesby. "I've got a business deal on that won't wait. You remind me of the story this evening and I'll finish it."

He took a street car, transferred to a cross-town line, transferred again to Hawgood Avenue and so reached the Rialto Apartments. A young man in a flowered bath robe answered his knock at the door of Room 312.

"Are you Mr. Underhill?" he asked the young man.

"Yes, sir."

"I am Mr. Clesby."

"Oh, indeed! Come in, Mr. Clesby. I am glad to see you. You are quite early. Excuse appearances round here—I am just temporarily located here in my friend's absence and I'm afraid I'm a little careless. Sit down, please."

"The property you speak of in your letter—I have come to talk about that," said Mr. Clesby.

"Just so, just so! Well, the property is on Millbank Avenue, as I said in my letter, and you know what Millbank Avenue is—one of the best streets in that part of the city. The house is less than ten years old, it is in the best of condition and it stands on a fine high lot. It has eight rooms, it is strictly modern and is really a desirable holding. It is easily worth ten thousand dollars. But this trouble has hit me and I shall sacrifice it—eight thousand will buy it. I've got to leave this city to-morrow, Mr. Clesby, and heaven knows when I'll be back—if ever. Doctor's orders, you know. Lungs, Mr. Clesby—lungs!" And Mr. Underhill coughed a dry hollow cough and tapped his chest significantly.

"Millbank Avenue," mused Mr. Clesby. "I never cared much for that street. I think your price is away too high, but I might run out and take a look at the place. You never can tell. Is it vacant?"

"Yes, it has been vacant since my Aunt Caroline's death a few months ago. I'll give you the key and if you do not care to come back to see me you can leave it at the garage on the next street. Twelve hundred seventeen—that's the number. Here's a card—I'll write it down. I'd go out with you, but the doctor has forbidden me to quit the house. Anyway I'm pretty busy packing up my things, some to go into storage, some to be taken along South. It's a job, Mr. Clesby—this getting ready to leave some place to go some place. Here now is an article that is going to drive me dippy before I am through with it."

Mr. Underhill leaned over toward a davenport on which stood a low flat basket with a hinged top. He threw back the lid and peeped in. He peeped so long that Mr. Clesby wished to peep too.

"What have you in there?" he asked.

"A cat."

"A cat? It doesn't happen to be a black cat, does it?" And Mr. Clesby chuckled.

"Yes, it is black—black as coal."

"It doesn't now happen to be a bobtailed cat, does it?" And Mr. Clesby chuckled again and allowed a small grin to animate his countenance.

"You've guessed it again, by George! It's a Manx cat, Mr. Clesby."

Mr. Clesby straightened up.

"Is—is that cat's tongue black?" he demanded, his voice shaking, his eyes gleaming and a pudgy finger pointing at the basket.

The young man dropped the basket lid.

"Say, what is this?" he asked in astonishment. "How'd you divine it? Tell me that! Are you some kind of a—a soothsayer? That cat's tongue is black all right! And it's the only black-tongued cat I ever saw—the only one I ever heard of."

Mr. Clesby gasped. He felt himself trembling.

"Let—let me see the animal," he whispered.

Mr. Underhill threw back the lid of the basket and reached in his hand.

(Continued on Page 185)

Nothing to do till next Monday

WHAT'S more, when you have a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer, you finish the wash bright and early *each* Monday.

Do you know why?

It's because of the magic figure 8. In the 1900 Washer the water is forced through the clothes in a figure 8 movement, four times as often as in the ordinary washer. Thus it washes the clothes faster.

And the nice part of it is, you can wash everything in your 1900, for there is not a single part in the tub to cause wear and tear, or to pull off buttons. The water is forced through your clothes entirely by the action of the tub—not by the action of any parts in the tub. When you have finished the wash, there are no parts to lift out and clean either.

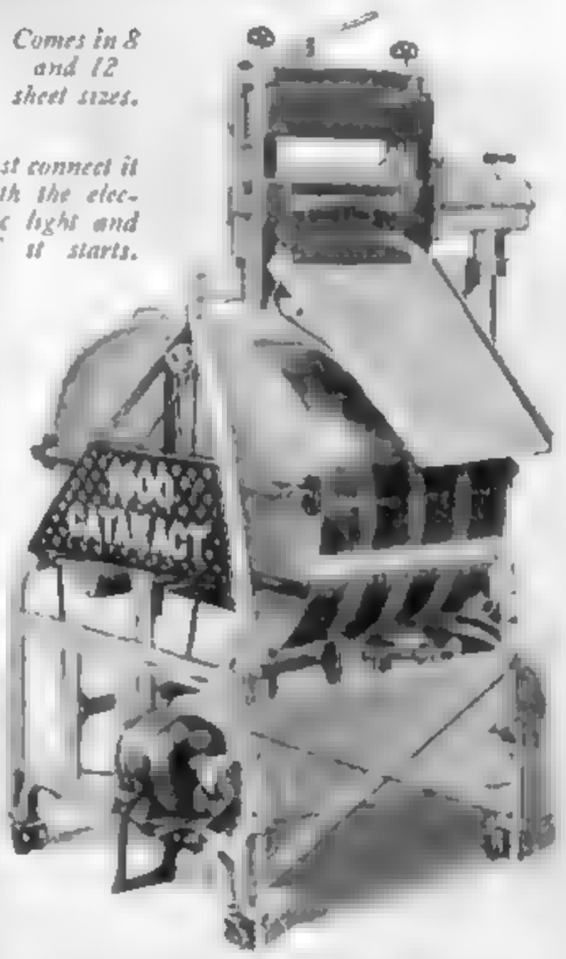
The 1900 works easily, smoothly, and at a cost of less than 2c an hour. It washes the clothes snowy white and clean in 8 to 10 minutes.

The wringer also works electrically, and can be moved from the washer clear around to the clothes basket without moving the washer an inch.

The water swirls through the tub in a figure 8 movement—four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

Comes in 8 and 12 sheet sizes.

Just connect it with the electric light and off it starts.



Our Special Trial Offer

You may prove to yourself that the 1900 is the perfect washing machine. There is a 1900 dealer near you who will gladly demonstrate a 1900 Cataract Washer right in your own home. Then if you wish, you may start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. Remember, we also have washing machines operated by hand and water power.

Write to us today for the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the book, "George Brinton's Wife." It's a story you will enjoy. Molly, his pretty little wife, had troubles of her own until she interrupted a bridge party, and then things began to happen.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

1900 WASHER COMPANY,
203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory and Office: **CANADIAN 1900 WASHER COMPANY, 357 Yonge St., Toronto**

1900 WASHER COMPANY
203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the story, "George Brinton's Wife."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN AND STATE _____

Vode KID

The Leather for Fine Shoes

Ask for shoes of Vode Kid to be sure of getting genuine Kid Leather

The Leather for Happy Feet

Men want comfortable shoes. They want trim, well-fitting shoes. That is why they are learning, like their wives, to ask for shoes made of Vode Kid.

For Vode Kid is the leather which fills the foot needs of the whole family. The men folks put the comfort of Vode Kid first, then its style and durability. Women want Vode Kid because it is found in colors to blend with their costumes, and is snug-fitting and becoming to the foot. Children's shoes of Vode Kid are durable, and fit their tender, growing feet. Grandma finds that her orthopedic shoes of Vode Kid are comfortable without being clumsy.

Shoes of Vode Kid may be purchased in black or tan for men and children. For women, shoes of Vode Kid are made in every correct type of shoe, from the walking boot with Cuban heel to the evening slipper in Camel, Gray, Chippendale, Tan, Blue, Black, and White. Write us for illustrated booklet.

STANDARD KID MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Boston, Mass

(Continued from Page 182)

"Here, Charley, Charley! Wake up, you!" he called.

A sleeping bobtailed black cat curled up in a nest of excelsior in the bottom of the basket continued to sleep quite undisturbed by Mr. Underhill's invitation to wake up.

"He seems to be dopey-like this morning. Guess I've been feeding him too much rich cream. Hey, wake up, Charley!"

"He's black all right and he's bobtailed sure enough," said Mr. Clesby, stooping and peering into the basket. "Now let me see his tongue, will you?"

The young man took the cat's head in his two hands and slowly but steadily worked the jaws apart. Just for an instant during this operation the cat woke, opened an inquiring eye and then resumed its slumbering.

"By golly, it is black! Yes, sir, its tongue is black!" cried Mr. Clesby. "Now who would have thought it? Mr. Underhill, I'd like to have that cat. What will you take for him?"

"I don't want to sell—I mean I can't sell!"

"I'll give you—say, Mr. Underhill, I'll give you a hundred dollars for that cat."

The owner of the sleeping cat laughed.

"Man, I wouldn't sell him for a thousand dollars—no, not for two thousand."

"I'll give you three."

"Eh? What's that? Are you kidding me? You'll pay three thousand dollars for that thing? Mr. Clesby, no cat is worth three thousand dollars—I know Charley isn't. But just the same I won't take three thousand dollars for him!"

"I'll give you four."

"No."

"Five."

"See here, Mr. Clesby, I simply can't sell Charley. If I accepted your offer of five thousand I'd be losing money. You see, it's like this: Charley there was my Aunt Caroline's pet cat. When she died a few months ago—she owned the house on Millbank, you know—she left Charley to my care. I am to take care of him so long as he lives. When he dies—he must die a natural death, you understand—I am to receive eight thousand dollars and accrued interest. Aunt Caroline set aside that sum. It is in United States Steel Fives and the Neptune Trust Company is holding the bonds. I gave Aunt Caroline my word. Now if it wasn't for all this, why I'd sell him to you in a jiffy. Until five minutes ago I should have been glad to give somebody a quarter to take him off my hands, could I have done so without forfeiting my legacy. I believe you're joshing me, Mr. Clesby."

"Not a bit of it!" declared Mr. Clesby.

"Well, there's nothing doing. Charley is eighteen years old. At the most he won't go more than two years longer. I wish the black devil would die now. I'd assist him on the way if I hadn't promised Aunt Caroline and if I wasn't afraid of losing the Steel Fives. I'm going to run no risks on that point, sir."

Mr. Clesby took Mr. Underhill by the buttonhole.

"Now, Mr. Underhill, I want this cat. Never mind what I want him for—I want him! Call me crazy—and maybe I am, but you've got to sell me that cat! I'll give you ten thousand for him. You take it, young man. Even if you do forfeit your aunt's legacy of eight thousand you'll be protected, won't you? Come now, what do you say?"

Mr. Underhill began to figure with a lead pencil on the back of an envelope. He was very deliberate. Mr. Clesby worried and fretted.

"Well, it seems to figure out all right," the young man finally announced. "If Charley lives two years longer—and it's a safe bet he won't go over that—my interest money at that time would amount to something more than eight hundred dollars. With what has already accrued since Aunt Caroline died my entire principal, I calculate, would amount to just about ten thousand dollars. Now if I take your ten thousand at this time and give you Charley I lose the eight thousand and the interest, but if I put your ten thousand in Steel Fives I will have at the end of the two years—provided I hold on to the interest—just eleven thousand dollars. So I am really one thousand to the ——"

"Will you sell the cat?" snapped Mr. Clesby. "Give me an answer."

"Yes, I'll sell him to you, Mr. Clesby, for ten thousand cash. But I tell you what, I feel mean in doing it! Aunt Caroline would turn over in her grave if she knew this deal was being made. It isn't exactly right, but Charley promises to be a lot of bother to me and—well, it will have to be."

"How will you have the money—bank draft or ——"

"In large-denomination bills, if you please. I'll take the whole amount with me when I leave to-morrow. Do you think you could pay me in thousand-dollar bills?"

"I think so, I think so. I'll go to the bank at once and I'll be back inside an hour. May I use your phone to call a taxicab?"

It was Fred Markley who received Mr. Clesby's check at the paying window in the New Union Bank.

"Good morning, Mr. Clesby. Beautiful morning, isn't it?" was his greeting. "Ten thousand dollars? In thousand-dollar bills? Oh, yes, I can let you have them. I shall have to keep a record of the bills. Shall I make it in duplicate and let you take the carbon?"

"Good idea," replied Mr. Clesby. "I might, you know, happen to lose the bills and if I had the numbers of them—you never can tell."

He took the ten bills and the slip, stowed the former away in an inside pocket and put the latter into his purse. Then he hurried out to the taxicab, which he had told to wait for him, and was whirled back to Mr. Underhill's apartment. There he took another peep at the black cat's black tongue to guard against any substitution that might have been made in his absence, handed over the ten bills to Mr. Underhill, shook hands with that smiling young gentleman and departed. No further mention had been made of the house on Millbank Avenue. The cab stopped in front of the Wilmot Building. Mr. Clesby paid the driver, forgetting to tip him, and entered the building.

"Another cat?" inquired the elevator starter, glancing at the basket in Mr. Clesby's hand and chuckling.

"What do you mean—another cat?"

"Two cats went up yesterday afternoon and two went up this morning. All of 'em came down again," was the starter's reply.

"My cat will not come down," said Mr. Clesby, and he spoke firmly and with conviction. "Not in my hands anyway," he added. Then he entered the elevator.

Before the door of Room 697 he stood aghast. Cold chills ran up his spine, then trickled slowly down again. His legs trembled, his vision became blurred and his throat grew dry and crackly. On the door before him hung a card on which was printed in foot-high letters the word—vacant.

He looked up and down the hallway. A man wearing a blue cap was working with a refractory lock on a door several offices removed. Mr. Clesby went up to him.

"What do you know about 697 being vacant?" he asked. "It was occupied yesterday."

"Something funny about that. Young feller rented it for a week, but agreed to get out if we wanted the rooms before the week was up. Moved in some old junk and moved out in three days. That's all I know. Got a cat in your basket? Been four or five cats brought up to 697. What's the josh anyways?"

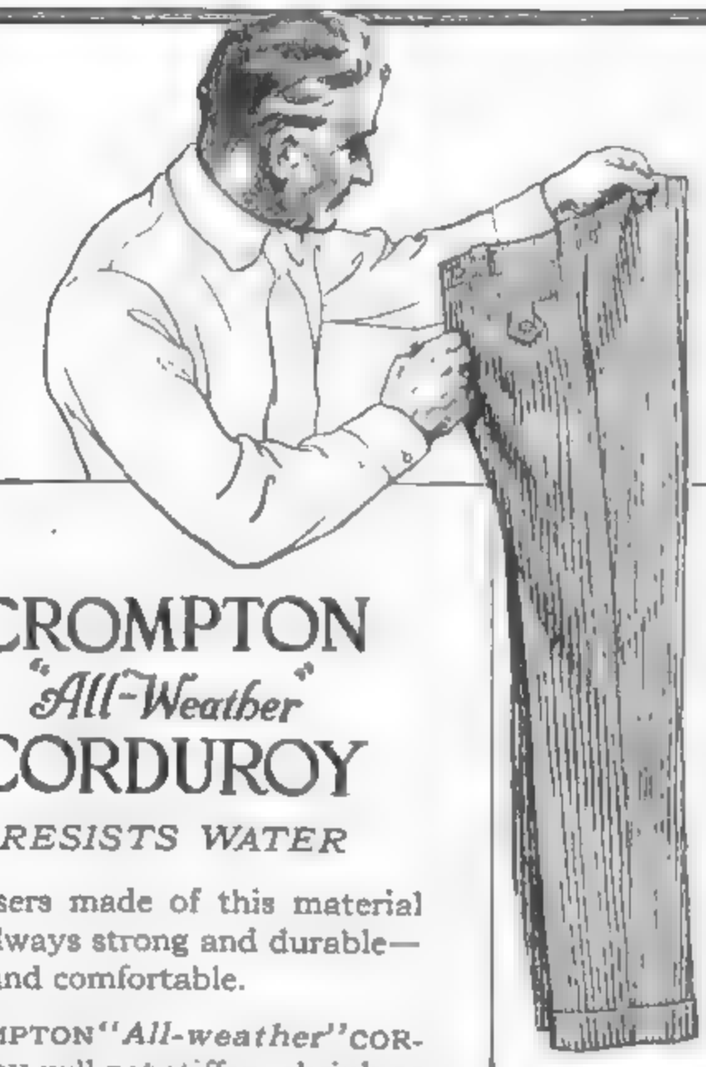
Mr. Clesby didn't reply to the man's question. He went back to Room 697 and paused there. He turned to look at the man in the blue cap. He saw him bending down examining the lock. He set the basket containing the black-tongued cat down beneath the card on the door and walked hurriedly away to the elevator. He got off at the second floor and walked down the stairs and out into the street. He wished to avoid the elevator starter.

On his way to the Highwayman's Club he stopped in a tobacco store to purchase a package of his favorite smoking tobacco. From behind a screen that stood in the rear part of the store came the sound of loud laughter. If he had looked behind that screen he would have beheld Mr. Robert S. Rawlings and Mr. John Z. Underhill. They were sprawled on a large leather davenport smoking cigarettes. And had he listened there a minute or two he would have heard a portion of a conversation that would not have been wholly unintelligible to him.

"What's the matter with your finger, Ed?" Mr. Robert S. Rawlings asked Mr. John Z. Underhill just as Mr. Clesby was going out of the tobacco shop.

"The cat bit it while Fred and I were blackening its tongue."

"Better have a doctor dope it—cat bites are dangerous. What did you use?"



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"All-Weather"
CORDUROY
RESISTS WATER

Trousers made of this material are always strong and durable—soft and comfortable.

CROMPTON "All-weather" CORDUROY will not stiffen, shrink or lose its color even if you get it wet.

Send for free test sample of this new kind of Corduroy. Sprinkle it and watch the water roll off just like quicksilver.

CROMPTON-RICHMOND CO. Inc.
35 East 31st Street New York

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All-Weather
CORDUROY

Look for this trade-mark in the next pair of trousers you buy. Sold by all leading Retail Stores

OLDEST MANUFACTURERS OF CORDUROYS IN THE U. S. A.

Esterbrook Pens

No. 460 makes carbon copies just like a pencil—

Three or four copies at one writing—each copy an exact duplicate, and the original is permanent.

Cleaner than using a pencil for all kinds of manifolds—freight bills—accounts—telephone call records, telegrams—wherever an exact copy is required.

All Esterbrook pens maintain the same high standard of excellence that has built for Esterbrook a reputation for absolute dependability

Enclose 15c in an envelope addressed as below. We will send assortment of 12 most popular pens.

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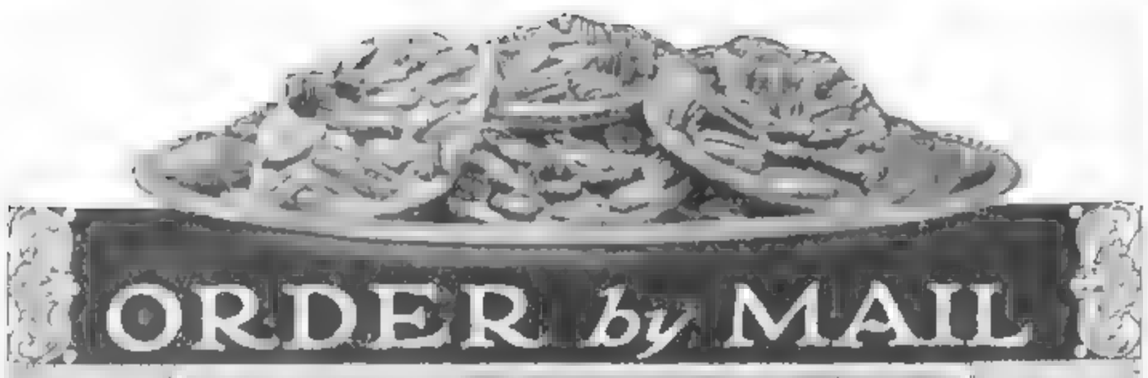

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"The South's Most Famous Confection"

ORIGINAL

CREOLE PRALINES

(GRUNEWALD)

If you have ever visited New Orleans then, of course, you have tasted this famous candy which the Hotel Grunewald Caterers have made and sold for many years.

The demand has become so great that we are now supplying Original Creole Pralines **(Grunewald)** direct by mail, parcel post insured, in specially constructed mailing cartons, carefully packed.

Absolutely pure, made only of pure **Louisiana Cane Sugar** and **Louisiana** (whole-half) **pecan meats.**

Scrupulous care is maintained throughout in producing this famous candy. Cleanliness and purity are Grunewald watchwords. That's why Original Creole Pralines **(Grunewald)** are regarded everywhere as the highest quality Creole Pralines made. *Do not accept substitutes!*

A delightful confection, dessert, or after-dinner dainty.

Mail orders filled anywhere. P. O., or Express money orders, or personal checks received.
BOX OF 7 (Sample) $1.00
BOX OF 12 . . . $1.50 BOX OF 24 . . . . $3.00

THE HOTEL GRUNEWALD CATERERS
(DEPARTMENT P)
NEW ORLEANS LOUISIANA

"Oxide of manganese and charcoal, with a little coal tar. We gave him a dose of laudanum—just enough to make him sleepy, you know—but I guess it hadn't taken full effect when we started in on the operation. Stan, it was too absurdly easy! Oh, thunder! It was so disgustingly easy that I fail to feel any pride over the part I played in pulling off the crime."

"That's me too, Ed! Talk about marks! Wasn't he the minimum? Well, let's go down to the bank and deliver the mazuma to Fred. Fred'll have this bird tucked away easy in his pocket before he's called him father-in-law a month."

That evening Mildred Clesby found her father strangely silent and morose. Asked for the remainder of the story concerning the Brewerby will, Mr. Clesby told his daughter that he was not feeling well—she must wait until some other time. She went away leaving him sitting at his library table, his arms outspread on it before him, his eyes gazing across the room at the glowing coals in the grate. He was aware that Fred Markley was being admitted to the house by Mildred, but he did not look up. He soon heard the two talking and laughing in an adjoining room. He heard his daughter at the piano playing an accompaniment to a song that Fred Markley was trying to sing. His gaze never wavered—he steadily watched the red coals in the grate. Mr. Clesby was scared. The events of that day had scared him, terrified him.

"Getting old!" he whispered. "Not so sharp as I used to be! Couldn't have happened five years ago—no, not a year ago."

"Good evening, Mr. Clesby."

"Getting old, that's where the trouble lies," he whispered again. "Got to be careful, mighty careful, from now on."

"Good evening, Mr. Clesby."

"Oh, is it you, Markley? Excuse me—I was busy thinking. Didn't see you. How are you?"

"Quite well, thank you. Hasn't it been a fine day? Well, Mr. Clesby, I have a little surprise to spring on you that I think will interest you. I am ready to meet the terms of your ultimatum—as you call it."

"Eh? What's that you're saying, Markley?"

"I say I'm ready to satisfy the conditions you laid down in that ultimatum. In fact I'm more than able to satisfy them, for I have doubled the sum you named."

As he spoke young Markley took a number of bank bills from his pocket and laid them on the table before Mr. Clesby. "What's t! is? What's this?" Mr. Clesby demanded, sitting up in his chair and eying the bills suspiciously.

"You will find ten one-thousand-dollar bills there, Mr. Clesby, if you will count them. They are mine. How I obtained this sum of money—twice what you required of me before I could hope to have your consent to taking Mildred for my wife—that is a question that need not be asked or answered, since we agreed together that everything is fair in love and war and business. Now what I'd like to do, Mr. Clesby, is this: To leave this money with you and ask you to invest it for me—for us, I should say—in good real estate, improved or unimproved—whatever you think best. Will you consent to do that?"

"Why—why—er—I—excuse me, but I am just a bit confused—rather sudden, you know. Ah—let me collect myself for a few minutes, will you?" Mr. Clesby was getting more and more uncomfortable.

"Certainly, certainly!" And young Markley went hurrying from the room. "Play that again, Mildred—I think I can sing it." There was singing.

For several minutes Mr. Clesby sat gazing at the bills. At last he picked them up and counted them. There were ten. With a furtive glance toward the next room, out of which young Markley's song was vigorously leaping, he drew a slip of paper from his purse. There were ten numbers on it. He compared these numbers with the numbers on the bills. The identification was complete. He tore the slip into small bits, carried the fragments to the fire and threw them upon the red embers.

"Altogether too fresh!" he muttered. "But he's a whole lot cuter than I thought he was. I might be able to whip him into something worth while. Hm! I'd just like to know what part that minx played in this game. No wonder she laughed. Pshaw! But—you never can tell."

He watched the little bits of paper burst into flame and go sailing up the chimney. He turned toward the music room and listened to a tenor voice attempting to sing a bass solo. He shook a fat fist toward the room as a burst of masculine-feminine laughter followed the rendition of the song.

"Altogether—altogether too fresh!" he growled. "Still I guess he'll do."

And he returned to his chair, lighted his pipe and picked up a copy of the Real Estate News.

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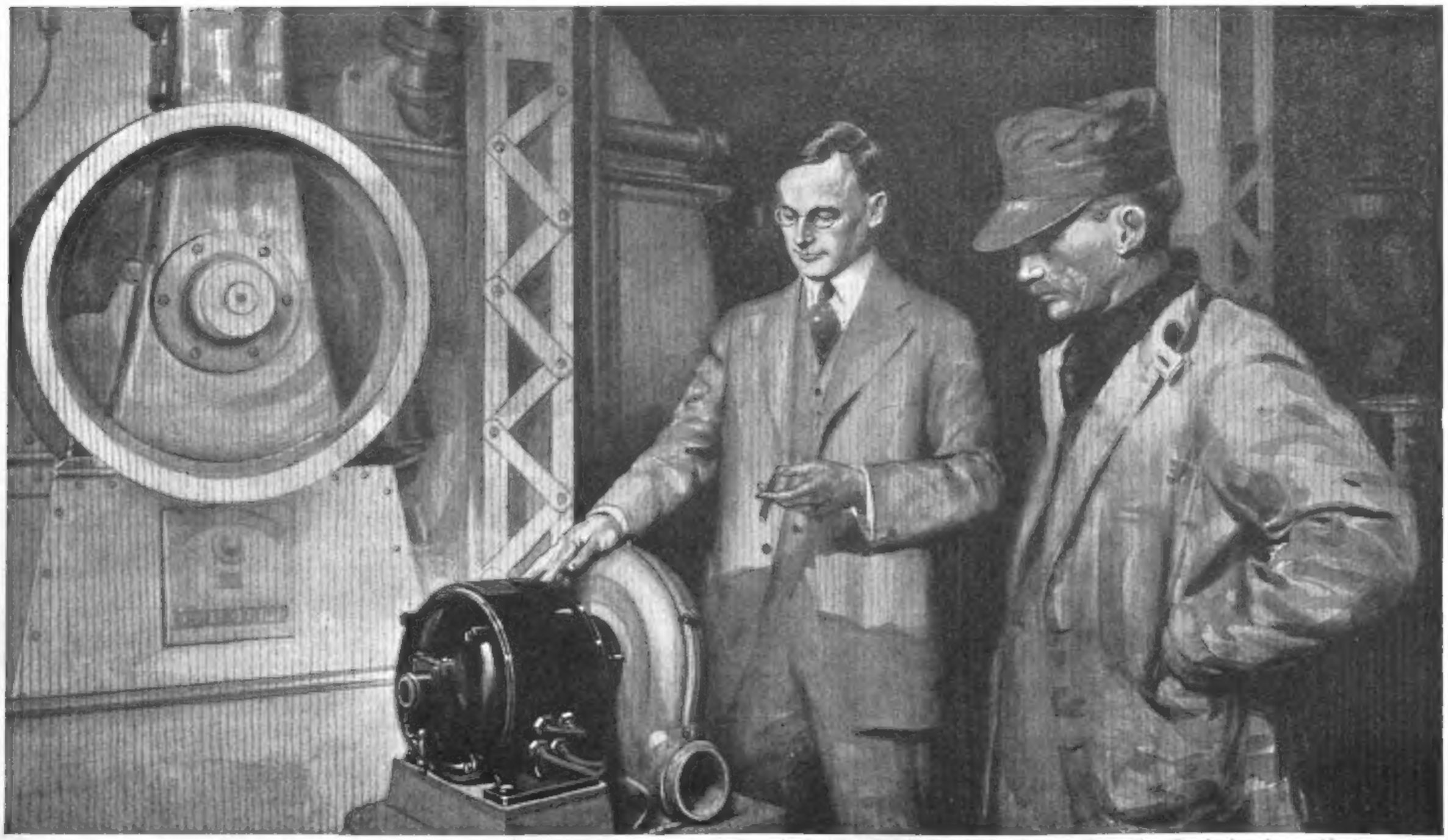

Drawing from photograph showing W. E. Mettler, Purchasing Agent, American Blower Company, Detroit, Mich., watching a test of a "Sirocco" blower run by an R&M Motor

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